★ April 6, 1940

# THE NEW YORKER

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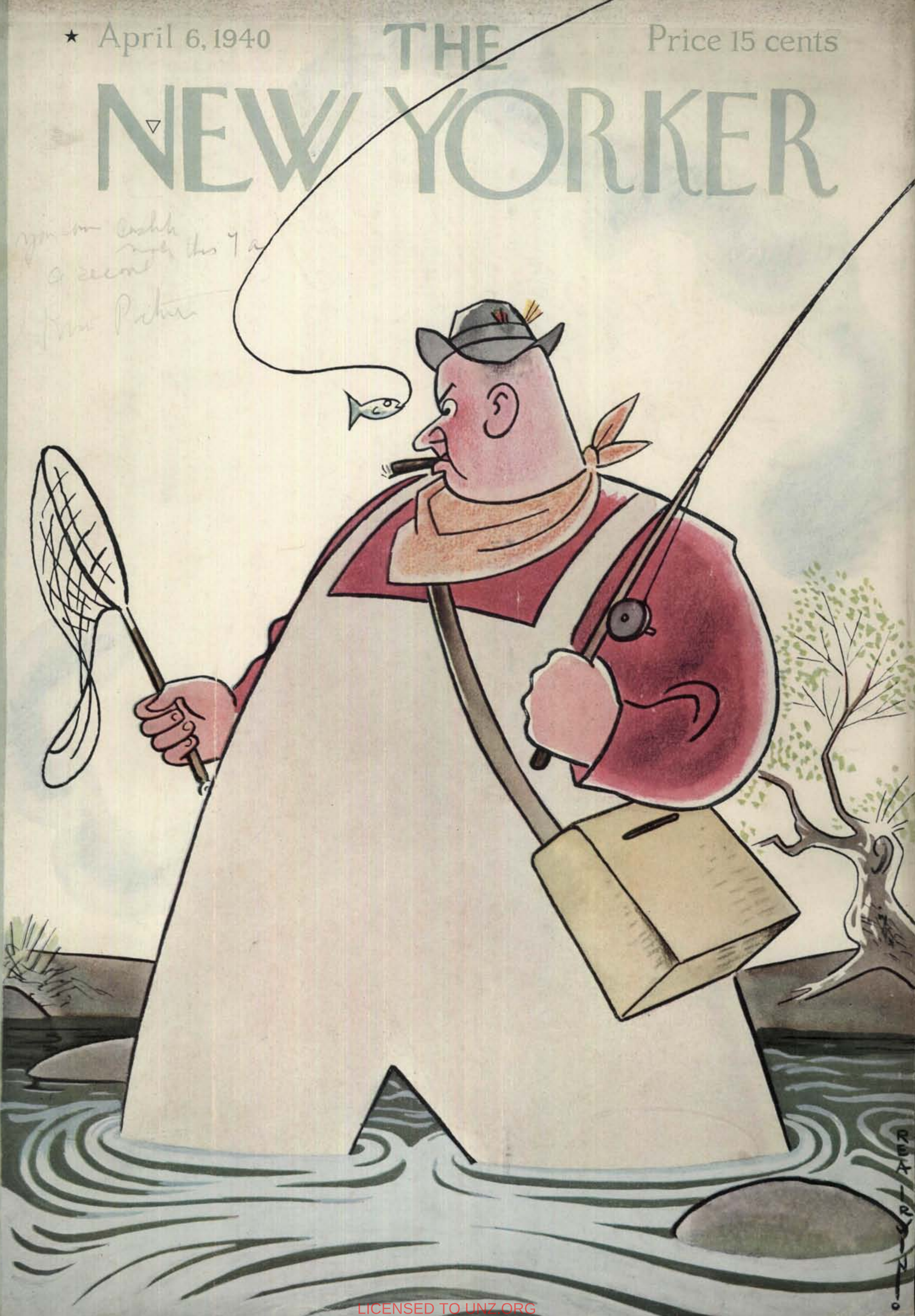

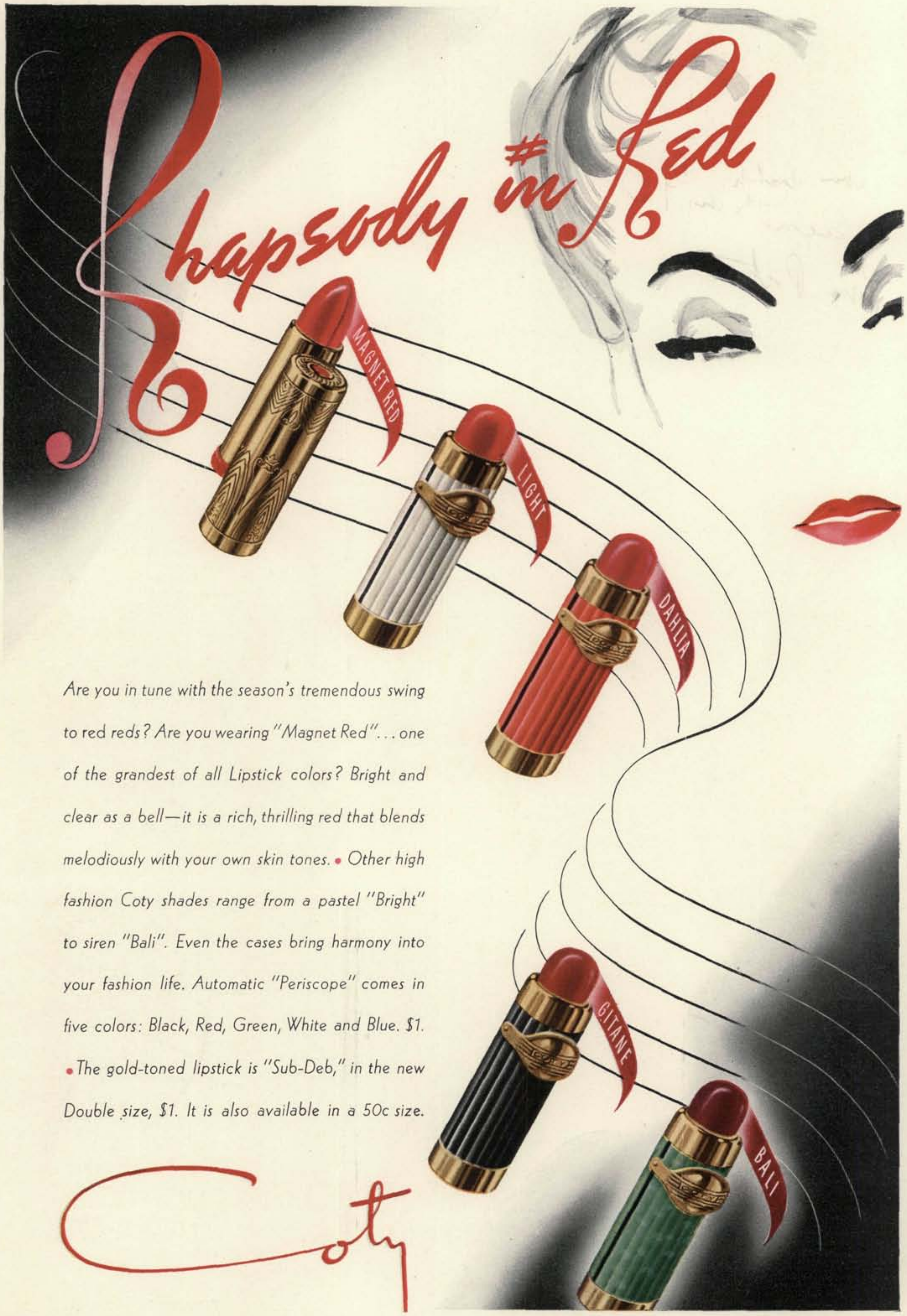

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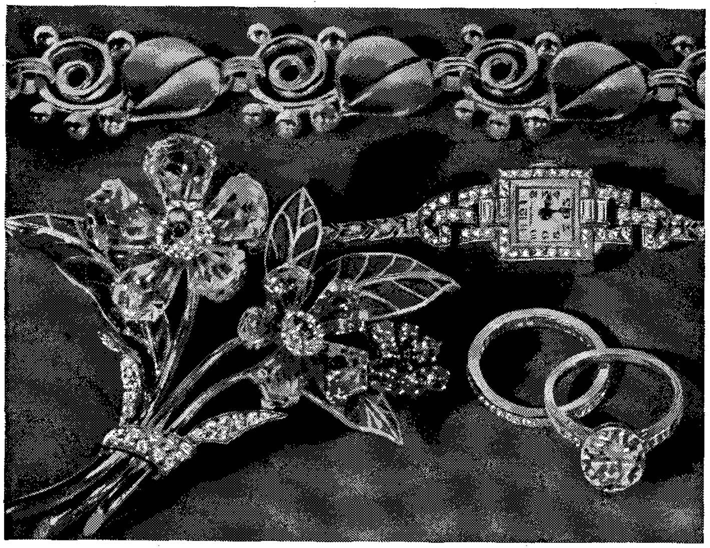

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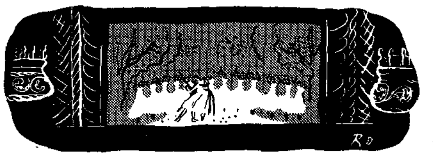
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Fifth Column**—The Hemingway heroine has been purified by Benjamin Glazer and the Theatre Guild, but otherwise this play about the war in Spain has been dealt with respectfully and well. Franchot Tone's counter-espionage agent is very fine, and he gets a lot of assistance from Lee J. Cobb, Katherine Locke, Lenore Ulric, Arnold Moss, and Emile Boreo. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Juno and the Paycock**—Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood make the current revival worth another trip no matter how many times you've seen this O'Casey classic. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., April 13.)

**Ladies in Retirement**—The sanest of three crazy old maids strangles poor Miss Fiske and puts her in an oven, making one of the most satisfactory melodramas you've ever seen. Gilbert Miller's production is helped enormously by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Lady in Waiting**—An adaptation of "The Nutmeg Tree" which would be rather thin without Gladys George's high-spirited comedy and may be a little thin anyway. Alan Napier is also in the cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Life with Father**—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother *in this very attractive dramatization of the late* Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Liliom**—Vinton Freedley's successful revival of the Molnár fantasy, with a fine cast, including Burgess Meredith, Ingrid Bergman, and Elia Kazan. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Male Animal**—A human comedy about academic *freedom—more free than academic, thanks to the* light touch of James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, appears at the head of an excellent cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Mamba's Daughters**—Ethel Waters back in town in *the DuBose Heyward play, and just as effective* as ever. Her supporting cast hasn't changed much. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., April 6.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. John Hoysradt and Carol Goodner are a couple of his famous friends. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., April 9, for the Actors' Fund.)

**Margin for Error**—Any one of six people might have liquidated the German consul, but it won't be the one you think. Otto Preminger and Sam Levene are in the cast of Clare Boothe's fairly exciting melodrama. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

**My Dear Children**—If you are charmed by the idea that John Barrymore may start shooting out the lights, you may like this otherwise rather tiresome comedy. Elaine Barrie, Philip Reed, Patricia Waters, and Tala Birell are also in it. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**See My Lawyer**—Something about a firm of shyster lawyers and a Broadway playboy, handled with George Abbott's customary gusto though without much of his skill. The cast includes Ezra Stone and Teddy Hart. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-2820. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

**Skylark**—A comedy about love and the advertising business which hasn't much to recommend it except Gertrude Lawrence, but she is probably enough. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

**The Time of Your Life**—William Saroyan loves everybody and doesn't hesitate to say so. Recommended, however, for a lot of funny scenes. Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling have the leading parts. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Tobacco Road**—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun., April 7.)

**Two on an Island**—Elmer Rice's kindly though rather stereotyped play about two hopeful youngsters who come to New York and find the going pretty hard. Luther Adler, John Craven, and Betty Field are in it. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**An International Incident**—Ethel Barrymore in a comedy by Vincent Sheean, staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., April 4.)

**Richard II**—Maurice Evans in a revival of his production of the Shakespeare play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Du Barry Was a Lady**—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which *is beautiful to look at and funny to listen to* when it is not being *too* dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**New Hellz-a-Poppin**—Not a great deal different from the old one, but was that bad? With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**New Pins and Needles**—Certain changes in the international situation have caused these smart showmen to bring their revue up-to-date in its excellent satire and tuneful kidding. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Reunion in New York**—An attractive and touching revue by the Viennese refugees who did "From Vienna" here last year. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Too Many Girls**—George Abbott, with the assistance of Rodgers and Hart, gives us a very fine musical comedy about college football. With Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**Two for the Show**—A bright and pleasant sequel to last year's "One for the Money." Nancy Hamilton doesn't appear this time, but she wrote the sketches, and Brenda Forbes, Eve Arden, Richard Haydn and all the rest do very nicely by them. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**Higher and Higher**—A new musical comedy by Gladys Hurlbut and Joshua Logan, with songs by Rodgers and Hart. Heading the cast are Jack Haley, Marta Eggert, and Shirley Ross. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. Opens Thurs., April 4. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Suspect**—A play by Reginald Denham and Edward Percy, with Pauline Lord. Opens Tues., April 9. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Morning Star**—Molly Picon in a play by Sylvia Regan. Opens Thurs., April 11. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Medicine Show**—A play by Oscar Saul and H. R. Hays, with Norman Lloyd, Dorothy McGuire, and Martin Gabel. Produced by Carly Wharton and Mr. Gabel. Opens Fri., April 12. (New Yorker, 54, W. CI 5-9463. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

### MISCELLANY

**Children's Entertainment**—The **sue hastings marionettes:** "Snow White," Sat. Aft., April 6, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.) . . . **king-coit children's theatre:** "The Tempest," Fri., Sun., and Wed. Afts., April 5, 7, and 10, at 3. (Guild, 245 W. 52. CO 5-8229.) . . . **suzari marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Waldorf Theatre, 116 W. 50. CI 7-6431. Sat. at 11 A.M. and 1, 3, and 5 P.M.; other weekdays at 11 A.M. and 1 and 3 P.M.; Sun. at 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, and 6:30 P.M.)

**One-Act Variety Theatre**—Three short plays, including "According to Law," by Noel Houston. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. AL 4-1789. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40.)

**Theatre of the Piccoli**—Vittorio Podrecca's marionettes, including an astonishingly agile pianist, showing off in a full-length revue. (Majestic, 245 W. 44. CI 6-0730. Eves., including Sun., at 8:50. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:50; Thurs. and Fri. at 4.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

**Ambassador,** Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Alexander *Haas's orchestra will be replaced in the Trianon* Room by Vincent Bragale's on Wed., April 10. Larry Siry's band stays on. You'll have to dress *if you want to dance after 10 P.M.*

**Biltmore,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Sleepy Hall and his orchestra provide the music and *entertainment in the Bowman Room.*

**Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—Anne Francine, the Tisdale Trio, and two orchestras—Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of café society's cafés. The De Marcos are here now, and so are Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

**Féfé's Monte Carlo,** 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best and has never faltered. Ted Straeter's orchestra. Dress required.

**La Martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—One flight down, but it has a show on a par with many loftier places. Pancho's orchestra.

**Larue,** 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

**Montparnasse,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A rumba band and a quintet play for dancing.

**Nine o'Clock Club,** 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Gay and sprightly, and designed primarily to please the younger set. Charlie Murray's and Sonny Kendis's orchestras.

**Park Lane,** Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—A Meyer Davis orchestra plays in the Tapestry Room, one of the spaciousest places you ever saw.

**Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jane Pickens, Paul Draper, and Eddy Duchin and his orchestra are in the perennial Persian Room. Must dress if you're going to dance after 10 P.M.

**Rainbow Room,** R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—The show in this stratospheric spot includes Eddie Le Baron's band and Gali Gali, the magician. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Marlynn and Michael are now in their third year in the informal Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

**St. Regis,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's an ice show in the stately Iridium Room, and Charles Baum's orchestra plays for dancing. Must dress, at least if you plan to dance.

**Savoy-Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske is back in the Café Lounge, singing those songs. Bob Grant's orchestra.

**Sherry's,** Park at 49 (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan and his orchestra are on hand for dinner dancing.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the

## DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

BOOKS 73
THE CURRENT CINEMA 69
LETTER FROM LONDON 40
MUSICAL EVENTS 61
OF ALL THINGS 39
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 54
THE RACE TRACK 59
TABLES FOR TWO 51
THE THEATRE 30

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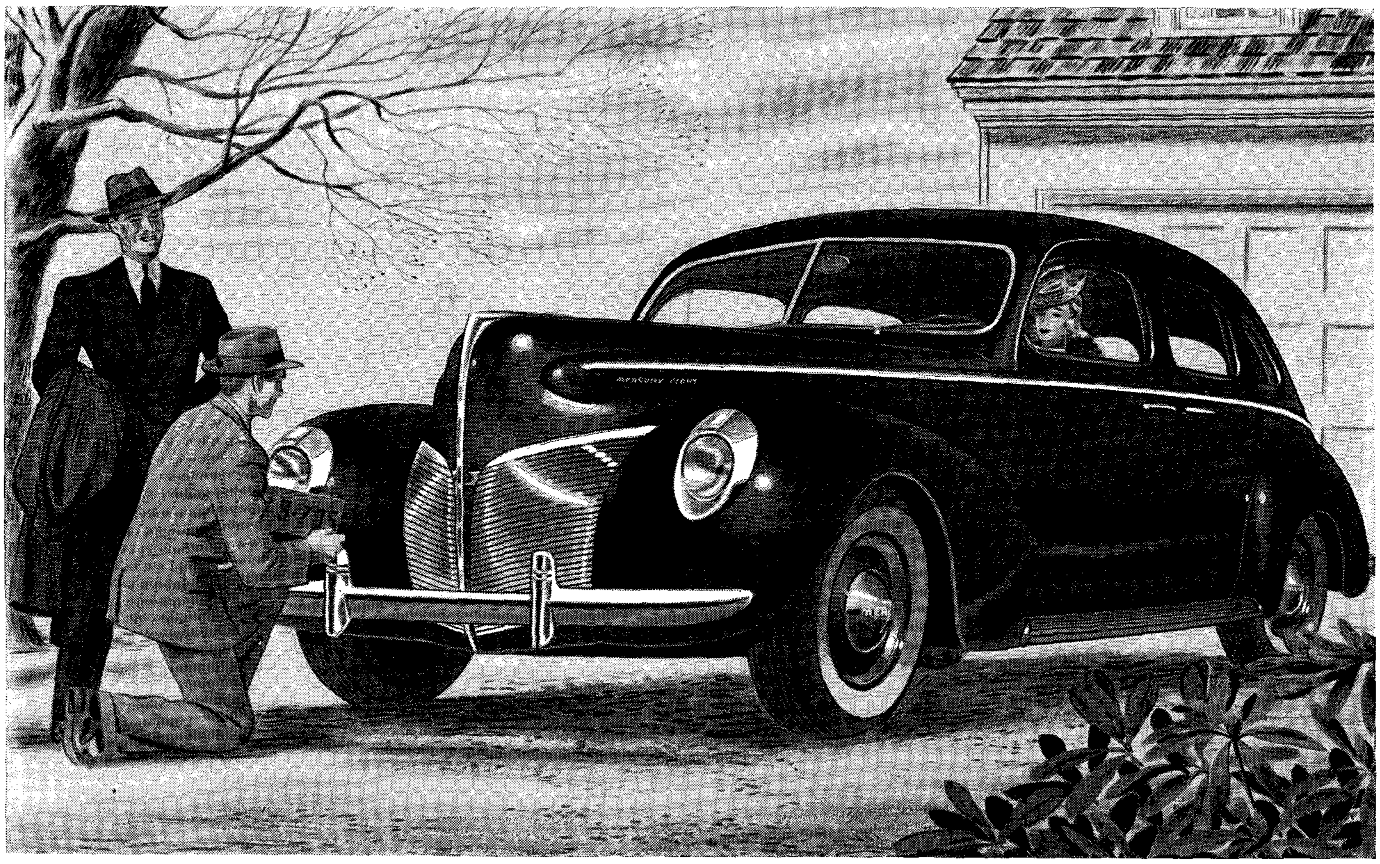

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stork Club. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress preferred.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side concoction, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Songs by Sophie Tucker and music for dancing by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Orrin Tucker's orchestra will replace Everett Hoagland's in the informal Empire Room on Fri., April 5. . . . Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

**Supper Clubs**—*For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance*—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Elsie Houston's South Amer*ican folk songs, and Billie Haywood's able swing* singing, accompanied by the equally able Cliff Allen at the piano. . . . **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller sings and John Buckmaster does monologues. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): you'll like the guitarist and a spruce young couple who play two-piano pieces. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a nice-smelling log fire, and incidental music.

**Miscellaneous**—At **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, music by Frank Mandella's orchestra, and songs by Adelaide Moffett. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a pleasant place to drop into after a concert. Dancing to music by Nicholas Matthey's orchestra. . . . **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): one that caught on quickly, with a Polish orchestra which plays rumbas as well as polkas. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, pleasant spot, with William Scotti's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Al Donahue's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **GLASS HAT,** 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . **WIENER FIAKER,** 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245), and **ALT WIEN,** 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966): both started by refugees, who carry on with lots of Viennese spirit. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band; *for late prowlers, this one.* . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people *who never seem to want to go home.*

•

**Broadway Atmosphere**—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose's Gay Nineties show, now in its second year, still seems to keep the patrons happy. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): one of Broadway's newest and, to judge by the crowds, one of its best; Bobby Parks' orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin show and, at the supper hour, Diosa Costello. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461): a show full of rumbas and congas. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction. . . . **COTTON CLUB,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Louis Armstrong leads the Negro revue.

**Pure Swing**—*At the* **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Stuff Smith and his orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown swing centre, with, except Mon., Zutty Singleton and his band and, except Tues., Sidney Bechet's Quartet. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar hideaway, with Clarence Profit's Trio and some Calypso singers.

**Harlem**—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are: **SAVOY BALLROOM,** Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Ella Fitzgerald's and Erskine Hawkins' bands; and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM,** Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with Teddy Wilson's band (closed Mon.).

**Foreign Flavor**—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

## ART

**Burliuk**—Oils and water colors, naïve in manner, splashy in color, but, in their way, full of poetry: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

**Cézanne**—Exhibition of paintings and water colors: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26.

**Evergood**—Oils that are broad social commentaries, by an artist of unusual native dignity and originality of approach: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 13.

**Four Impressionists**—Benefit show of works by Cézanne, Manet, Degas, and Renoir. All are rare examples and Degas' in particular are magnificent: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 13.

**Hélion**—Abstractions, crisp in color and impeccable in design: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 6.

**Kuniyoshi**—Minor retrospective (1922-39) of his always delightfully handled black-and-whites: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13.

**Miró**—Early works (1918-25), extremely illuminating as a study of his technical development: Matisse, 51 E. 57. *Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.*; through April 6.

**Modern German**—Paul Klee, Ernst Barlach, Karl Hofer, *and others in a representative collection* of paintings and sculptures: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53—Twenty-one paintings, representing pretty near the cream of Italian Renaissance and baroque art, in a loan show originally exhibited at the San Francisco Fair. Also, thirty-six pieces of modern American and European sculpture, given to the Museum by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., most of them from her private collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through April 7.

**National Academy**—The 114th annual, and, of course, as academic as all getout, but there are some nice things here and there· American Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through April 11.

**Picken**—Solidly designed, strongly painted landscapes and seascapes, with a few still lifes that are less successful: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 6.

**Poussin**—Loan show, comprising most of the examples of his work now owned in America, including an oddly thrilling, sombre Crucifixion: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 6.

**Renaissance Portraits**—Big loan exhibition, with works by Titian, Tintoretto, Di Cosimo, Raphael, and just about everybody else of the period worth mentioning: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 *A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 6.*

**Riverside Museum,** 310 Riverside Drive, at 104—A large exhibit of water colors by Western artists. *Some are a little too postery for our Eastern eyes,* but a number of them are interesting. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 28.

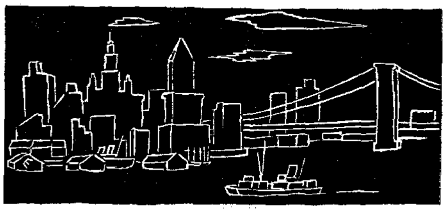
**Sculpture**—At the **ROBINSON,** 126 E. 57: small pieces by Warren Wheelock, done in a bewildering variety of styles but with flashes of real feeling. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 6. . . . **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: José De Creeft, Paul Manship, and others in a pleasantly diversified group. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 4. . . . **NEUMANN-WILLARD,** 543 Madison, at 55: abstract "constructions" by David Smith, executed with wit and good taste. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13.

**Self-Portraits**—Benefit exhibition of works by artists from Rembrandt and Rubens to Gauguin and Cézanne, with a number of rare ones among them: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

**Three Spaniards**—*Paintings by Picasso, Miró, and* Gris, including some lively middle-period pieces by the first: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 *A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.*

**Utrillo and Vlaminck**—A group of oils which includes some fine recent Utrillos and an odd early *Vlaminck: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to* 6 P.M.; through April 5.

**Vlaminck**—Recent oils, devoted mostly to his accustomed snow scenes but more varied in feeling than might be expected: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 6.



**Whitney Museum,** 10 W. 8—Works by some two hundred artists in a big show of contemporary American sculpture, sponsored by the National Sculpture Society. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 2.

**Miscellaneous**—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: oils by Karl Bissinger. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 6. . . . **ARTISTS',** 33 W. 8: paintings by Maurice Becker. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 9 P.M.; through April 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: oils by Andrew Butler and Wallace Herndon Smith. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13. . . . **VENDOME,** 59 W. 56: paintings and drawings by Chuzo Tamotzu. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 20. . . . **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING,** 24 E. 54: abstractions by Charles G. Shaw. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: oils by Jean Watson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: *paintings and drawings by* Jon Corbino. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

## MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall *is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's* BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Boston Symphony**—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 4, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., April 6, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700), Fri. Eve., April 5, at 8:30.

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Carnegie Hall: Stravinsky conducting, Fri. Aft., April 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., April 6, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., April 7, at 3. . . . Barbirolli conducting "Moby Dick," a new cantata by Bernard Herrmann, with the male chorus of the Westminster Choir and soloists: Thurs. Eve., April 11, at 8:45, and Fri. Aft., April 12, at 2:30. . . . Young People's concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., April 13, at 11.

**Harvard and Radcliffe Glee Clubs**—Woodworth conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., April 6, at 8:45.

**New Friends of Music**—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., April 7, at 5:30. (Soloist: Szigeti.)

**New York City Symphony**—Sevitzky conducting the Music Project orchestra in the second of three programs sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., April 7, at 8:45.

**Bach Circle**—Hufstader conducting the chorus and orchestra: Town *Hall,* Wed. Eve., April 10, at 8:30.

### RECITALS

**Carnegie Hall**—Vladimir Horowitz, Fri. Eve., April 12, at 8:30.

**Town Hall**—Antonio Brosa, Mon. Eve., April 8, at 8:30; Percy Grainger, Tues. Eve., April 9, at 8:30.

**Kaufmann Auditorium,** Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92—Artur Schnabel, Sun. Eve., April 7, at 9. (AT 9-2400.)

### OPERA

**Mecca Auditorium,** 130 W. 56—The Salmaggi opera company presenting "Aïda," Sun. Eve., April 7, and "Carmen," Sat. Eve., April 13, at 8:15. (CI 5-9757.)

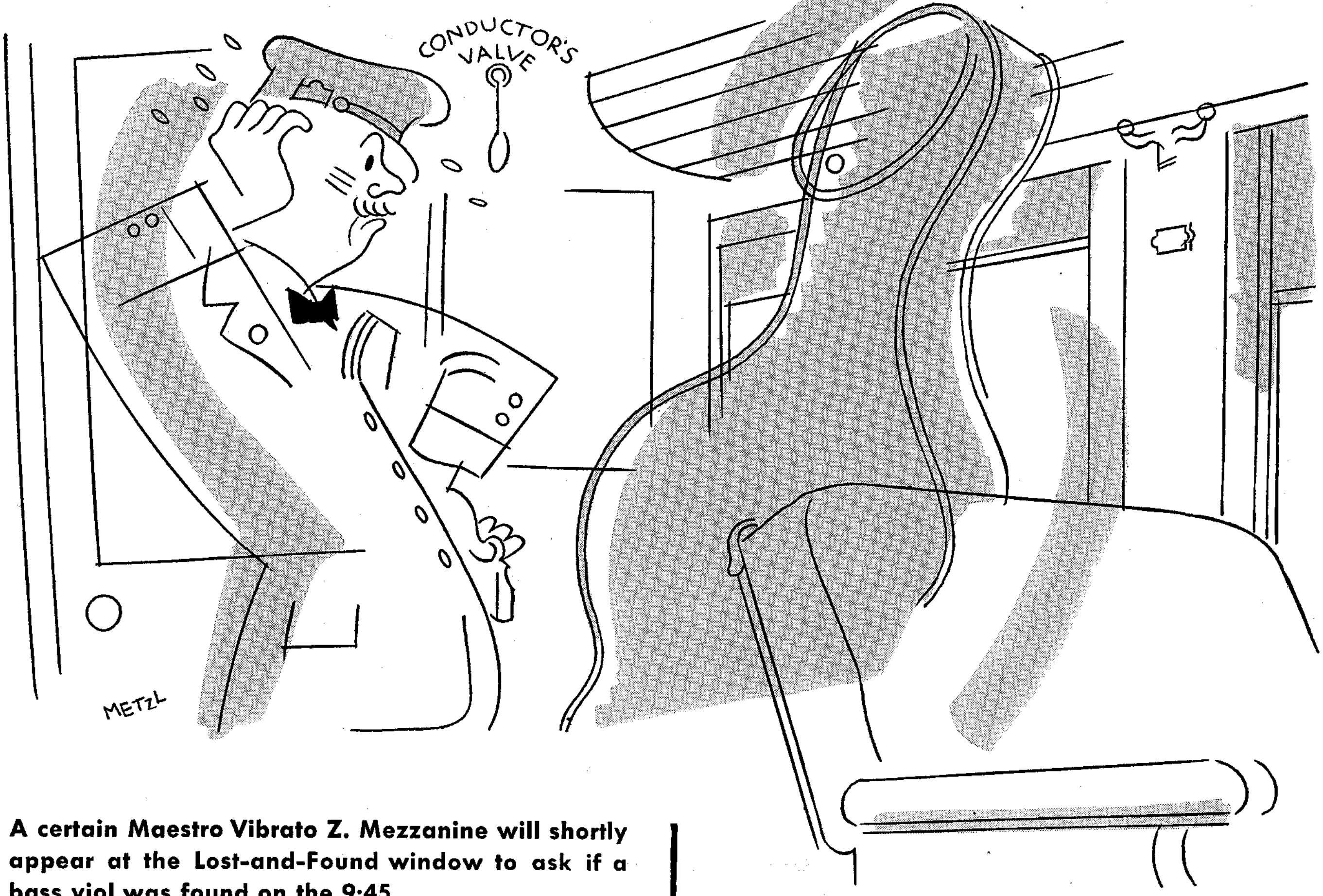
### BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

**Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo**—Leonide Massine's troupe in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Coppelia," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Thurs. Eve., April 4. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Schéhérazade," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Fri. Eve., April 5. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "The Bluebird," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., April 6. . . . "Rouge et Noir," "Bogatyri," "Bacchanale," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sat. Eve., April 6. . . . "Swan Lake," "Rouge et Noir," "Bacchanale," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sun. Eve., April 7. . . . "Les Sylphides,' "Schéhérazade," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Mon. Eve., April 8. . . . "Les Elfes," "Seventh Symphony," "Clouds," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Tues. Eve., April 9. . . . "Devil's Holiday," "Baiser de la Fée," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube," Wed. Eve., April 10. . . . "Giselle," "Clouds," and "Baiser de la Fée," Thurs. Eve., April 11. . . . "Les Elfes," "Petrouchka," "The Bluebird," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Fri. Eve., April 12. . . . "Boutique Fantasque," "Baiser de la Fée," "The Bluebird," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., April 13. . . . "Devil's Holiday," "Seventh Symphony," and "Ghost Town," Sat. Eve., April 13. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

**Katherine Dunham**—In a program based on Negro dance forms: Windsor Theatre, 48th St., E. of B'way (BR 9-3824), Sun. Eve., April 7, at 8:40.

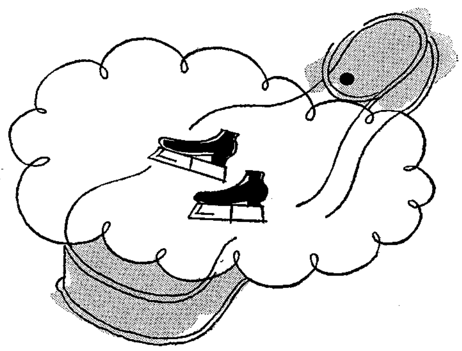
**Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitz-Simons**—In a concert

# Somebody Has Mislaid His Bull Fiddle



A certain Maestro Vibrato Z. Mezzanine will shortly appear at the Lost-and-Found window to ask if a bass viol was found on the 9:45.

How could he mislay so mighty an instrument? The answer lies in the strange power of the human mind to concentrate on one thing to the exclusion of all others. As the train pulled into the station, Maestro Mezzanine was thinking about his young son Mischa Mezzanine, debating whether to buy the lad a pair of skates or a flexible flyer for a birthday present.



That's the funny thing about absentmindedness. When a man's thoughts are focused on even so small a thing as a pair of skates, he can fail to see even so big a thing as a bull fiddle.

By the same token, you can bombard his eyes or his ears with a super-colossal sales story, yet never reach his brain. You can't sell him unless he'll *pay attention.*

There's one place where people turn when they *want* to read advertising. Ask them, as many a research organization has done, what magazine that is. Overwhelmingly, they answer:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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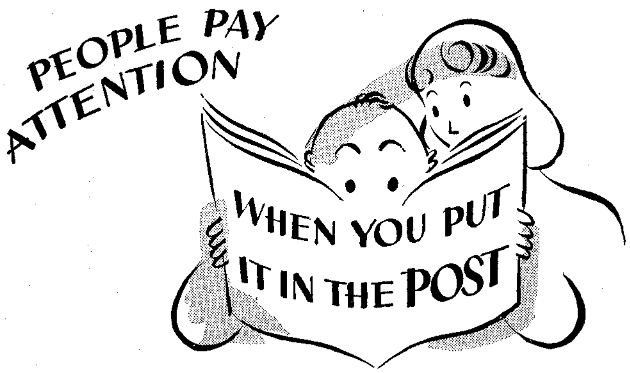
PEOPLE PAY ATTENTION
WHEN YOU PUT IT IN THE POST

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

of modern dances: Guild Theatre, 52nd St., W. of B'way (CO 5-8229), Sun. Eve., April 7, at 8:45.

## SPORTS

**Indoor Polo**—National Championships, Sat. Eve., April 6: Open Tournament, at 8:30; Intercollegiate final, at 9:30; Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94 (AT 9-6020).

**Horse Show**—Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., April 6, at 2:30 and 8 P.M.

**Hunt Race**—Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., Sat. Aft., April 13, at 1:30.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Circus**—The annual visit of the big Ringling show: *Madison Square Garden, starting Fri. Eve.,* April 5, at 8:30; performances daily thereafter at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; through April 30.

**College Shows**—"Life Begins in '40," by the Columbia University Players: Hotel Astor, Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 4-5, at 8:30. . . . "Assorted Nuts," by the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., April 6, at 8:30.

**Benefits and Public Balls**—Ballet Ball: St. Regis, Thurs. Eve., April 4, at 10. . . . Blossom Ball: St. Regis, Fri. Eve., April 5, at 10. . . . Butterfly Ball: Pierre, Fri. Eve., April 5, at 10. . . . The Commercial Artists' Mad Arts Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Sat. Eve., April 6, at 9. . . . Helping Hand Cabaret: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., April 6, at 8. . . . "A Night in an English Music Hall": Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., April 13, at 8.

**Planetarium**—"Celestial Blackouts" is the topic of the April lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

**Theatre Arts Exhibition**—Masks, costume designs, and scale models of sets by such contemporary designers as Raoul Pène du Bois, Stewart Chaney, Lucinda Ballard, and Vincente Minelli: Guy Mayer Gallery, 41 E. 57. Wed., 9:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 20.

**Costumes**—An exhibition of finery worn by the late Rita de Acosta Lydig: Museum of Costume Art, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 15.

**Auctions**—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—The H. Leonard Simmons collection: paintings by contemporary artists, including Brackman, Corbino, and Philipp, Thurs. Eve., April 4, at 8:15; Syrian and Roman glass, Persian and Indian miniatures, Chinese paintings, and porcelains and bronzes, Fri. Aft., April 5, at 2. . . . English and French furniture and decorations, and paintings, drawings, prints, bronzes, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Mrs. Fred F. French and others: Sat. Aft., April 6, at 2. . . . Chinese porcelains, pottery, carvings, and bronzes, from the collection of the late Wang Yuan: Thurs. Aft., April 11, at 2.

## ON THE AIR

**Metropolitan Opera**—"Faust," with Crooks and Pinza; from Boston: Sat. Aft., April 6, at 2, WJZ.

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Stravinsky conducting: Sun. Aft., April 7, at 3, WABC. . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., April 13, at 11:05, WABC.

**Some Weekly Features**—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

**THURSDAY**—Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF.

**FRIDAY**—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

**SATURDAY**—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 9:30, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WJZ. . . . Bob Crosby, 10, WEAF.

**SUNDAY**—Perolé String Quartet, *12 noon,* WOR. . . . "Pursuit of Happiness," 4:30, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. . . . Ford Symphony, 9, WABC. . . . "Adventures of Ellery Queen," 10, WABC.

**MONDAY**—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. . . . Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC. . . . WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 10:30, WOR.

**TUESDAY**—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Raymond Scott, 9:30, WABC. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

**WEDNESDAY**—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

## MOTION PICTURES

**Abe Lincoln in Illinois**—Robert E. Sherwood's play expertly transferred to the screen, with Raymond Massey again in the leading rôle, and a fine piece of work. Ruth Gordon is also in it. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; through Thurs., April 4. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., April 4-5. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., April 4-8. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. through Wed., April 4-10.)

**The Baker's Wife**—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life which isn't conventional, anyhow. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

**The Earl of Chicago**—A rather curious Robert Montgomery item that has a sort of gloomy interest. (Loew's *42nd Street, Lexington* at 42; Fri. through Sun., April 5-7. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., April 5-8. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., April 9-10.)

**The Fight for Life**—Paul De Kruif's chapters on maternal welfare presented on the screen by the *shrewd and experienced talent* of Pare Lorentz. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

**Gone with the Wind**—It has its moments. With Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh, and some thousand others. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Wed., April 4-10; weekdays at 9 A.M., and 2:30 and 8 P.M.; Sun., at 2 and 8 P.M.)

**The Grapes of Wrath**—The superb film of the year. Steinbeck's novel of the Okies magnificently adjusted to the screen. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs. through Wed., April 4-10.)

**His Girl Friday**—A brisk and comic adaptation of the classic old "Front Page," with Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy, and Rosalind Russell. (Gramercy Park, *Lexington* at 23; *Sun. through* Wed., April 7-10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Sat., April 9-13.)

**Pinocchio**—Disney's second feature-length cartoon, and another success. Very, very pretty indeed. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., April 4-8. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., April 9-11. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., April 10-11.)

**Primrose Path**—Ginger Rogers as the daughter of the very strange household described in Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Marjorie Rambeau and Joel McCrea are in it, too. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Thurs., April 11.)

**Rebecca**—The du Maurier best-seller made duly picturesque on the screen, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson. The whole grim affair is beautifully directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

**The Shop Around the Corner**—Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan in the mildest snack of whimsy ever done, but it has a spark of life in it, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; *Olympia, B'way at 107;* and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., April 4-8. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., April 4-10.)

**The Story of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet**—The career of the scientist who discovered salvarsan, with Edward G. Robinson as the great medical man—*possibly his best rôle. Maria Ouspenskaya and* Ruth Gordon are also involved. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Mon., April 4-8. . . . Nemo, B'way at 110; Thurs. through Wed., April 4-10.)

### REVIVALS

**Desire** (1936)—Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 7-8.)

**Elephant Boy** (1937)—With Sabu. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., April 5.)

**Having Wonderful Time** (1938)—Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 9-10.)

**Mayerling** (1937)—French, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., April 6-8.)

**Rose Marie** (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., April 6-8. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., April 7-8.)

**Stolen Life** (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner and Wilfrid Lawson. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., April 4-5. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 6. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 10-11.)

**The Tender Enemy** (1938)—French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., April 8-10.)

**Three Comrades** (1938)—Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone, and Robert Taylor. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., April 6-8.)

**Tovarich** (*1937*)—Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., April 8-10.)

**Zaza** (1939)—Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., April 9-10.)

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, will exhibit early French films (1905-1910) through Sun., April 7, and, *starting Mon.,* April 8, French and American abstract films (1921-1939). Weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.

## COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published *in the first issue of each* month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

**World's Fair**—Starting its second season on Sat., May 11.

**Boxing**—Madison Square Garden: Lou Ambers vs. Lew Jenkins, lightweight title, May 10; Ceferino Garcia vs. Ken Overlin, middleweight title, May 24. . . . Roosevelt *Stadium, Jersey City:* Tony Galento vs. Max Baer, May 28.

**Crew**—On **MAY 4:** Columbia-Pennsylvania-Yale (Blackwell Cup), Harlem River; Harvard-Princeton-M.I.T.-Syracuse (Compton Cup), at Princeton. **MAY 11:** *Columbia-Pennsylvania-Princeton* (Childs Cup), at Philadelphia. **MAY 18:** Harvard-Navy-Pennsylvania (Adams Cup), at Philadelphia; Cornell-Princeton-Yale (Carnegie Cup), at Derby, Conn.

**Dog Shows**—Saw Mill River Kennel Club, White Plains, April 21; Long Island Kennel Club, Cedarhurst, May 19; Morris and Essex Kennel Club, *Madison,* N.J., May 25.

**Fencing**—Men's and Women's National Championships, Fencers Club, May 3-13.

**Golf**—Metropolitan Open, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J., May 24-26.

**Horse Shows**—Squadron A Armory, May 2-4; Newark, May 8-11; Harrison, N.Y., May 12; Vassar, Poughkeepsie, May 18-19; Watchung Riding and *Driving Club, Summit,* N.J., *May 18-19;* Oaks Hunt, Great Neck, May 19; Wilmington, May 23-25; Devon, Pa., May 27-June 1.

**Hunt Races**—Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md., April 20; Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, April 27; Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, May 4; Radnor Hunt, Berwyn, Pa., May 8 and 11; Rose Tree, Media, Pa., May 15 and 18.

**Music**—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through May 5. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, April 16. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting (soloist, Horowitz), May 9. National Orchestral Association, Barzin conducting, April 22. Schola Cantorum, April 17. Joseph Szigeti, April 21. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Egon Petri, April 24. . . . **WORLD'S FAIR:** Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett, soloists with the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, Pelletier conducting, May 13.

**Racing**—Jamaica, April 15-May 11; Belmont Park, May 13-June 8; Havre de Grace, April 15-27; Pimlico, April 29-May 11; Kentucky Derby, May 4.

**Theatre**—Some productions scheduled to open this *spring:* "Love's Old Sweet Song," *by William* Saroyan, with Walter Huston and Jessie Royce Landis, produced by the Theatre Guild and Eddie Dowling; "There Shall Be No Night," by Robert E. Sherwood, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne; "Out from Under," by John Walter Kelly, produced by Brock Pemberton; "Romeo and Juliet," with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, and Dame May Whitty, *produced by* Mr. Olivier and Bernard Klawans; "Keep off the Grass," a revue, with Jimmy Durante, Ray Bolger, and Ilka Chase, produced by Lee Shubert and Harry A. Kaufman; "The Return of the Vagabond," by and with George M. Cohan; "Louisiana Purchase," a musical by B. G. De Sylva and Morrie Ryskind, with songs by Irving Berlin and a cast *which includes Vera Zorina, Victor Moore,* William Gaxton, and Irene Bordoni; "New Faces of 1940," with Joe Cook, Patsy Kelly, Paul Draper, and Betzi Beaton, produced by Leonard Sillman.

**Track**—Columbia-Navy-Princeton, Baker Field, April 20; Penn Relay Carnival, Philadelphia, April 26-27; Metropolitan Championships, Randalls Island, May 11.

**Yachting**—*Championship races on the Sound:* American Y.C., May 25; Harlem Y.C., May 30.

**Other Dates**—State income-tax returns for 1939 are due April 15. . . . Greater New York Fund dinner dance, Waldorf-Astoria, April 29. . . . Musicians' Emergency Fund benefit, St. Regis, May 1. . . . Daylight Saving starts Sun., April 28.

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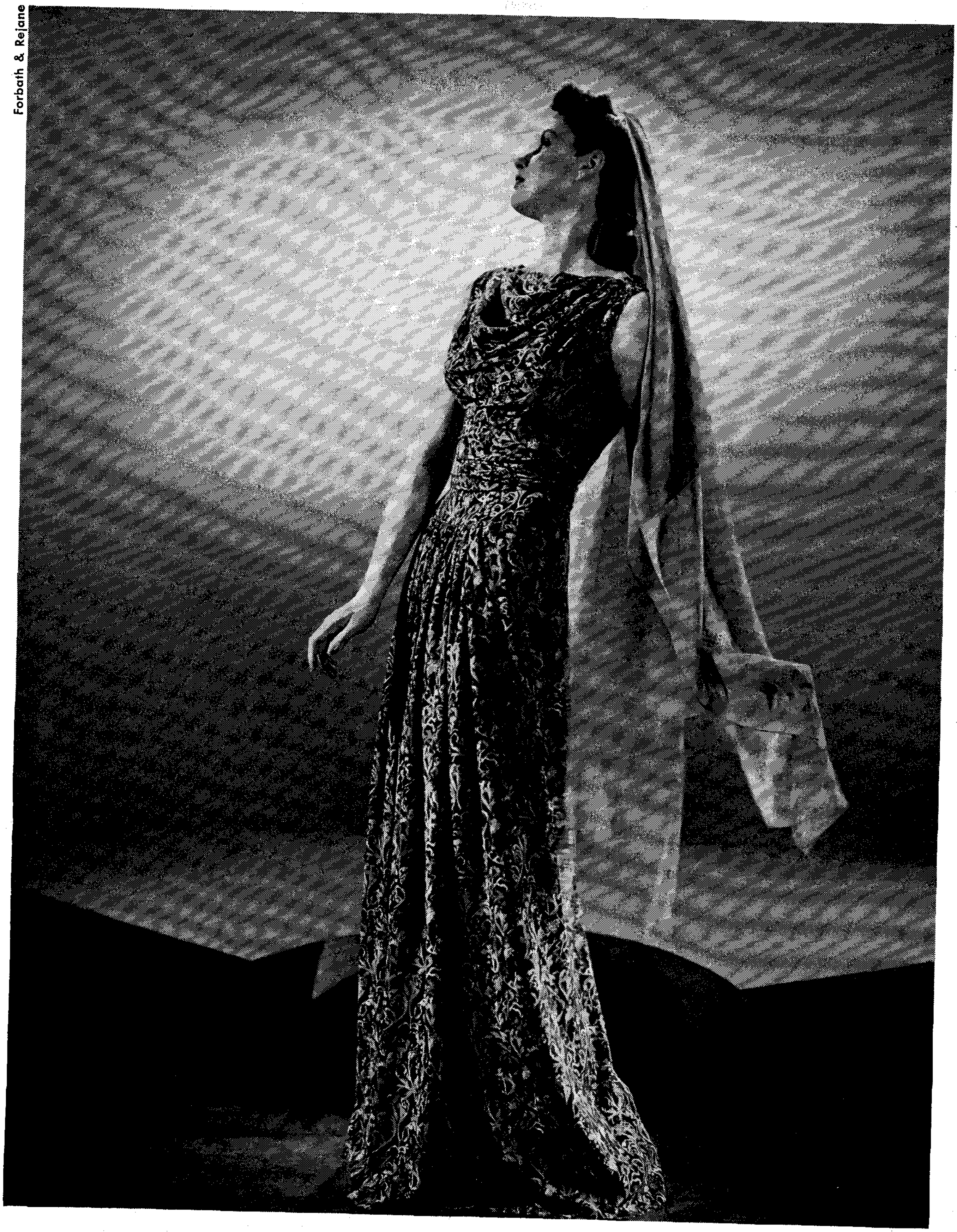

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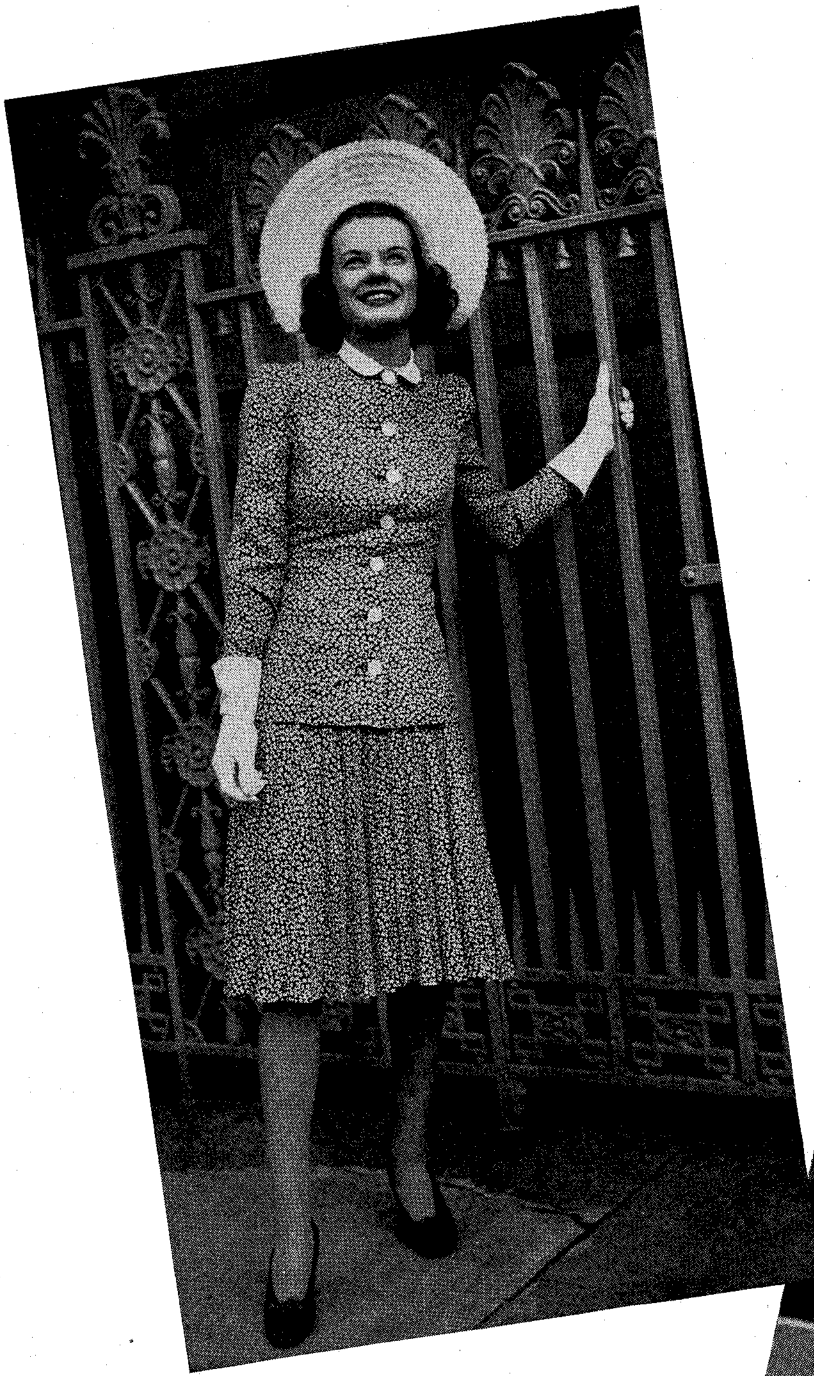

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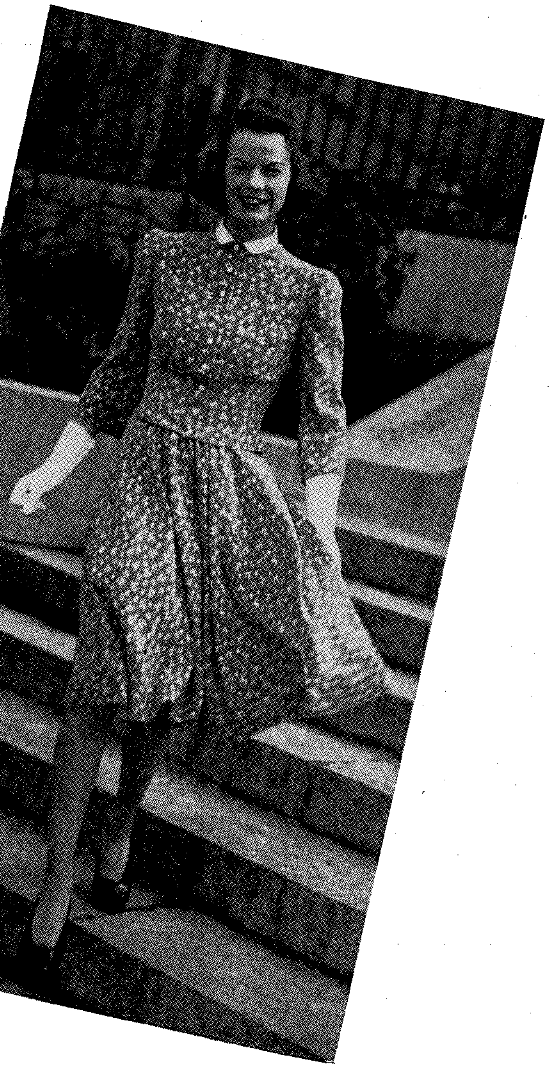

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This watch is the Gruen Curvex, the watch that started the modern trend to curved wristwatches . . . the most-copied watch style in the world.

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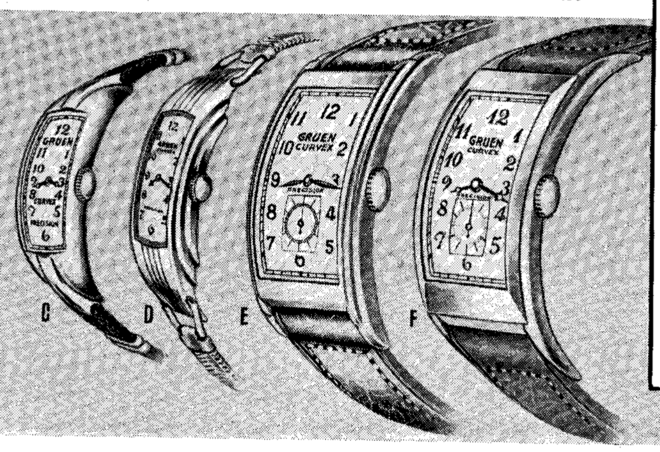

**C. CURVEX REGINA,** 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow gold-filled case. .$42.50

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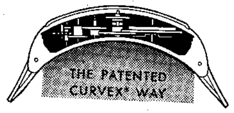
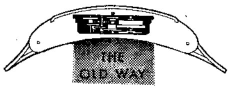
### WHY A CURVED WATCH SHOULD HAVE A CURVED MOVEMENT



Only the Patented Gruen Curvex movement is curved both top and bottom to fit the wrist form case. The Curvex construction assures pocket watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



An ordinary flat movement inside a curved case.

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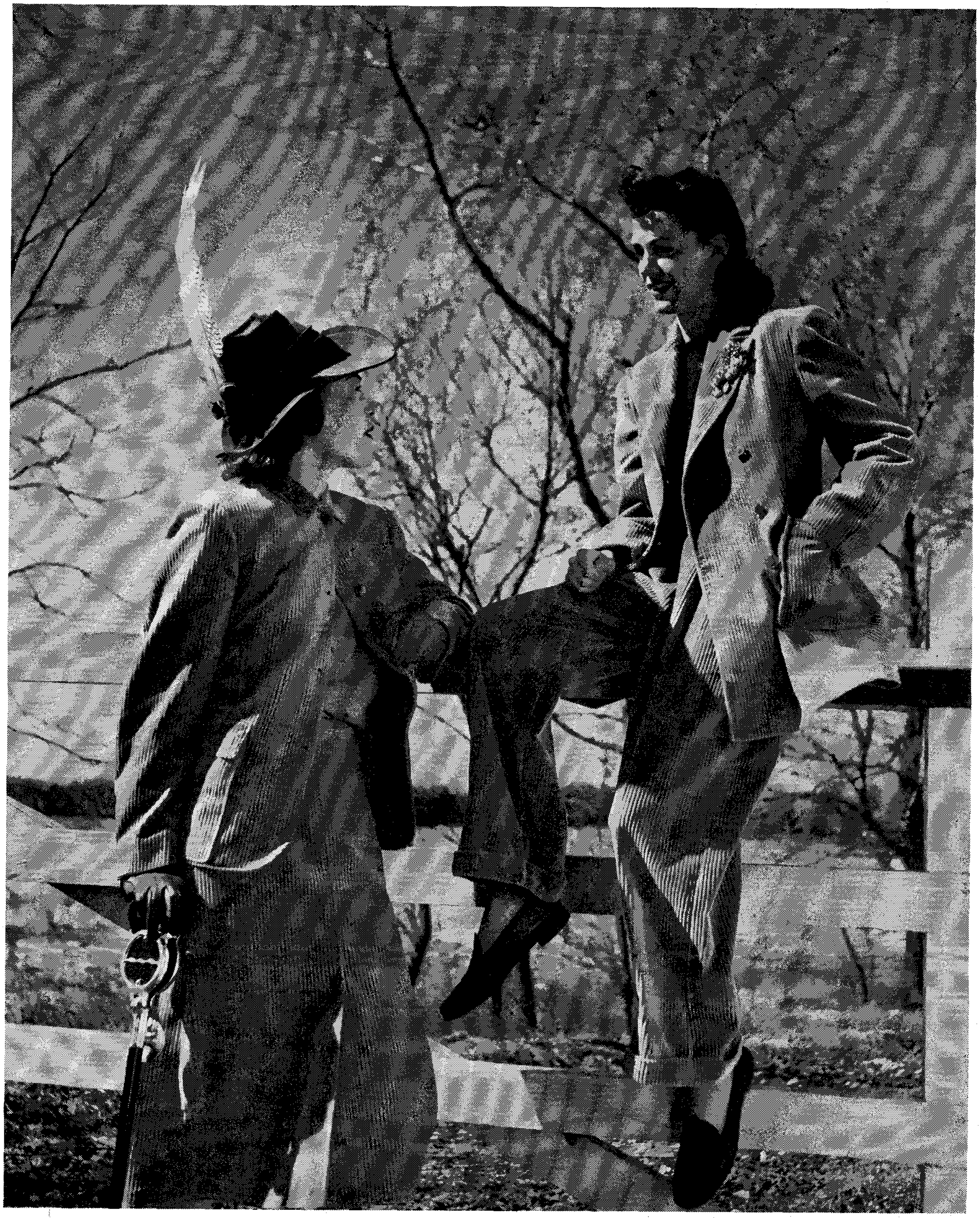


**country corduroys** in burnt-beige, a mellow new shade, softly golden as the spring's first crop of maple sugar. A wide-waled weave, tailored with casual perfection in a cardigan jacket and skirt, 39.95 ... in matching slacks, 10.95, and double-breasted topper, 29.95. Sizes 12 to 20. third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

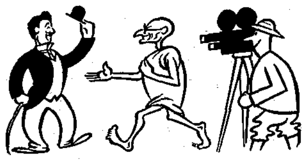
## *Notes and Comment*

WE shall not soon forget that Holy Week. Members of the Carnegie Institute's Geographical Laboratory and Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, laboring together on a thimbleful of salt, squeezed the space from between the molecules. A hen in Frederick, Maryland, laid double-yolk eggs every other day, and then laid one with a triple yolk. Another hen, down in Florida, laid an egg with four yolks. Alphonse Roart, of Philadelphia, got a patent for canned pancakes. Restaurant men in Texas ate the first ice cream made out of cotton. The people of England and France began to clamor for a total war, and twenty-one young Americans in a festival spirit sailed to participate in it, on the same boat with Dorothy Thompson. Then, for five hours on Easter Day, unseen forces emanating from interstellar space laid short-wave radio, telegraph, and long-distance telephone communications to rest in an aerial disturbance pronounced by engineers the worst in the memory of man. The astronomers, being astronomers, babbled of sunspots. We say to you now that sunspots had nothing to do with it. We say to you now that somewhere Somebody was murmuring, "Cut it out."

LOUIS G. CAMERON, of Seattle, had his appendix removed over a statewide radio hookup, with a play-by-play description by Dr. Edwin A. Nixon of the Washington State Medical Association. After the operation, Mr. Cameron said "Hello" into a microphone placed conveniently near his head. We think Dr. Nixon has something. It might even have commercial possibilities if he could get hold of the right sponsors and perhaps a slightly more dramatic program—a trepanning operation, say, to boost the sales of the *Congressional Record*. It would be soothing to sit on a warm spring night listening to the drone of the little saw going through the bony framework, informative in a mild way to discover what is going on in the heads of the boys we send to Washington.

WE feel compelled to report a change: there are murals in our lobby. Not in our private lobby up on the nineteenth floor, but downstairs in the main thoroughfare of our office building. This passageway stretches from Forty-third to Forty-fourth Street, and for years casual shoppers in Woolworth's have used it in getting back to the Harvard Club. It was a plain place until last week, handy for buying cigarettes, having a haircut, or looking at Will Hays, who works upstairs, purifying the cinema. The murals appeared without warning—two lunettes above the opposing doors. Over one is Capital (a gray-haired gentleman in eyeglasses, impassively studying a blueprint); over the other is Labor (a composition in tan and blue, showing builders building). We are not concerned with the artistry of either of these pictures, but we do mourn the loss of one more sanctuary. Almost everywhere we have gone in this city during the last few years gigantic figures on the wall have reminded us that our economic system was no more than a temporary and perilous balance between brain and brawn. That was bad enough. Now, however, we are to be confronted with the grim lesson at least four times a day, coming and going. We have no idea what effect it will have on our work, except that it will almost certainly be unfortunate. Don't be surprised at anything you read here from now on. Don't even be surprised if we talk about blowing up the post office and taking over the radio.

ACCORDING to a vague item in the papers, Mahatma Gandhi is planning to appear in a movie, which "will depict his student life in England, his early days as a lawyer in South Africa, and his famous meeting with Charlie Chaplin." For his own good, we hope the Mahatma can be persuaded to keep away from pictures. A man in his position obviously can't play comic rôles, and as a romantic hero he would be a washout; he is too frigid, too careless of personal appearance, much too thin. Moreover, his scenario sounds terrible. We had enough of foreign students in England some years back, when Robert Taylor went over and captured the heart of England, and as for the struggles of young lawyers, we are almost as sick of them as we are of the struggles of young doctors. Finally, when it comes to Charlie Chaplin, we think we prefer him alone. Charlie, with his twirling cane, his derby, and his duck walk, and Gandhi, drinking goat's milk in his nightgown, would be just too much, or too strange. If somebody has to wear a nightgown, we would much rather see Carole Lombard in hers, anyway. Let the Mahatma save India. Hollywood can handle Occidental culture.



WE suppose it's a trivial matter in the midst of war and in the shadow of a Republican National Convention, but we'll only take a minute. It's about those new Lavoris ads, consisting of a series of closeups of a pretty girl rapidly swishing mouthwash from one side of her face to the other. This makes the girl look like hell, but as we get it, we are supposed to be charmed. In every ad the model is displaying a radiance, coquetry, and sweetness of the spirit almost beyond belief. Apparently it is the purpose of all this to suggest to sweethearts, wives, and mothers that there is nothing that tugs at the heartstrings of the male like the sight of a woman with her mouth full of chemicals. We want to state right here that if any woman tries to tug at our heartstrings with a performance like that, we'll throw the mouthwash bottle through the nearest closed window, and follow it up with the sweetheart, wife, or mother. That's all.

•

Incidental Intelligence: Wynne & Treanor, the fashionable Madison Avenue fishmongers, used to have in their window a neon sign reading "Russian Caviar." During the recent crisis, the first three letters of the sign were neatly removed and the letters "Per" substituted.

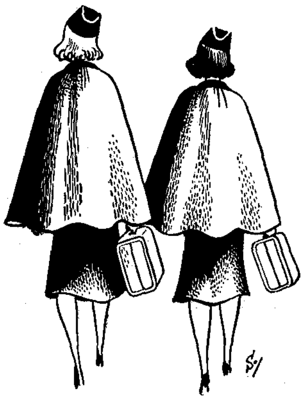
The official motto of the State of Washington, according to the current *World Almanac*, is "By and By."

Sign on a lower-East Side peddler's wagon: "RESNICK, INC, and helper."

The artificial blood used in Hollywood battle scenes is flavored with raspberry.

## *Fight-Filmer*

Movies of the Louis-Paychek fight last Friday night opened on Broadway at nine o'clock the next morning, which is merely usual after such an event. The promptness is made possible by Jack Rieger, who has practically a monopoly on the filming of prizefights. It takes Rieger, eight cameras, and twenty-seven men to film a go in Madison Square Garden. Two cameras are placed on the apron of the ring and the rest at strategic points in the balcony. At least three of them are always in use while the others are being reloaded or moved to another position. Before and during a fight, Rieger dodges about from one camera to another. Then, as the winner's hand is raised, he rushes off to a laboratory in a Broadway office building and settles down to a night of cutting and editing. In the course of a fifteen-round fight, Rieger's cameramen will expose 35,000 feet of film, which must, in the final version, be cut to 2,800, which in turn must be delivered to the early-bird cinemas, the Palace and Rialto. It is his ability to work under this pressure that assures him his unique position. One important bout was turned over to another man with disastrous results; the fellow spent three days trying to cut the film, the 9 A.M. Broadway picturegoers howled, and finally Rieger was called in, laughing quietly, to clean up the mess.



Technically speaking, Rieger is not the producer of these pictures. He has worked for a succession of money men, the present incumbent being Mr. Jack Dietz. Rieger works on a guarantee-and-percentage basis. Fight pictures are pretty much of a gamble, and the only exhibitors who normally sign up Rieger's pictures sight unseen are the Rialto and the R.K.O. chain; the others wait for the public's reaction. The ideal, Rieger told us, is a fight that goes six or seven rounds and is terminated by a clean knockout. The Tunney-Heeney pictures were too long and bloody, and those of the second Louis-Schmeling meeting too brief. Other factors come into the financial setup. The Carnera-Schaaf bout, which resulted in the death of Schaaf, would have been a cleanup if Roosevelt hadn't closed the banks.

Rieger is now forty-two, with black hair and a squint that may well come from peering through camera sights. He has been connected with the cinema since he was twelve, when he worked in an East Side nickelodeon, flashing on the screen slides that said, "Take Off Your Hat" and "No Smoking." Later he worked as a cameraman in the Fort Lee studios, helping in the production of Theda Bara's "A Fool There Was," the original "Blue Bird," and several Fairbanks and Pickford films. Then he went to work for a producer of travel pictures. Tex Rickard got his employer interested in fight pictures, and Rieger had found his lifework. These days, for a sideline, he makes commercial shorts. Lately, also, he has put together a picture called "The Birth of a Champion," containing shots of Dempsey's early fights.

The legal status of fight films is obscure. The interstate transportation of such pictures was forbidden by law back in 1910, because the legislators were afraid that if pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson fight got into the Southern states, they might cause race riots. Of recent years, we have heard in fight circles that the law hasn't been pressed very hard, and it's probably safe to say that movies of championship fights are shown, one way or another, in every state in the Union. Boxing interests keep praying that Congress will take the heat off the films.

## *D-Minus*

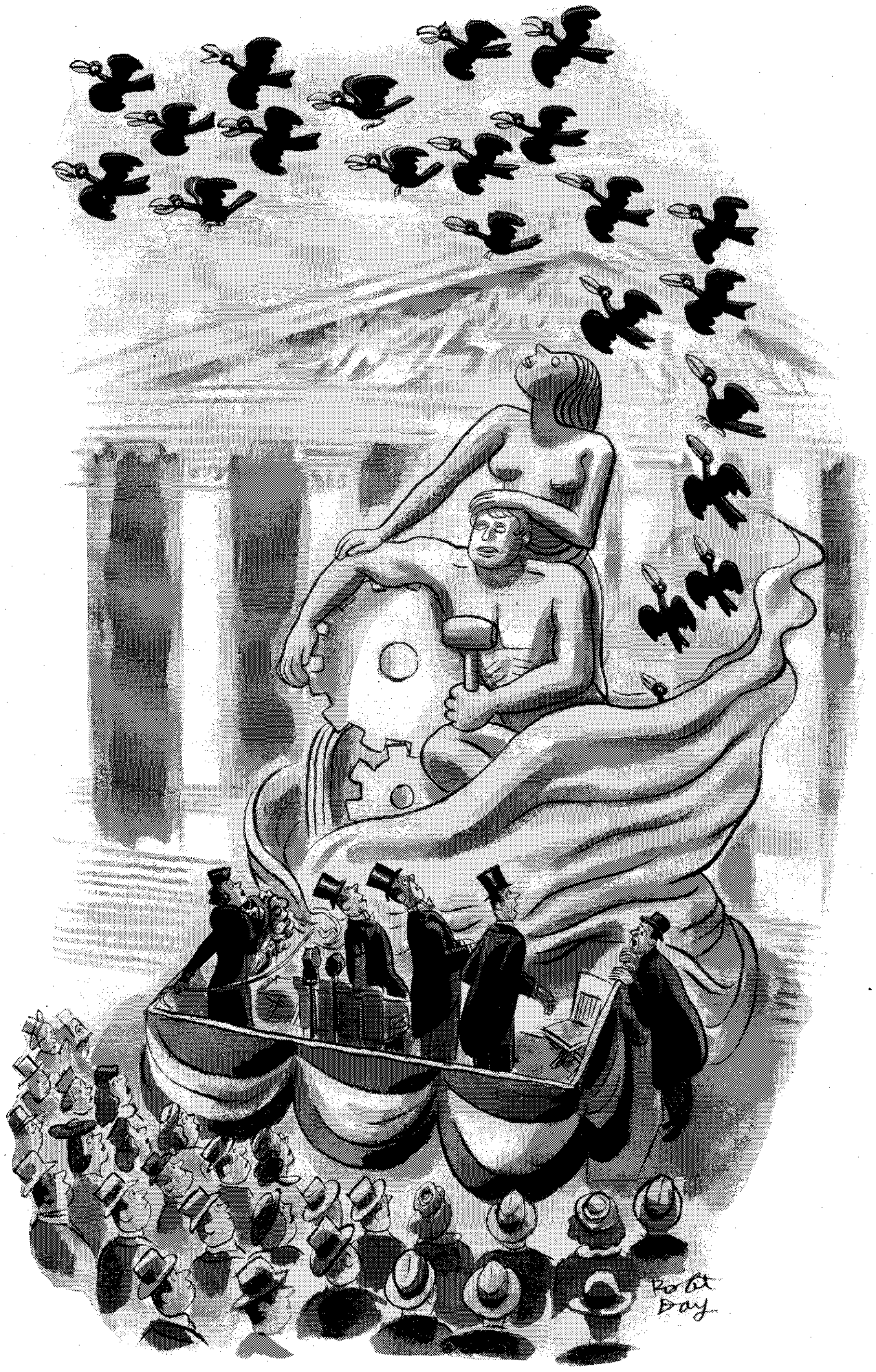
The advertising agency which handles the display cards in subway trains sometimes fills in unsponsored vacancies with chatty, non-commercial posters. One such reads thus:

> DO YOU KNOW THAT:
>
> Polar bears are found only at the North Pole—penguins only at the South Pole?
>
> Fur seals live only in the Atlantic Ocean—never in the Pacific?
>
> Reindeer are not native to North America—the government imports them from Siberia?

Well, a testy explorer of considerable experience who recently made a short trek by B.-M.T. has written in to correct these statements, asserting that: Only one polar bear has ever been seen near the North Pole. No penguin has ever been reported within a thousand miles of the South Pole. The fur-seal industry north of the equator is wholly in the Pacific; there are no fur seals in the North Atlantic. Reindeer are native to both Siberia and North America; on this hemisphere, when wild, they are generally known as caribou. Reindeer, domesticated, were shipped into Alaska from 1892 to 1902, but that was only because it was considered simpler than taming the ones born there. The whole matter is referred to the Committee on Truth in Advertising.

## *Trolley-Lovers*

It looks to be a losing battle that's being fought by the New York Car Riders Association against the city's plan to replace trolley cars with buses. However, the Car Riders are fighting every inch of the way, even though you may never have heard of them. The fifty active members of the Association hold monthly meetings devoted to pro-trolley pep talks and the mapping out of strategies, and spend their spare time riding on the trolley lines still in service, persuading the other passengers to sign copies of a petition addressed to Mayor LaGuardia. "We are particularly opposed to substitution of omnibus service



*"I'm sorry, but I couldn't get doves."*

• •

for any trolley service," the petition says in part. The leader of the N.Y.C.R.A. is an earnest young man named Everett A. White, who works as a clerk in the Department of Health and dreams of trolleys by night. It was only recently that White formally organized the trolley-lovers—last August, to be exact, after he had read in the newspapers that eighty-five miles of trolley lines had been supplanted by bus service since LaGuardia took office, and that the Mayor aimed at the ultimate abolition of trolleys—but he has always had a sentimental interest in the subject. Five years ago, for example, he stayed up all night in order to be a passenger aboard the last trolley to go up Madison Avenue.

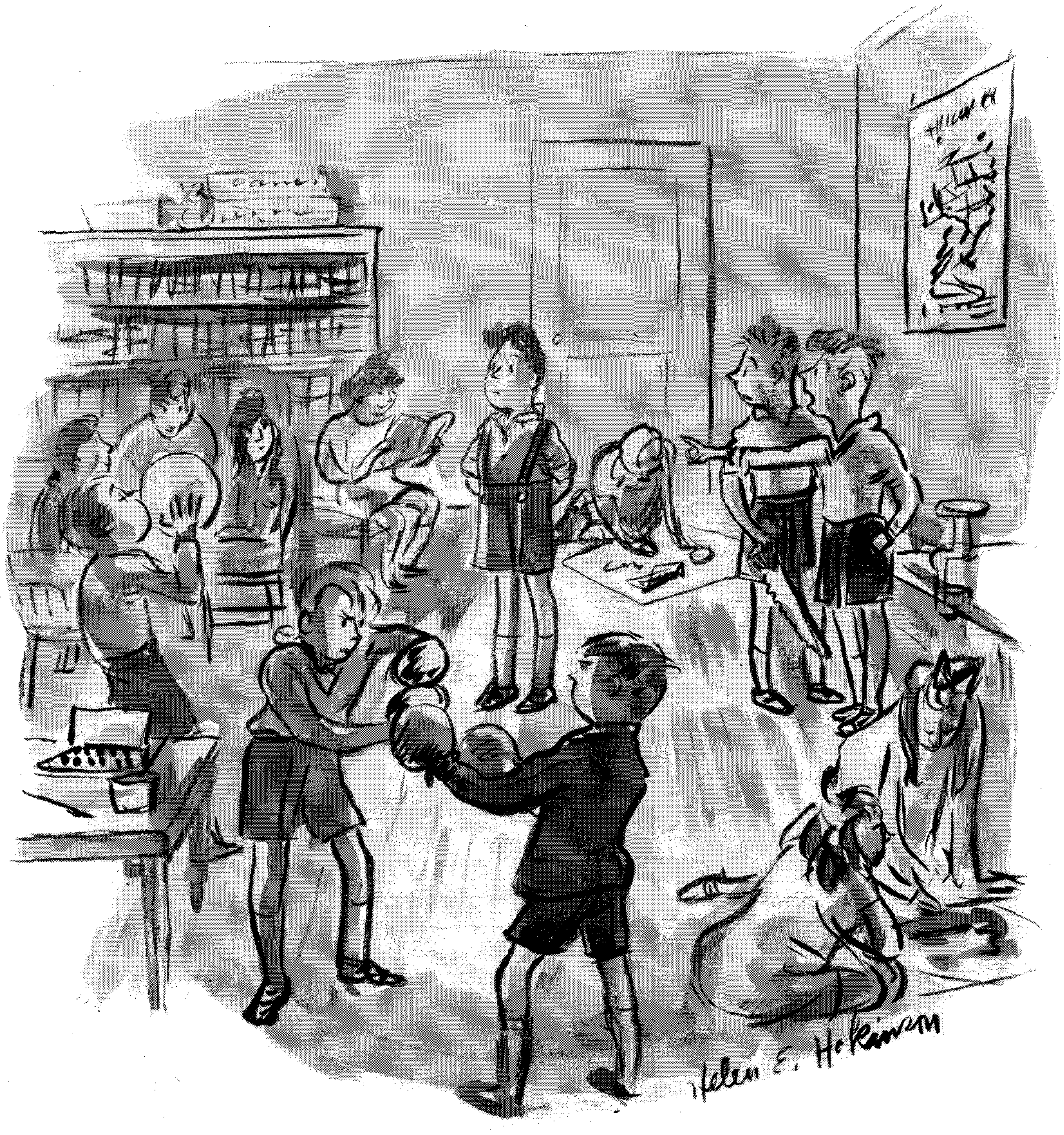
The trolley-lovers gather each Tuesday evening at a cafeteria on the corner of Forty-second Street and Third Avenue, a busy junction of various routes operated by the Third Avenue Railway System, which runs not only on Third Avenue but on Broadway and a number of crosstown streets. After dinner each member hops a streetcar and tries to get signatures for the petition. Eighty-five per cent of the passengers on the Broadway line who have been approached have signed, Mr. White told us, and the average for their citywide activity is up around seventy per cent. It is evident that there is considerable sentimental feeling among the city's trolley riders. The Association hopes to have twelve thousand signatures to show the Mayor. Motormen, when they learn the mission of the petition-circulators, are always very cordial and say, "Go right ahead," but of course can't overlook the matter of the fare. We asked if the Association had ever received any overt encouragement from the higher-ups in the Third Avenue Railway System, and Mr. White said no. "They're in a delicate position," he said. The Association's workers, in addition to collecting signatures, circulate mimeographed anti-bus pamphlets headed "Is It Fair to the Public?" They do no campaigning in buses, not wishing hand-to-hand fighting with their enemies.

We attended the last monthly meeting of the Car Riders, and can report that it was about as indignant as an indignation meeting could well be. There were quite a few speakers: Mr. White; Mr. Henry W. Ruschmeyer, a clerk in the Globe Indemnity Insurance Company and vice-president of the Association; Mr. E. Jay Quinby, secretary; two members named Herman Rinke and Lawrence Gaillard; and Bishop Tyler Turner of the Eastern Orthodox Church. Their remarks were uniformly inflammatory: "Shall the city obey the mandate of its people or the eccentric and egocentric will of an opinionated Mayor?" "One man is in dictatorial control of transit in this city, and he has crackpot ideas on same." "Buses bounce people unmercifully." "We'll all be gassed," etc., etc. The Association is going to try to get its petition read into the records of the next meeting of the Board of Estimate.

Investigation of the New York Car Riders Association has finally destroyed our capacity for surprise. If we heard that there was in New York a Society of Friends of the Common Cold, we wouldn't be surprised.

## *Shoptalk*

A BIG D.S.N.Y. collection truck was rumbling down First Avenue, pausing at each corner to empty the trash cans, when one of the operatives saw a friend in mufti coming out of a saloon. "Hi, Mac!" he shouted. "What's with you? Ain't seen you



*"Listen, you better find an outlet or you'll catch hell."*

• •

around lately." "No," the other said, "I work nights. I'm on straight garbage now."

## *Piccoli*

ONE night last week we went backstage at the Majestic to watch a performance of Signor Vittorio Podrecca's "Teatro dei Piccoli." This we did in the face of a sign on the stage door: "It is forbidden to enter without permission of Sig. Podrecca. In any case, visitors may not remain backstage more than five minutes." Podrecca, a feverish Italian with thick-lensed glasses and slicked-back hair, explained that the sign wasn't put up for the sake of being unpleasant but to prevent spies getting in and picking up trade secrets. We hung around all evening, and picked up no secrets at all; just a sense of vast confusion. Sig. Podrecca found time during the evening to rush over to our side and make several vital distinctions: (a) His actors are marionettes, not puppets. Marionettes are controlled by strings, puppets by hand. Charlie McCarthy is a puppet. Sig. Podrecca admires McCarthy, but does not regard him as a competitor. (b) "Teatro dei Piccoli" does not mean "Children's Theatre" but "Theatre of the Little Ones." The entertainment is aimed at adults, and one of them, Arturo Toscanini, has called it "the finest on the contemporary stage." George Bernard Shaw has said that the *piccoli* are "preferable to flesh-and-blood artists," but we suspect that was a crack.

The marionettes, which are about four feet high, are manipulated from a rickety scaffold with a ladder at each end. For the first-act finale, fourteen manipulators are on the scaffold, twitching like mad. One manipulator handles solely the famous concert pianist who winds up the performance. There are about eight hundred marionettes in the troupe, but only two hundred and fifty are being used in the show. These are hung on a rack backstage, and moved up to a "ready rack" near the scaffold just before their entrance cues. The strings are attached to a wooden cross, and once in a while, in spite of all precautions, they get tangled up; when this happens, Sig. Podrecca gets so mad that life isn't worth living. The manipulators, three of whom are women, wear heavy leather aprons, to protect their middles while they lean over the scaffold. They mutter curses as they work, and sweat quarts. Sig. Podrecca told us that they have to serve a six-year apprenticeship before performing in public or semi-public, and that each act is rehearsed at least five hundred times. There are seventy-two in the repertoire. "An intense relationship exists between manipulator and marionette," Sig. Podrecca says. "The manipulator dominates the marionette, body and soul."

Two factories, one in Rome and one in Venice, make the marionettes' bodies. The heads of the minor characters are done by members of a wood-carving school in Val di Gardena, in the Italian Alps; the more important ones are done by Italian sculptors of standing. As for Sig. Podrecca, he was born in the State of Friuli, and started his adult life as a lawyer. In 1913, he somehow got switched to marionettes. His troupe has given some eighteen thousand performances, in thirty countries. Everybody in the troupe is Italian, with the exception of his wife, who is billed as Lia Podrecca. She's an Irish lady, formerly Cissie Vaughan, and was one of the famous "Gaiety girls" in London.

## *Theology*

HEARING a lady who was sitting behind us on a bus say, "Swedenborg—of course there's a lot to be said on both sides, but I'm doubtful myself," we settled back, thinking to hear a few pertinent observations about the great theologian. The lady continued on a different tack, however. "It seems to me," she said, "that it's an awful lot to eat at the beginning of a meal."

## *Strange Firms*

THE editor assigned to "Our Own Business Directory," a brief listing of odd-sounding firm names which can occasionally be found at the bottom of one of our columns, got to brooding about the commercial activities cloaked by such names as Hope, Inc.; Trywoodie for Little People; Gettysburg Throwing Company; the Explosion Conference; What's the Big Idea Associates; Hypressure Jenny; Manhattan Puffing Company; American Lurgi Corporation; New Born Needs, Inc.; World Examining Works; the Happy Girl Company; and the Pony Express Company. He sent us a memorandum asking, "What in God's name business are these firms in?" We conducted an investigation and, on the theory that some of our readers at some time or other may have been just as puzzled as this editor, have decided to print the results.

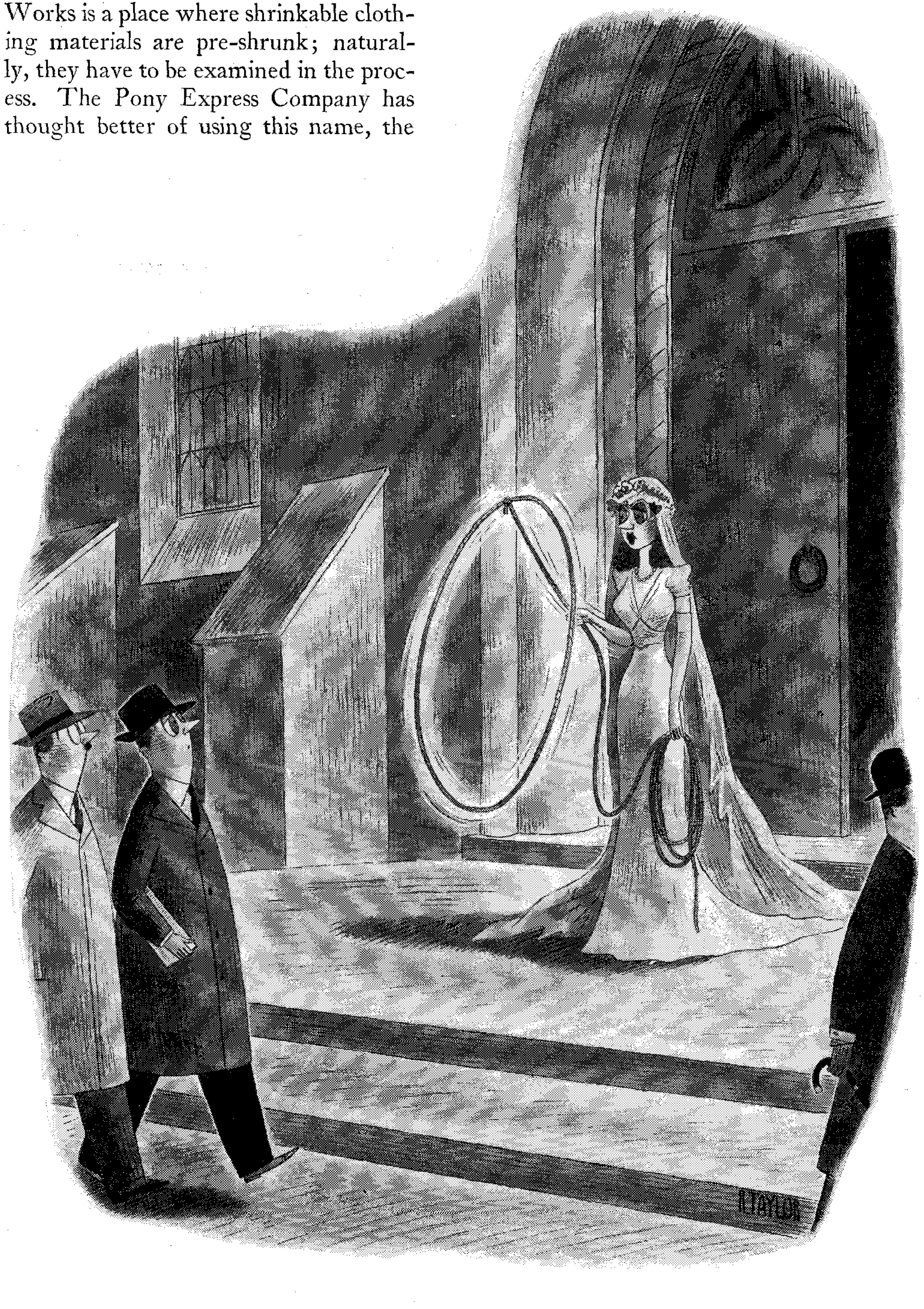
Hope, Inc., are manufacturers of tooth powder. The tooth-cleansing business being relatively static, the Hope people are really no more hopeful than anybody else. Trywoodie for Little People is a day nursery on Washington Heights, the name being a combination of "Tryon" and "Inwood," with the suffix "ie" added. The Explosion Conference, which is down on John Street, is an advisory organization, supported by two hundred and twenty-five insurance companies, which draws up the terms and conditions of policies covering war, earthquakes, and (of course) explosions.

Throwing is the technical term for spinning rayon or silk thread. A throwster (and the Gettysburg, Pa., plant of the Gettysburg Throwing Company is full of them) takes a continuous thread of rayon or silk and gives it anywhere from twenty to sixty turns an inch. That's all you really need to know about throwing. What's the Big Idea Associates is a public-relations outfit, a subsidiary of the Joe Weil Associates. The way Joe Weil figures it, anybody launching a new enterprise is likely to ask himself, "What's the big idea to put this thing over?" Weil supplies the Big Ideas; he's used to that sort of work, having at one time been exploitation director for Universal Pictures. Hypressure Jenny is a portable outfit for cleaning the surfaces of buildings too delicate for sandblasting—shoots out a mixture of cleaning fluid and water.

When two pieces of dress material are stitched together to form a series of pockets, and the pockets are filled with cotton thread blown in with compressed air, thus giving the affair a quilted look—that's puffing. You get puffing on bedspreads, ladies' coats and dresses, pillows, etc., and you get the Manhattan Puffing Company. The American Lurgi Corporation borrowed its name from the word "metallurgy," a subject in which it is interested. Specifically, the corporation markets patents and processes for the manufacture of chemicals and acids and the redemption of waste resulting from the processing of metals. As for the Happy Girl Company, it makes girls happy by knitting them warm, snug underthings. New Born Needs, Inc., makes a baby's-bottle protector which retains heat and insures that the bottle, if dropped, will land nipple side up. The World Examining Works is a place where shrinkable clothing materials are pre-shrunk; naturally, they have to be examined in the process. The Pony Express Company has thought better of using this name, the first word of which was made up from the initials of "Port of New York." It operates now as the Port of New York Express Company, but keeps the old name in the telephone book for the benefit of early customers who mightn't know about the change.

## *Last Straw*

AFTER an entire evening of resolute labor, a husband and wife we know completed their joint income-tax return and sent it off just before the ides of March with a check, duplicate, and several statements explaining deductions claimed under various schedules. Back it came two or three days later, marked "Overweight—postage due, two cents."



# AN AWFUL BORE

FOR the past several months a lady I know has been busy writing a play. Naturally, she talks about it a good deal of the time; and naturally, also, I sometimes allow my mind to stray to other matters while she is talking. The other day, upon noticing that she was not holding my attention, she exclaimed, "I'll bet that when Shakespeare was talking about writing 'Hamlet,' he sounded just as silly as I do." I dozed off after dinner that night, and was visited by the following vision:

(*Scene: The Mermaid Tavern, a barroom on West Fortieth Street. Time: Late evening. Two free-lance writers, William Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, enter and sit at a table in the back room.*)

Waiter: Yes, gentlemen?

Jonson: Scotch and soda.

Shakespeare: Rye and ginger ale.

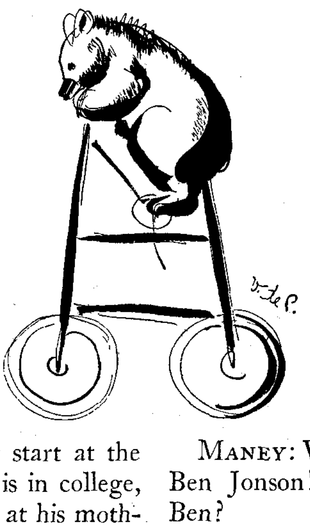
Jonson: Well, where you been keeping yourself, pal? I haven't seen you for three weeks.

Shakespeare: I've been pretty close to my typewriter. Fact is, I've decided to write a play.

Jonson: A play, eh? Well, that's swell.

Shakespeare: Yep, I've had this idea kicking around for quite a while, so finally I said what the hell, if I don't write it now, I probably never will.

Jonson: Well, that's sure swell. I'd like to hear about it sometime.



Shakespeare: Well, the central character is this guy, see—

Jonson: Waiter! Two more drinks here. Make mine a *double* Scotch. Sorry to interrupt you, pal.

Shakespeare: So this guy is in love with this girl, but her old man doesn't think he's on the level, see, so he tells her—wait a minute, I better start at the beginning. Well, this guy is in college, and he's come home to be at his mother's wedding—her second wedding, see? The guy's father is dead.

Jonson: Uh-huh.

Shakespeare: So he's brought two of his college friends home with him. So he's talking with these two buddies, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—

Jonson: Who?

Shakespeare: Well, I *thought* I'd call them Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—

Jonson: Listen, pal, lay off that angle. Look what happened to Dorothy Thompson's play.

Shakespeare: Well, it was just an idea. The whole thing's in a formative state. Anyway, they see a ghost.

Jonson: The guy and the girl. I see.

Shakespeare: No, the guy and some of his friends. Not the college friends. Some other ones. So the ghost turns out to be this guy's father, and he says that this guy's stepfather—the one that just married this guy's mother for the second time—for *her* second time, I mean—well, the ghost says that the stepfather killed him. I forgot to say that these two guys are brothers.

Jonson: Just a minute. *Which* two guys?

Shakespeare: The guy that's just married this young guy's mother and the ghost, of course.

Jonson: Well, who does the ghost turn out to be?

Shakespeare: I just told you. He's the ghost of this guy's father, and he tells him—

Jonson: You mean it *is* a ghost? Not somebody just dressed up like a ghost for some reason?

Shakespeare: Oh, no, the ghost is on the level.

(*Jonson whistles incredulously.*)

Shakespeare: Oh, you don't like it, eh?

Jonson: Now, take it easy, pal. I never said I didn't like it. Probably it'll work out O.K. and you'll have the laugh on all of us.

(*Enter, boisterously singing a bawdy song, the theatrical publicity man, Richard Maney, and Robert Greene, a literary rival of Shakespeare's.*)

Maney: Well, for God's sake! Rare Ben Jonson! What's with you, Rare Ben?

Jonson: Sit down and have a drink, you two. Bill's just telling me about a play he's writing.

Greene (*unpleasantly*): A play, eh?

Shakespeare (*belligerently*): Yes, a play. What of it?

Jonson: Go ahead, Bill. So this guy sees a ghost—

Shakespeare: Nah, the hell with it.

Jonson: No, I mean it. I'm seriously interested, and I want to hear all about it. Waiter!

Shakespeare: Well, maybe I ought to explain that all through the play it looks as if the guy might be crazy. Only sometimes it looks as if he *wasn't* crazy.

Greene: Well, is he or isn't he?

Shakespeare: It's never decided.

Greene: Geez! You got two strikes on you, I can tell you that. Listen, you either got to say the guy is crazy or say he isn't. Either that or stick to sonnet sequences.

Maney (*flourishing a handful of bills*): Crazy or not, I'll play the Match Game with your minor poets for ten fish.

Shakespeare: Never mind about sonnet sequences! Go on back down to the Village and write another one of your lousy little cony-catching pamphlets. Cony-catching pamphlets! That's a hot one! If you ever saw a real cony-catcher, you'd drop dead.

Maney: Fifteen fish!

Jonson: Go on, Bill. I'm honestly, seriously interested in this thing.

Shakespeare (*breathing heavily, but still game*): This guy gets the goods on his stepfather by staging a play, see? And in the play a guy poisons another guy the same way this stepfather poisoned this guy's father, so then he jumps up—the stepfather, I mean—and yells, "Lights! Lights!" So then this guy knows—

Maney: Know what you'd need for that? The Center Theatre. And even Kaufman and Hart can't fill the Center Theatre.

Greene: Oh, boy! What a turkey!

Jonson: Don't you care what they say, Bill, boy. You go ahead and write it.

Shakespeare: Nuts! (*He gets up sulkily and takes his drink out to the bar.*)

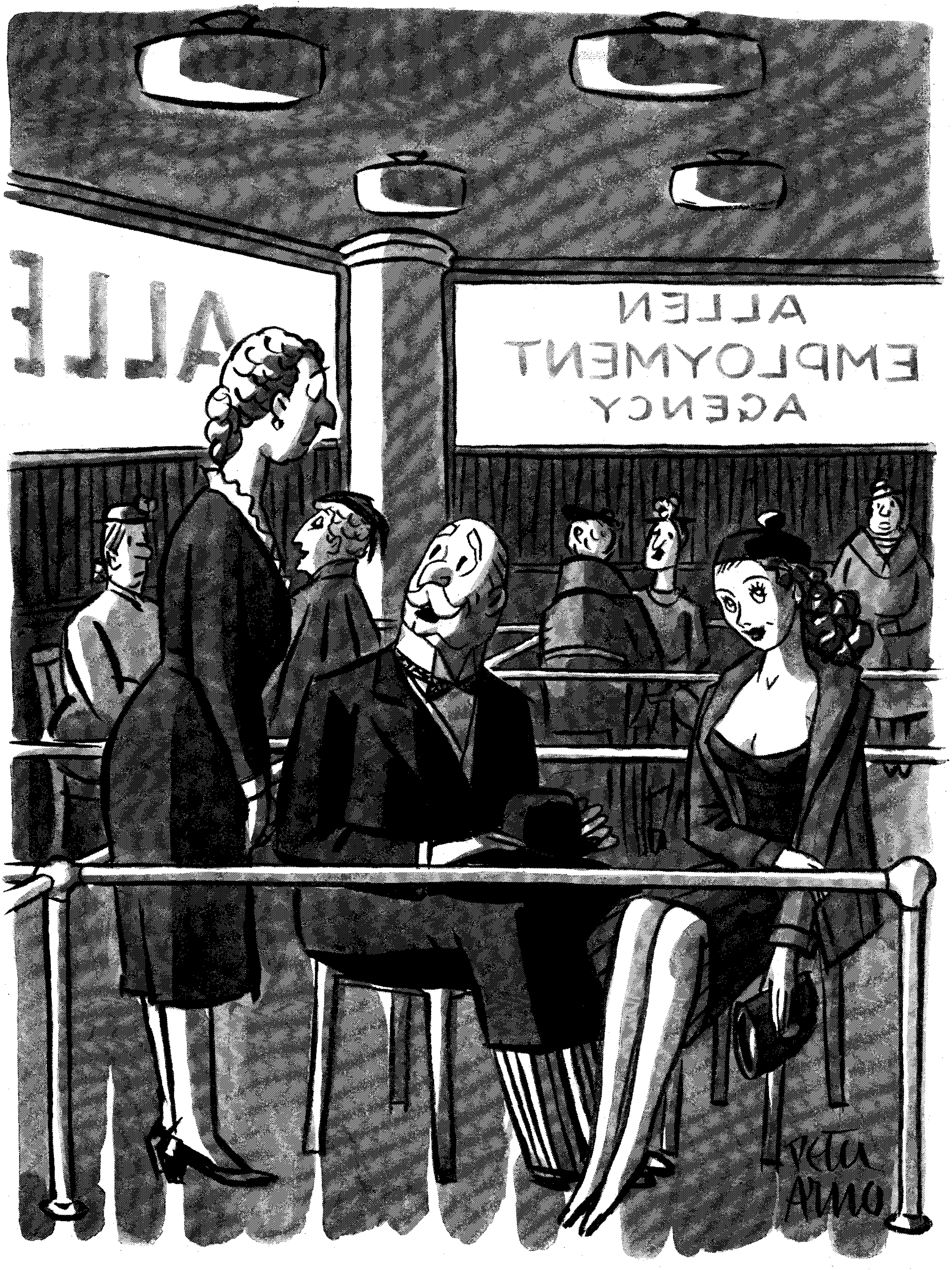
Maney: Play you for a drink and twenty fish.

(*They take three matches each and prepare to play the Match Game, a popular tavern diversion of the day.*)

Jonson: Poor Bill! He's a nice guy, I guess, but he's awful feeble-minded sometimes.

Greene: Know what Hemingway called him the other night at the Stork Club? We were talking about writers and one thing and another, and Ernest says, "Shakespeare? If you ask me, he's an upstart crow." Pretty good, eh? Upstart crow!

—Russell Maloney


ALLEN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
ALLE
Peter Arno

*"Do you have the same thing in a cook?"*

# FOR POSTERITY

It was quiet in the living room. Judy Graves sat in the Cogswell chair, staring into space. Her spine rested on the edge of the chair, her feet were stretched stiffly out in front of her, and her hands were folded on the firm mound of her stomach. Mr. Graves lay on the sofa with his eyes closed. The book he had been reading was open face downward on his chest and rose and fell as he breathed. Mrs. Graves moved quietly about the room, a pitcher of water in her hand. She poured a little water into the bowl that held the narcissus bulbs and watched it as it seeped down through the pebbles. "I'm really going to get *in* that hall closet this spring," she said. "I'm going to do it *right*, and not just take things out and put them back again the way I did last year."

"Mom," Judy said, "Fuffy can burp at will. She can do it even when she doesn't have to. She swallows air and does it at will."

Mrs. Graves prodded at one of the bulbs to see if its roots had started. "That's a very disgusting habit, and don't let me catch you trying it."

"I have tried. The air stays down and I sort of swell up. Fuffy did it all this noon, and I thought we'd die."

Mrs. Graves handed the pitcher to Judy. "Take this to the kitchen, like a good girl," she said. "Harry, there's a carton of your stuff on the top shelf. I wish you'd get at it."

Mr. Graves opened his eyes. "There is?" he asked. "What's in it?"

"I'm not quite sure," Mrs. Graves answered. "It's been there since we moved. I marked it with your name. I think it's mostly newspapers and maps."

"I'll get it down Sunday." Mr. Graves picked up his book and began to read.

Judy sat looking at the pitcher in her hand. "What do you want me to do with this?" she asked.

"Put it in the kitchen," her mother repeated.

Judy pulled herself to her feet. "Maybe there's something wonderful in the carton, Daddy," she said. "Something you've forgotten all about. Why don't you open it now?"

"Not tonight," Mrs. Graves said. "I don't want all that mess in here tonight. Haven't you any homework, Judy?"

"Tomorrow's Saturday."

"I know. But I should think you'd like to get it off your mind and not leave it until the last minute."

Judy carried the pitcher to the kitchen and set it on the drainboard by the sink. There was a cake on the table, covered by a painted tin cake cover. She lifted the cover slightly and drew her fingers through the frosting that had run down onto the plate.

"Judy!" Mrs. Graves called. "You're not to eat any more cake!"

"I wasn't going to." She replaced the cover and went into the room she shared with her sister, Lois. Lois sat at the Winthrop desk, a manicure set open on the blotter before her. She held up one hand to Judy, and Judy saw that each nail was painted a different shade.

"Which do you like the best?" Lois asked.

Judy walked over and studied the colors carefully. "The one on your little finger."

"It's the worst one," Lois said. "It's almost purple."

"Well, you asked me."

Lois took a small piece of cotton and moistened it with polish-remover. "Next year," she said, "I'm going to wear polish on my nails no matter what."

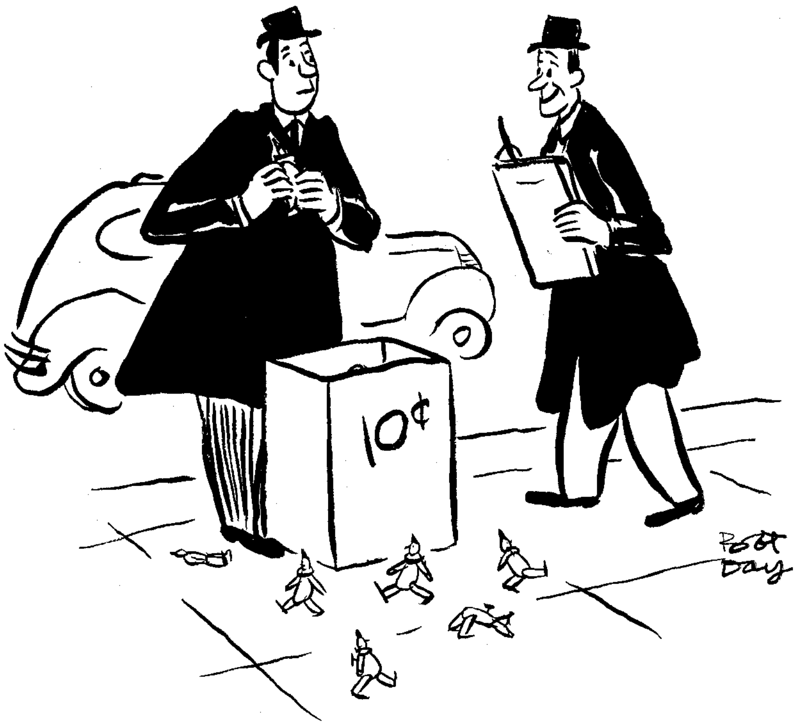
"If you do, I will too."

Lois rubbed at her nails. "In a pig's eye," she said.

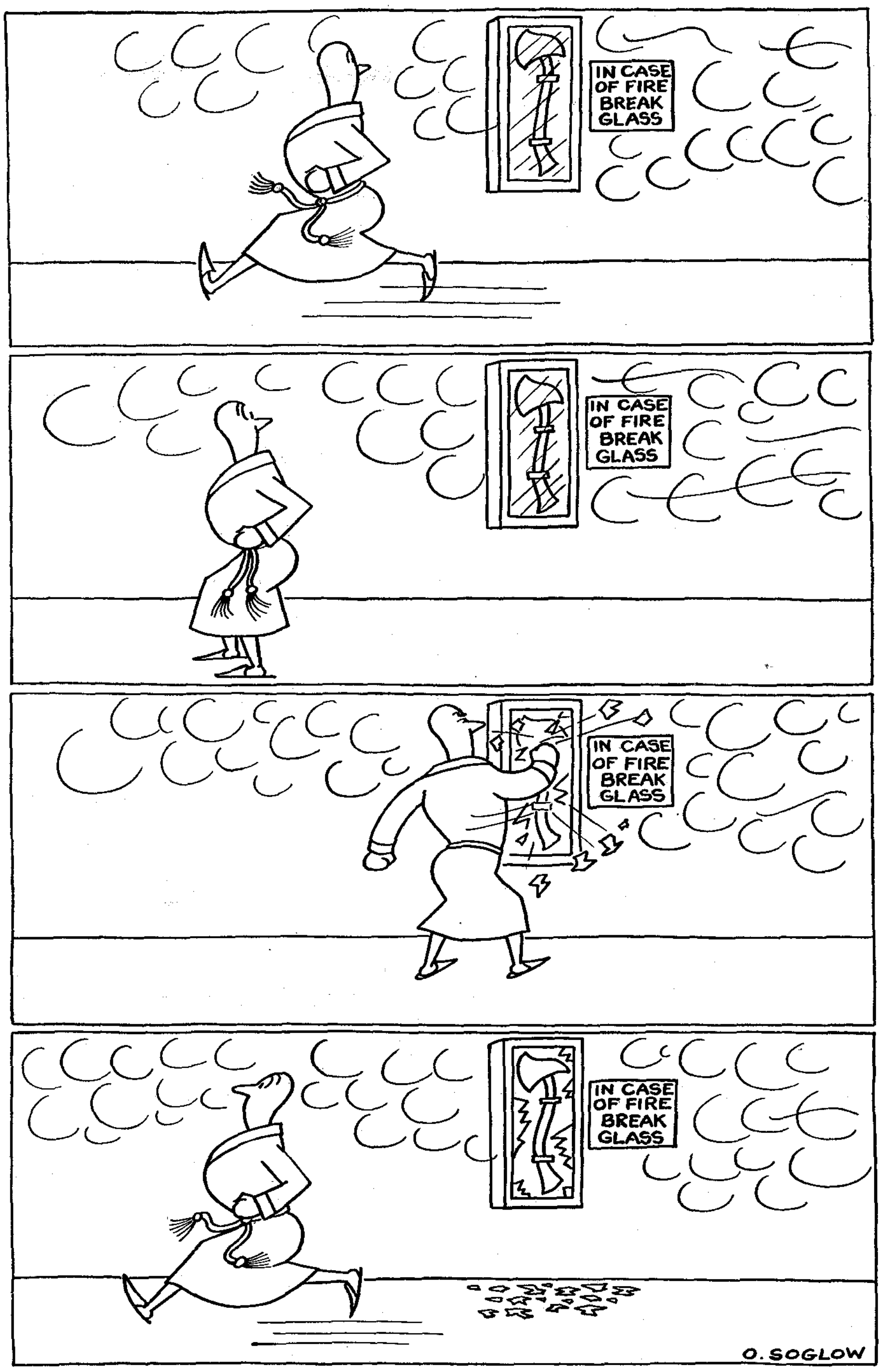
Judy pulled a straight chair into her closet and climbed up on it. On the shelf under her hats were three scrapbooks. She gathered them in her arms and carried them to her bed. "I haven't the vaguest notion what's in these," she said.

The top one had "Memory Book" printed on the cover with red crayon. On its first page was a picture postal card of the river and bridge in Old Lyme, Connecticut. Judy bent the card and read the message on the other side. "Judy, dear," it said, "There are *eels* in this river! Affectionately, Auntie Julia." Underneath, Judy had written, "In memory of Aunt Julia the time she went to Old Lyme—June —1938."

There were four things pasted on the next page: a tarnished label from a Page & Shaw candy box, with the information "Label from a Page and Shaw candy box given to Mrs. H. L. Graves about 1920. Cost per pound, $1.25. Giver unknown;" a birthday greeting which read, "So you are ten! From your old friend, Mortimer Burroughs;" a card on which was written, "Make those bad old mumps stay on *one* side! And get well soon! Fondest love from Auntie Julia." This was further explained by a notation in Judy's writing, "In memory of the time I had the mumps—November, 1937." The fourth item was a report card, all B's and C's except for one A in drawing, which was clarified simply by "In



*"Good afternoon. I'm from the Census Bureau."*


IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS
IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS
IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS
IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS
O. SOGLOW

memory of my year in the Sixth Grade—Carlton School."

Judy turned the remaining pages of the book, but they were empty. "I wonder why I didn't keep this up?" she said. "It is very interesting."

The second book had a colored picture of Tyrone Power pasted on its cover. It was half filled with pictures of Mr. Power clipped from movie magazines, and the pictures apparently spoke for themselves, as there was nothing in Judy's handwriting to explain them. "It's funny I don't like him any more," Judy said.

"Like who?"

"Tyrone Power."

"Oh, yes. I remember."

Judy closed the book gently and picked up the third scrapbook. This was covered with a piece of chintz left over from the time Mrs. Graves had made new curtains for the dining room in the country. Against the pale-green background, Judy had printed, "Plays Poems and Stories by Judy Graves Aged 9." There was one play in the book, and Judy lay across the bed as she read it:

1 Scean

Baby in cradle. Mother is sitting beside it. Father comes in.
F) hello.
Mother) Shh Babys just fallen asleep.
F) alright
Jean the daughter comes in.
J) here mother I have the watter from the Brook.
M) Thank you Jean
Baby wakes up.
B) mama
M) Yes dear I'll give you some watter. Give me a glass of watter Jean.
J) hear it is (Baby drinks it

2 Scean

Baby is sick
M) F. get up.
F) What is the matter
M) Baby is sick. Get up and call the nurse.
F) the nurse is ten miles away baby will be dead when I get back
M) go anyway
F) alright
M) oh dear wake up Jean
J) what do you want
M) Babys sick.
J) oh Baby (she begins to cry.

3 Scean

nurse comes in with father.
M) oh nurse hurry.
J) oh what has she got
nurse examins B.) she has ty.p.
J. faints.
N) where did you get this watter
M) out of the Brook
N) no wonder
B) oh oh mother eeeee
N) shes done for
M) oh (she falls on the crib)
Baby dies
F. falls on the floor. M. follows. Jean is allready dead.
N) poor family. They all died of T.P.
She leaves
N) I'll have the funerel tomorrow. This is such a bad case. oh dear.
She faints.

Curtain

Judy turned over on her back and stared at the ceiling. "I don't guess you'd really get typhoid fever from the brook in the country, would you?" she asked.

"Of course not," Lois answered. "It comes straight down from the mountain. It's the same water we drink."

"I used to think you could."

Judy got up from the bed and walked over to the desk. "Tomorrow I'm going to sort out all my things and label them. And the ones I can paste in a book, I'm going to. The things that won't go in a book, I'm going to put away in a carton."

Lois held out her left hand. "Now how do you like it?"

"It looks swell. It isn't too purple."

"I'm going to leave it on all night," Lois said.

Judy went back into the living room. Mr. Graves was still reading and Mrs. Graves was sorting and tearing up letters at the desk.

"Daddy," Judy said, "if you want

to get down that carton tonight, I'll help you."

Mr. Graves put his book on the coffee table by the couch. "Well," he said, doubtfully.

"We won't make any mess," Judy told her mother. "Really we won't."

"All right," Mrs. Graves said. "I don't think there's much in it."

Judy followed her father to the hall and watched him as he poked the carton down from the top shelf with a cane. "What do you suppose it can be?" she asked.

"Just junk, mostly." He caught it in his arms as it fell.

Together they carried it into the living room and set it down in the centre of the rug. Mr. Graves took a gold knife from his watch chain and cut the heavy cord. Judy knelt on the floor; her cheeks were pink, and her thick, dark-brown hair fell over her cheeks.

The bottom of the carton was filled with newspapers and road maps, and a few things lay scattered on top: a bunch of keys, a corkscrew, a sleeveless sweater, a pair of worn pigskin gloves, a package of pipe-cleaners, a blue watered-silk tobacco pouch, a steel tape measure, and a small box fastened with a rubber band.

"May I see what's in the little box?" Judy asked.

Mr. Graves lifted the papers out and began to sort them. "Go ahead."

There were three one-cent stamps in the box, a brass padlock, a pair of mother-of-pearl cuff links, and a small gold baseball engraved "1916—Champions—H. L. Graves." Judy held the baseball in her hand. "This is perfectly adorable," she said. "It would be perfectly adorable on my charm bracelet."

"Don't lose it," Mr. Graves told her.

"Oh, I won't," she promised. "Is that all there is?"

Mr. Graves took the carton and turned it upside down. "That's all," he said.

Judy stood up slowly. "I suppose you must have a lot of things put away somewhere."

"I used to have a lot of stuff," Mr. Graves said, "but I don't know what became of it."

Judy looked down at the things scattered on the rug—the newspapers and maps and the meagre assortment of worn-out things. "What did you get the baseball *for?*"

"We all got one. It was the year we didn't lose a single game."

"Were you very good?"

"I was fair," Mr. Graves said. He went on sorting papers.

Judy went back into her room and sat down on the bed. She picked up the three scrapbooks and held them in her lap. She thought back to the things she had done that week, and further back to the things she had done last summer. The memory was still clear and sharp. She looked down at the small baseball that had lain forgotten in the closet. "Daddy gave me a baseball he won for being champion," she said.

"Did he play baseball?" Lois asked.

"Did he play baseball!" Judy repeated, and laughed. "He was just champion one year, that's all."

Lois put the manicure things back in their case and started to giggle. "Imagine Dad running around playing baseball!"

"He was champion," Judy said. "I don't see anything very funny in that." She held the baseball tightly in her hand and hugged the scrapbooks closely. She looked around the room at the bright flowered wallpaper, the white ruffled curtains, the familiar maple furniture, and at Lois, who sat at the desk with her hair shining in the light from the lamp. She was sure to remember them always.

"Do you know what I think?" she asked. "I think I'll never forget anything as long as I live."

"Don't be silly," Lois said. She got up and walked toward the bathroom. "I speak for the first bath."

—Sally Benson

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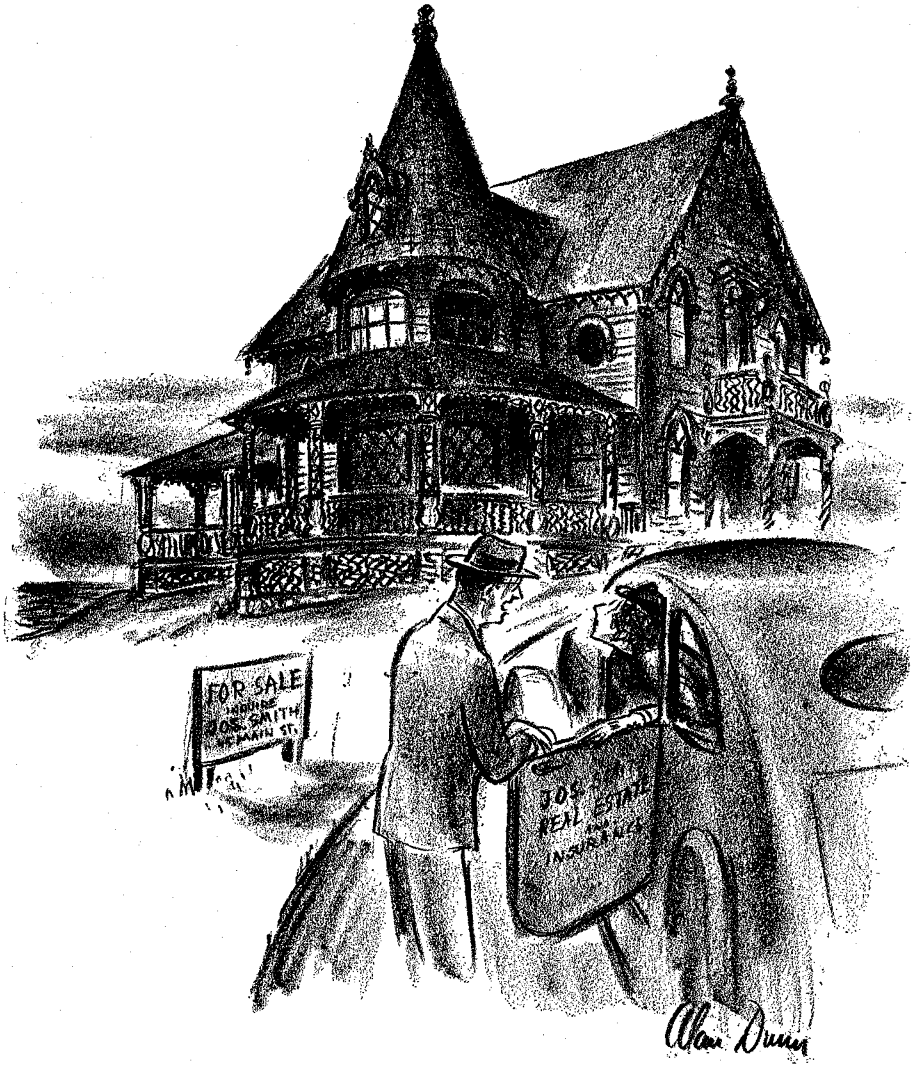
Mercury at 6:30 this morning was 4 above zero and seemed to show a trend upward as it was at zero at 3 o'clock and appeared to be slanting toward a higher level. The forecast is for snow and milder weather for a few hours and then another drop. The wind is a trifle south of west but seems to hesitate in moving that way. The League of Nations was formed 20 years ago today and has proved a great disappointment.—*Bennington* (*Vt.*) *Banner.*

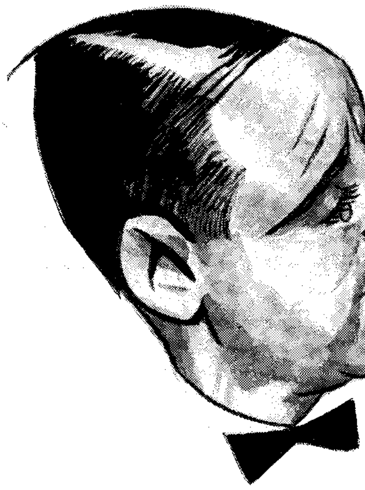
Especially on cold, raw days.



*"It's not exactly termite-proof, Madam, but it will give them pause."*

# PROFILES

## GLAMOUR BOY



*Randy Burke*

THERE is not necessarily anything youthful about a glamour boy, except his title; he may be a prep-school senior, but he may just as easily be a grandfather. Randolph Forrest Burke, who is thirty-seven and known to many people in his particular world as Randy, is, according to such authorities as Patricia Coffin, society columnist of the *World-Telegram*, and Cholly Knickerbocker, of the *Journal & American*, a glamour boy. Like most men-about-town, he spends approximately one-fourth of his life at the Colony Restaurant, Féfé's Monte Carlo, Jack and Charlie's, the Stork Club, and El Morocco. Headwaiters everywhere greet him reverently, but he is most affectionately greeted in the dining rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria, where he has been employed since last June as a "special representative." His job, which requires him to be part renting agent, part host, sets him off a little from the other glamour boys, some of whom are militantly opposed to work and some of whom do nothing more strenuous for a living than ordering a particular brand of wine at restaurants and night clubs in loud, testimonial tones. Burke, like the majority of glamour boys, doesn't look glamorous. He is short (5 feet 7 inches), slim (145 lbs.), physically nervous, has prominent ears and a tiny, drawn-in mouth, and is not unlike a retired jockey in appearance.

Burke has established himself firmly in social circles by dedicating his life with a fierce intensity to the theory and practice of making friends. His list of close acquaintances runs from Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is in her sixties, to Gloria Vanderbilt, who is sixteen. Toward all ladies of whatever age, he is genuinely gallant and automatically considerate. His male friends run to movie stars, polo players, and bartenders. As befits a glamour boy, Burke goes out with glamour girls, and occasionally creates one. Though he no longer attends débutante parties, feeling that he is too mature for the ordinary debs, he is still a friend of all the extraordinary ones. In the last few years he has often been seen with Eleanor Young, Gloria Baker (now Mrs. Henry J. Topping, Jr.), Esmé O'Brien, and Brenda Frazier, young ladies who are conceded to have had, in succession, something of a monopoly on glamour. These girls have all proved themselves capable of entering the limelight without much outside assistance, but others, less self-sufficient, have benefited greatly from going out with Burke, since he can be counted on to introduce them around. In some circles an evening with Randy is regarded as a sort of secondary coming-out party. Burke attended his first coming-out party in 1920, when the mothers of some of his present friends were flirting with the stag line, and he has since gone to two hundred and eighty-three such affairs, which adds up roughly to seventeen hundred Burke-hours. He has, in his spare time, taken out approximately seventy-five débutantes, including Laura Curtis (now Mrs. George H. Bostwick), Elizabeth Shevlin (now Mrs. Shevlin Smith), Dorothy Fell (now Mrs. Howell van Gerbig), Wendy Iglehart, Frances Munn (now Mrs. George F. Baker, Jr.), Consuelo Villa, Fifi Laimbeer (now Mrs. John R. Fell), and Doris Duke (now Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell). He is credited with having introduced fourteen debs to their future husbands, but he has never been married himself and has been engaged only once, to a débutante of the 1927 season named Victoria Tytus, who is now Mrs. Lawrence Coolidge of Hamilton, Massachusetts. In the past few months he has been seen most often with Dolly de Milhau, an advertising-copy writer at Saks; Polly Peabody, who recently went to Finland with an ambulance corps; and Geraldine Spreckels, a sugar heiress now playing the small rôle of Mme. La Duchesse du Cœur Flottant in "Du Barry Was a Lady."

A MAN of Burke's type can easily acquire a good deal of social information. When his friends return to New York after an absence, they usually phone him right away, knowing that he can give them a brief and accurate digest of the latest goings-on. Also, he always greets these home-coming travellers with a brisk and flattering show of enthusiasm. "Why, darling, how wonderful to hear from you!" he will say. "Come right up and have a drink. Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot are here." Burke has a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment, rent-free, on the thirty-ninth floor of the Waldorf Towers, and late in the afternoon the place is likely to be filled with a dozen or so guests, movie actors usually included. His Hollywood friendships—and those stemming from carefree hours he has whiled away at Palm Beach, Newport, and London and on the Riviera—are largely responsible for his job at the Waldorf, where many of his friends elect to stay. While he believes that his first duty is to the Waldorf, he has contributed his peculiar bit to society by introducing into its delighted midst a considerable number of first-string movie folk. Since 1937, when he spent three busy weeks in Hollywood, he has regularly made the rounds in New York with such glamour pros as Flynn, Cabot, David Niven, Fred Astaire, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whenever they have been in town. Some of them depend on him, at such times, not only for good hotel accommodations but for providing them with attractive company during their visits. Burke never has to worry much about this; it is not difficult to induce any girl to dine with Errol Flynn. Some people who are especially informed about the activities of the Hollywood élite go so far as to give Burke credit for the marriage of Fairbanks to Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford, who was a leading member of the Newport set. Burke himself says modestly that he merely had them to his apartment for cocktails after having introduced them in the lobby of the Colony. He admits, though, to a feeling of accomplishment in bringing together society girls and movie boys, and becomes transported at the thought of having engineered the possibly historic meeting, at a supper party a few months ago, of Gloria Vanderbilt and Mickey Rooney.

IT is helpful for a prospective glamour boy, unless he has the aggressive charm of a Prince Michael Romanoff, to come from a socially acceptable family. Money helps, too. Burke has to work for a living, because, although he will someday come into a comfortable inheritance, his family's wealth is all tied up in trust funds, the income from which goes to his mother, who is altogether acceptable socially and has been married three times. At present she lives in Budapest with her third husband, Count Antal Apponyi, whose niece was until recently Queen of Albania. Randy's father, Edward F. Burke, was a sportsman and a Roughrider under Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Burke raised hunters on a large estate in Green Spring Valley, outside of Baltimore. There Randy lived till he was thirteen. After Mr. Burke's death in 1914, his widow sold the place and later married and divorced Henry S. Hooker, a Tuxedo lawyer who had roomed with Franklin D. Roosevelt at Groton and was later his partner in the firm of Marvin, Hooker & Roosevelt.

Burke's paternal grandfather made Burke's Irish whiskeys; his paternal grandmother was a Guinness of Guinness's stout. Burke has at times attempted to live up to his heritage. Right now he is inclined to drink Coca-Cola or soda water, with an occasional glass of claret to break the monotony, but in the past he has been somewhat less restrained. Often, when admirers of his say "Randy's a character," they are recalling something or other he did while, to all appearances, under the weather. It is characteristic of his career that, at the age of fifteen, he was thrown out of Hotchkiss School for being in an automobile—which was forbidden by the school—when it ran head on into a bootleg-beer truck. Randy attended, in addition to Hotchkiss, a half-dozen schools in the United States, one in Switzerland, and one in Bermuda. His mother liked to travel, and her three children (both a daughter and another son died several years ago) spent much of their childhood abroad. Randy finally settled down at Episcopal High School, in Alexandria, Virginia, long enough to graduate and then went off to Harvard in a dilapidated Ford.

A snatch of education is an asset to a glamour boy, although plenty of young men-about-town never bother to attend universities, and others stay there only about as long as they would at a good houseparty. Burke remained at Harvard for four years. In the spring of 1925 he failed to get a degree only because, as a senior, he became so interested in the Hasty Pudding show, in which he played the comic lead, that he could spare little time for study. In his earlier semesters he kept up a respectable scholastic record by taking as many French courses as possible. At the age of eight he had had a French governess, and, since he had also lived in France a good deal, he was on breezily familiar terms with the language. He enrolled in all the elementary French courses, deliberately committing simple errors now and then to keep his marks at a gentlemanly level. His college life was otherwise typical of that led by a pedigreed young man with a modest amount of intellectual curiosity. His clubs, in addition to Hasty Pudding, were the Iroquois, Stylus, and D.K.E.

## POINT OF VIEW

Sexton, you have buried many a rare,
Many a fair.
Say now which of those on whom you've scattered
Dry or spattered
Rainy clods it grieved you most to put
Underfoot?

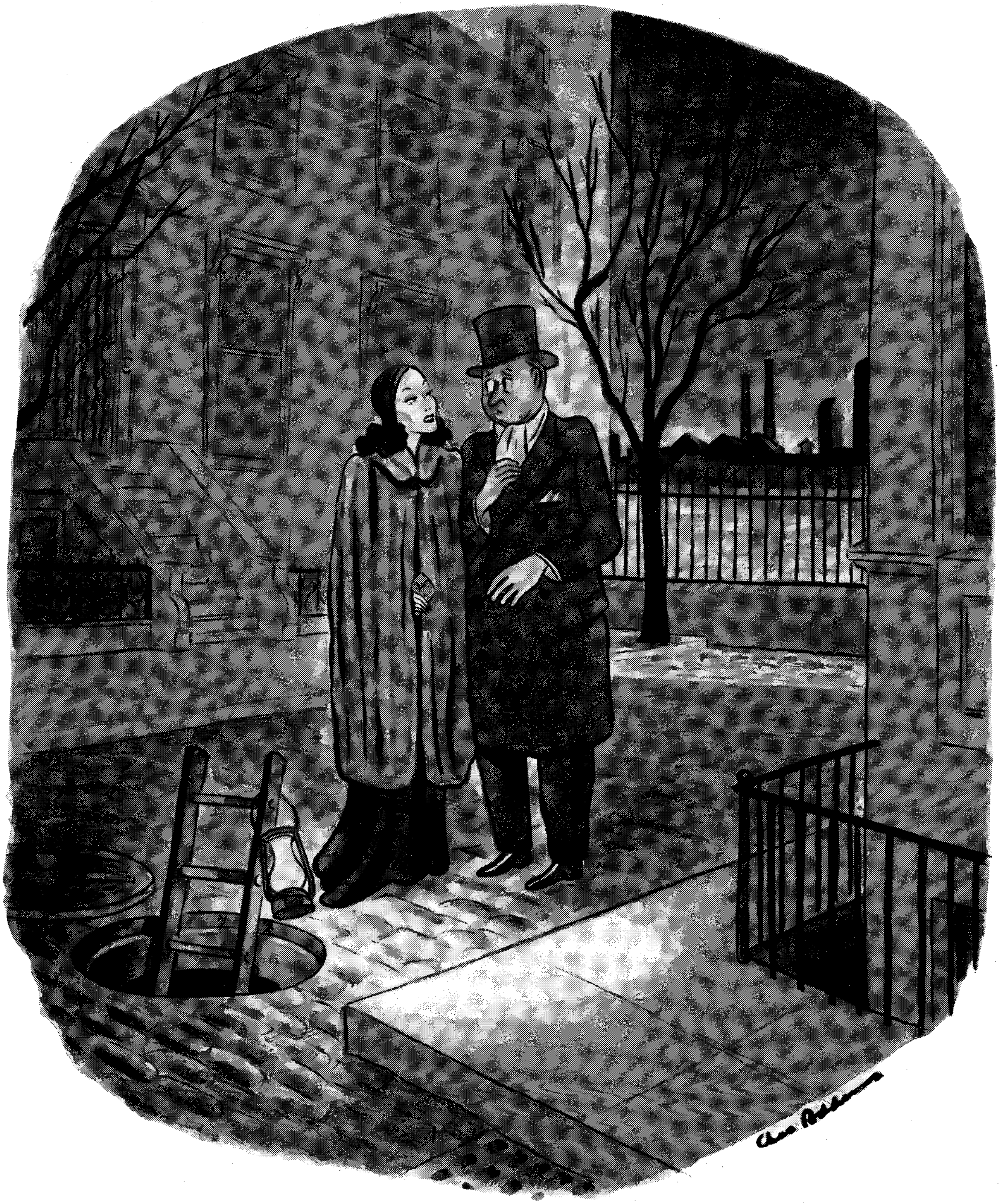
Fair and rare, said he, and dusk and dun,
Death makes one.
Coffins, though, go quick into the grave;
Often I have
Grieved such briefly honored skill to put
Underfoot.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

• •

AFTER college a young man's interest frequently turns to Wall Street. Burke, progressing smoothly along the traditional path, became an office boy in the employ of Cassatt & Co., investment brokers. This job ended in a highly unconventional way, in an event that is generally acknowledged to be the high spot of Burke's career and—showing that the escapades of glamour boys were even thirteen years ago a matter of some public interest—made the front pages of the New York newspapers. Early in 1927, a young lady who was fond of Burke asked him to escort her to a Junior Assembly at the Ritz. Before the party began he wanted to bid farewell to a couple of other girls who were sailing for Europe on the Aquitania. Dressed in top hat and tails, he stopped at a delicatessen on Fourteenth Street to buy some caviar as a bon-voyage gift. The store had a bar conveniently and surreptitiously located in the rear, so, to fortify himself against the drafty dock, Burke ordered a Martini. This Martini, he later concluded, contained not only prohibition gin and vermouth but a knockout drop or two. He went to the ship, delivered his present, and, when the drink began to take effect, retreated in a daze to a men's room. He awoke there six hours later, far out at sea. Burke's crossing was comparatively comfortable. The captain, who is said to have burst into tears at the sight of a stowaway in a tailcoat, recovered after a while and lent him a pair of flannel pajamas. He also permitted Burke to occupy a first-class cabin for third-class fare. Burke, who had only $1.40 in his pockets, borrowed the passage money from a man he knew on board. He also borrowed a sweater and cap for daytime use. At night, though impeccably dressed, he refused to enter the dining salon, explaining sharply to one puzzled passenger who asked him why that "nobody wears a white tie to dinner on a ship." At Cherbourg, he made a few emergency arrangements with the vice-consul, was allowed to disembark, and walked majestically down the gangplank with a toothbrush and razor he had picked up wrapped neatly inside his top hat. He went to Paris and remained there for nearly three years.

THROUGH some connections he was able to get a job in the Paris office of the Bankers Trust Company. While there he acquired most of the Continental background that has since contributed heavily to his glamour. Joining up with a convivial group that included the Astaires, Erskine Gwynne, Michael Farmer, Billy Reardon, and others, he made daily pilgrimages after

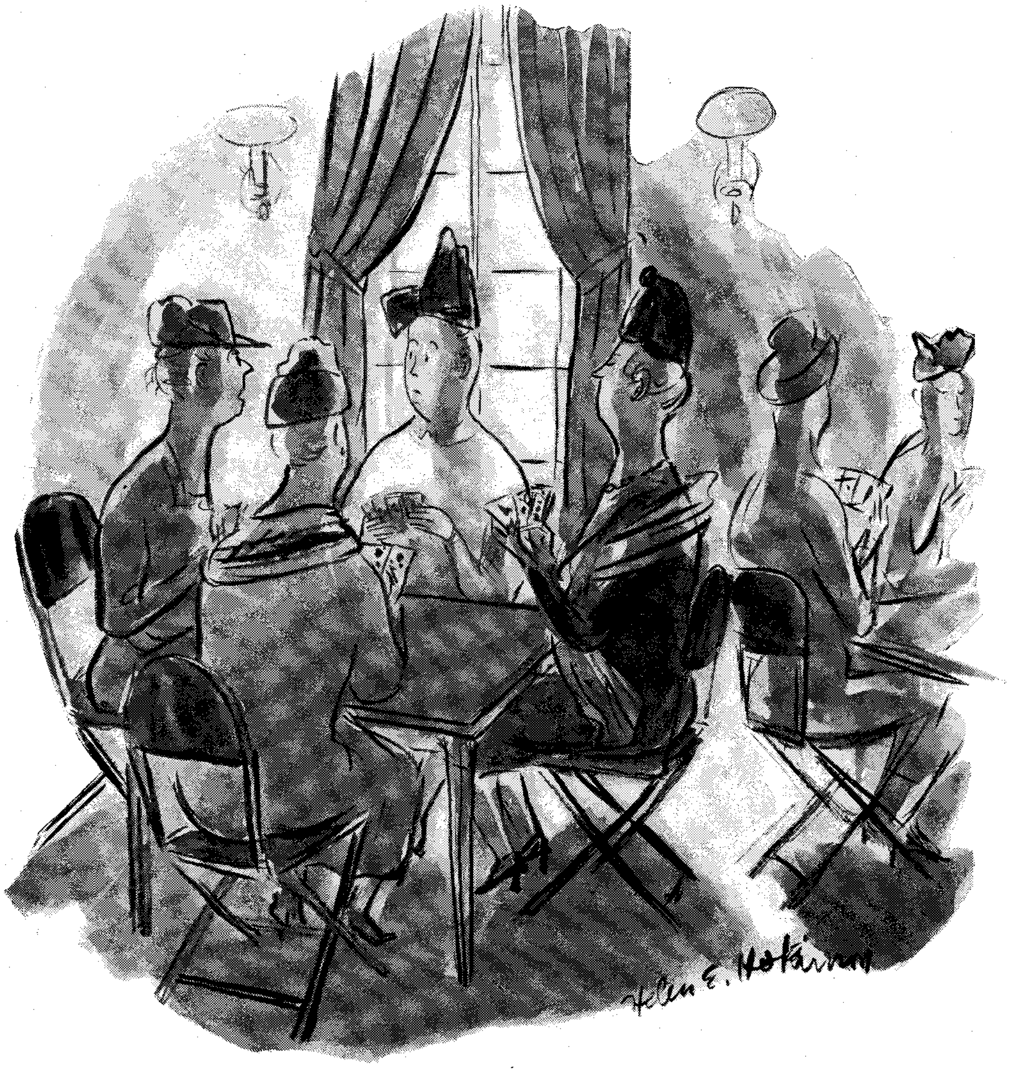


*"Well, here's where I say good night."*

• •

work to the Ritz bar, and from there wandered around to various night clubs. Often, on weekends, he and his gang piled into somebody's car and made an impromptu trip to Deauville or Cannes. At Deauville, Burke performed one of the small, standard feats with which playboys amaze one another. He and some friends hired a horse and carriage to take them to the Casino. Eluding the driver, who was standing on the street, Burke leaped onto the horse's back and, with the rest of his party encouraging him from the cab, drove to the Casino. He was all set to drive into the Casino when some attendants grabbed him. Burke is still sincerely unable to comprehend why the management should have taken so firm a stand. "It was just up a couple of steps," he says.

The maintenance of caste as a man-about-town depends to some extent on not stagnating either at home or abroad. Burke began, late in 1929, to feel rest-



*"Of course McNutt does have lovely hair."*

• •

less in Paris and to miss his friends in the United States. He therefore jumped at the chance of a job as a bond salesman for F. B. Keech & Co. in Washington. He returned to this country and went to work at a salary of $150 a month. The job lasted less than a month. It ended with the sort of incident which used to go over at the old Palace. Burke was calling on a doctor to try and sell him some bonds. He had had a long and gay night and, while waiting in the anteroom, fell asleep. He awoke to find the doctor examining his reflexes and peering at his tongue, which was rather furry. Before Burke knew exactly what had happened, he had been ushered out with a prescription for a headache powder in one hand and a bill for twenty-five dollars in the other. Convinced by this upsetting experience that his talents were probably not suited to bonds, he switched to selling stocks for Keech. By a gratifying coincidence, he also inherited $25,000 from his paternal grandmother around this time and, to his surprise, ran it up to $200,000 in the market. He moved from a furnished room to a comfortable apartment that was especially attractive because the tenant on the floor below was a bootlegger who could be summoned merely by stamping on the floor. Within three years the market had hit bottom and Burke had only $62.40 left. He shot the works on a case of Scotch. Taking inventory of his assets, he found that he now had just two steady stock customers: Walter, Mrs. Ogden Mills' second footman, and Tessie Burke (no relation), the nurse of Dorothy Fell, Mrs. Mills' daughter. The old restlessness was beginning to creep over him again, so when J. W. Y. Martin, a Maryland horse-racing enthusiast, invited him to go to Palm Beach and share a house for the winter, he accepted.

After wintering in Palm Beach as Martin's guest and summering as his mother's guest in Biarritz, Burke returned to New York in the fall of 1933 considerably refreshed but alarmingly short of funds. Having heard that the Gerry Estate had recently bought a large interest in the Hotel Pierre, he went to see Robert L. Gerry, Jr., a friend of his, and was offered a job doing some promotional work in the hotel in exchange for a room and meals. It was the first time Burke had a chance to capitalize on his acquaintances. He sat down and wrote letters about the charms of the Pierre to all his friends—an immense task. Four months later he was drawing a salary of $250 a month, living in a cozy two-room apartment, and able to converse with a satisfying number of pals over the house telephone. His rooms soon became a popular gathering place for other men-about-town, including Charles MacArthur, who was then working on "Jumbo" for Billy Rose; John McClain, who was working for the New York *Journal*; and Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart., an amiable Englishman who wasn't doing much of anything. Burke's friends used to drop into his apartment daily for cheer and solace, and some of them even took rooms on Burke's floor in order to make the trip less arduous.

SINCE many of Burke's friends migrate to the South in the winter and most of them land at Palm Beach, the Pierre, in 1934, decided to send him there for the season to remind potential residents that there was a nice little home awaiting them at Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street. In 1937 the Pierre added Hollywood to Burke's beat. There he stayed at the home of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. By next season the hotel was impressively full of movie stars and autograph hounds. Last year the Gerrys sold out their interest in the Pierre and Burke left it for the Waldorf.

This sudden change of allegiance startled some of his friends, like Flynn, who had always stayed at the Waldorf until Burke got them to shift to the Pierre, and were now requested to go back where they came from. Most of them, however, were willing to oblige. One, Lord Charles Cavendish, who is married to Adele Astaire, was so willing that he boarded a Clipper in England and flew to New York expressly to spend a couple of days at the Waldorf and help Burke get off to a good start. Burke's first experience at the Waldorf nearly got him off to a bad start. On the day he was to begin work, he had a date for lunch with Helen Hayes and

Herbert Marshall. When they learned of his new employment, they insisted, gallantly, on eating at the Waldorf. Burke had never eaten there, except at a couple of Elsa Maxwell parties and Beaux-Arts Balls, and didn't know the name or location of any of the dining rooms. Arriving at the hotel, he sprinted ahead of his companions, buttonholed a bellboy, and rushed back a bit breathless but able to escort his guests into the Sert Room with a casual, knowing air.

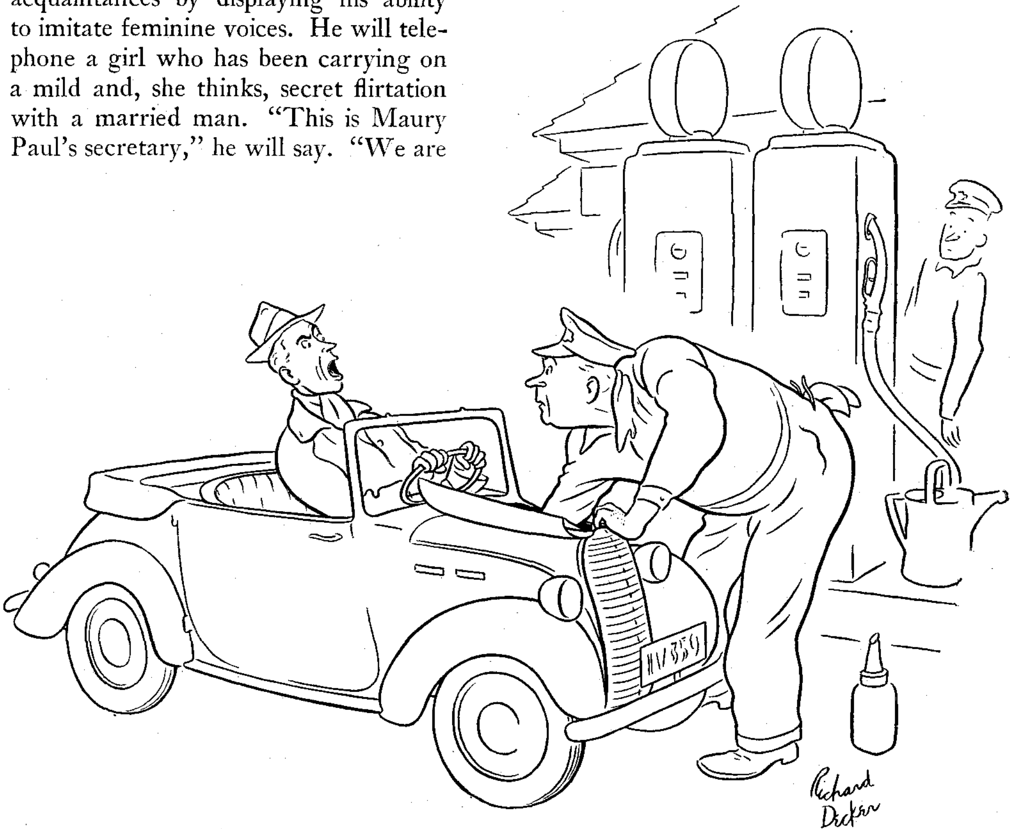
At the Waldorf, Burke's salary is about the same as it was at the Pierre. He is, further, given almost unlimited access to the food and liquor departments. He takes his work seriously. He encourages his cronies to give luncheon, cocktail, dinner, and supper parties at the Waldorf. He makes a careful daily check of the registration list, and if he spots any familiar people on it, he has them up for cocktails. He sees that ladies who are coming to the hotel through him find fresh flowers in their rooms when they arrive. He has arranged for the installation of an especially high lectern in a banquet room to accommodate a tall friend who was making a speech. He has struggled through the night to get a customs pass for a woman who had forgotten that her young son was arriving on a boat the next morning. There are days on which he does so many favors that he gets tired.

BURKE'S main ambition in life is orthodox enough: he wants to have a lot of money. He would like to be able to live luxuriously without having to worry about the wherewithal. Even though night clubs make generous concessions to him, as they do to other steady patrons, he feels that he cannot afford to take a girl to them more than once or twice a week. This disturbs him. He also feels constrained, unlike some bachelors, to repay all social obligations, usually by invitations to cocktails or dinner. He is considered an unusually desirable dinner guest because he can always be depended on to talk entertainingly, though he occasionally unnerves his hostess by lapsing into a picturesque manner of delivery that prompted one friend to remark that Burke was the only man in New York who spoke pure Anglo-Saxon. Hostesses are inclined to take advantage of his good nature and seat him between their two most difficult guests.

For a man who leads an active social life, wearing tails or a dinner jacket at least two or three times a week, Burke has a small wardrobe. In twenty years he has worn out only three tailcoats and at present has just one, in addition to three dinner jackets. He has twelve day suits, a cutaway, and four overcoats, including a bulky coonskin, a relic of his college days. He feels sentimentally attached to some of his older possessions and still occasionally wears a pair of shoes he bought in 1923, when Brenda Frazier was two. He rarely wears a hat. He favors English styles in clothes and wears tab-collar shirts and woollen ties. He has a tailor in London from whom he sometimes orders a new suit by cable after a profitable day at the races. He has a pleasant arrangement with his local tailor: his bill is reduced by ten per cent every time a new client comes in at his instigation. Once the clients came in so fast that by the time the tailor got around to making out Burke's bill it had dwindled from four hundred to sixty dollars.

ALTHOUGH a glamour boy often stays out late and sleeps late, Burke generally manages to be up by nine or nine-thirty. He rarely accomplishes anything in the morning except to chat by telephone with some of his friends. He has two phones, one connected to the Towers switchboard, and one private, with the emblem of the Racquet and Tennis Club, to which he belongs, in the centre of the dial. Now and then he likes to torment his acquaintances by displaying his ability to imitate feminine voices. He will telephone a girl who has been carrying on a mild and, she thinks, secret flirtation with a married man. "This is Maury Paul's secretary," he will say. "We are just about to go to press and wanted to check on an item about you and Mr. Smith." Then he will break down and reveal the truth, rocking with laughter. "He has a quick mind for that sort of thing," one recent victim said admiringly after she had recovered. It is not customary for a man like Burke, no matter how quick his mind, to devote much time to thought of a deeper nature; the problems of the world do not rest heavily on his shoulders. He has never voted, though he is tinged with a latent Republicanism and enjoys a quiet evening now and then at the Racquet and Tennis Club. On the rare occasions when he wants to read a book, he usually selects one about bullfighting, having successfully tackled "Death in the Afternoon" several years ago and developed a tolerance for the subject. His most remarkable achievement, probably, is his having come unscathed through so many hectic evenings in his twenties and thirties. The fact that he is around at all would have surprised a certain speakeasy proprietor, now dead, who, looking at him standing at the bar of his establishment one evening during prohibition, shook his head sadly and said, in the tender tones most of Burke's friends use when speaking of him, "Well, Randy won't be with us long." Burke survives, a nice example of the tenacity of glamour.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.



*"Ouch!"*

# MEN IN WHITE AND THE BRONX

THE male members of the Excelsior Social Club huddled in a corner of the Grosses' living room, leaving the girls sitting around the table. Bella Gross, the hostess, passed a dish of chocolates around the group in the corner, then took her place at the table. "Gee whiz!" she said, frowning anxiously. "Too bad about Sarah Fineman!"

"Whatsa matter?" asked Nettie Portnow, a new member.

"It's her sister's baby, little Ruthie," Bella said. "She's laid up with an infection and they think, God fabbid, maybe the poor thing's got a temperchure."

"Y'know something?" Blonde Francey Frompkin carefully studied her teeth in a hand mirror she held before her. "I hope Sarah's sister got a good baby specialist fa a doctor. Otherwise I wouldn't wanna be responsible fa what happens."

"Fa heaven's sakes, waddeya mean?" Nettie Portnow asked.

"I mean, you take a plain, neighborhood doctor. O.K. So you come to him with a cold; you got maybe an earache; you got this, that, and the other thing. But with a baby doctor, it's a very delicate matter." She buried her mirror in her handbag and snapped it shut. "Such things, you gotta call in a baby specialist. Correct, Billie?"

"Oh, nachelly," Bella said. "A little baby's sickness is very highly complicated. If it was me, I wouldn't bother with nobody else but a specialist fomm such cases."

Jennie Gershkorn sat staring vacantly ahead, her fingers idly drumming on the table. "Speaking fomm medical men," she said in a voice that seemed far away, "you know what?"

"What?" asked Bella.

"I was thinking just now, suppose something should happen to me, God fabbid. I would care oney one thing about the doctor—how old is he? I mean, I don't want no young doctor, even if he's a specialist. With me they'd hafta be an elderly type physician with lots of experience along the medical line."

"Well, certainey," Bella agreed.

"Listen," Jennie went on. "I'm not saying a young doctor's no good. But with an elderly doctor, I dunno—at lease a person got some confidence in a gray-haired type man."

"Oh, emphatically," said Bella.

"That's why so far as I'm concerned, you can keep your Lew Ayreses. I want no part of them, thank you."

Francey Frompkin suddenly began to pay attention. "Fa heaven's sakes, listen to her! Lew Ayres isn't a doctor, Jennie. He happens to be in the moom-pickcha game."

"I know that, Francey," said Jennie, a touch of petulance in her voice. "That's exactly what I'm talking about—his pickchas. In the movies, Lew Ayres is constantly taking off a young doctor all the time—Dr. Kildare."

"Oh, I think he's simply wonderful!" declared Nettie Portnow. "He's so true to life, that Lew Ayres—right down to a T."

"I dunno." Jennie shook her head sadly and continued to beat the table with her fingers. "A young and good-looking doctor examining me—I dunno." She squirmed in her chair. "I'd get kinda—well, I'd get kinda embarrassed like. Besides, I simply haven't got the same confidence in Lew Ayres like I got in—well, say, in Dr. Gillespie."

"And who, pray, is Dr. Gillespie?" Miss Frompkin wanted to know.

"My God, Francey, where you been all your life? Evveybody knows Dr. Gillespie. It's so obvious like the nose on your face. Dr. Gillespie is Lionel Barrymore, of course!"

"Now, there's a real actor!" Bella cried. "My goodness gracious me, when he gets up there and starts talking to that jury and he says, 'Gentlemen of the jury, sure my client is guilty. But hommeny people in this room wouldn't of done the same thing in the same circumstances? Look me in the eye and tell me that!' And when he stands there talking to them and waving his head all the time, honestly, I—I—well, I don't know what!"

"Say, when it comes to taking off a professional man, there's nobody like Lionel, irregardless of what anybody says." Justice compelled Jennie to agree with Bella, but she remained firm in her loyalty to medicine. "Still in all, I like him better when he's a doctor." She rose to her feet, pushed back the chair, and posed dramatically. "There he is, see, all dressed up in white. On his face he's got on a mask like—you know, to keep away the germs fomm the operation. Then he starts in washing his hands." She rolled up her sleeves and illustrated by making big, scooping gestures. "First one arm—that's so he should be sterilized—and then the next arm. And then the nurse comes along to put on the special rubber gloves he's gotta wear to the operation. Oh, he's simply movvellous, that Lionel!"

"Y'know, I once saw a pickcha about a doctor—I can't think of the exact name." Nettie looked fixedly at the ceiling, as if trying to find the title there. She shook her head and turned helplessly to Bella. "'The Sit-something,' I think it was."

"'The Citadel.' I saw that. With that Robert Donut fella. This was way before he became 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips.'"

"Robert Donut." Francey Frompkin slapped her face with the palm of her hand and emitted a long-drawn sigh. "Boy, oh boy—some doctor, that Robert! Now, there's a fella who can take my pulse any time—and twice on Sundays!"

"Listen," said Jennie, frowning. "He's an English fella, that Robert Donut."

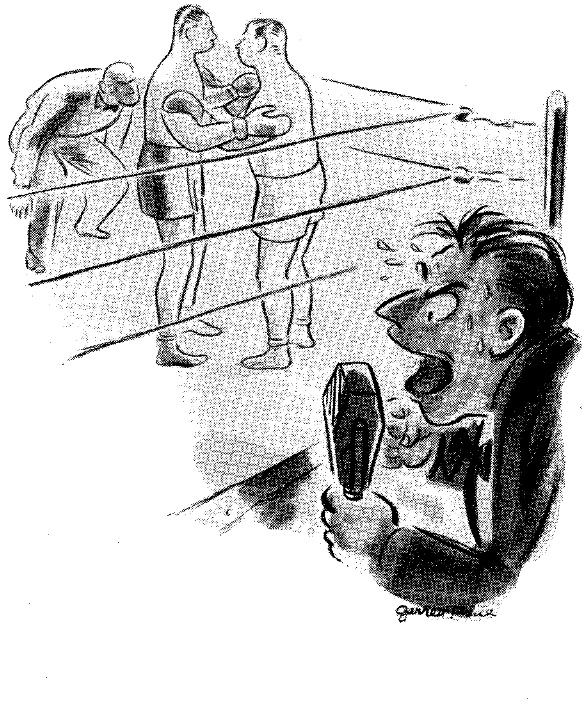
"So what?"

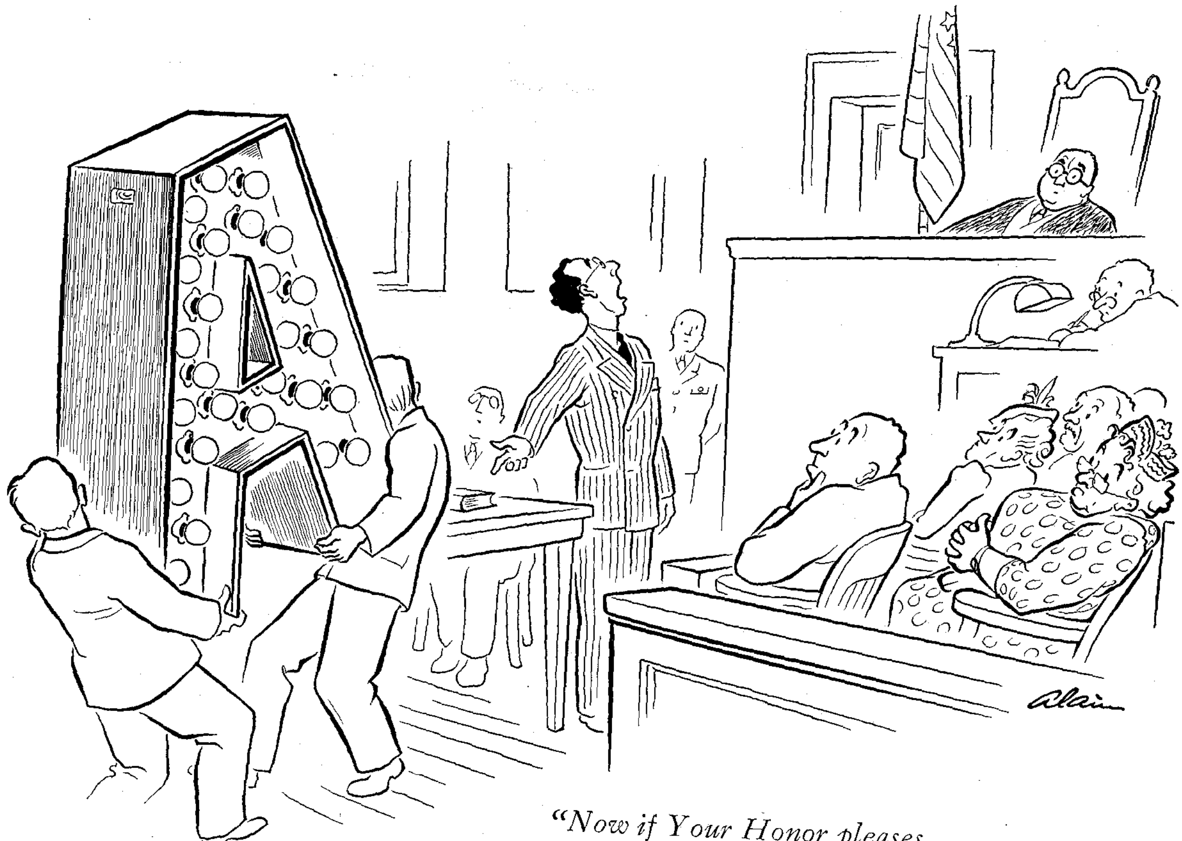
"So by the time you sent away fa a passport and you got to Europe and you waited around he should give you an appointment, you'd be a gonner awready. Besides," Jennie added, clinging to her argument, "he's a *young* doctor. Say, y'know who's more my type—I mean along the elderly line?"

"Who?" asked Bella.

"Edward G. Robinson."

"Edward G. Robinson—that gangster!" Bella Gross eyed her friend in horror and disgust. "Honestly, Jen, I simply can't unnastand a remark like that. Next thing you know, suppose





*"Now if Your Honor pleases, I wish to offer this as Exhibit A."*

you got gallstones or something like that, God fabbid, you'll be saying to me, 'Howz about I should go to Jimmy Cagney?' at that rate!"

"Wait a minute, Billie, before you jump to any unnecessary conclusions." Jennie compressed her lips and assumed an air of haughtiness. "I happen to be referring not to Edward G. Robinson's gangster pickchas, where I admit he's a crook and a dirty rotten thief, I don't care what happens to him. The pickcha I got strictly in my mind is where he's a movvellous elderly type doctor."

"Finstance?" said Bella.

"Finstance a pickcha where he is a mature doctor with a beard on his face. Finstance the pickcha 'Dr. Pasture,' where he takes off a doctor, the biggest in his line. I suppose you gonna sit here and tell me he's not movvellous, that Dr. Pasture?"

"Oh, sure, sure," Bella hastily agreed. "I was thinking you meant Edward G. Robinson where he's a racketeer. Believe me, I wouldn't want that type fella to operate on me for love nor money. That's all I'm saying."

"Parm me fa conterdicting, Jen," said Francey, "but it seems to me that Paul Muni and not Edward G. Robinson played in 'Doctor Pasture.' Am I correct?"

Jennie dug her forefinger into her cheek and stared vacantly at Francey. "You know something? I think you're correct. Still in all, I remember Edward G. Robinson with whiskers on his face and evveybody called him Doctor. Now lemme think. What pickcha did Edward have whiskers on? I remember! I saw it just a few weeks ago—'The Magic Bullets'!"

"Listen," Bella said, "you just now said he's a doctor and not a gangster. Seems to me, Jen, that 'Magic Bullets' is more like the type pickcha where people are shooting off pistols and they're excaping fomm prison."

Before Jennie could enlighten her hostess, Francey clapped her hands together. "Ronald Colman!" she murmured, a beatific smile on her face. "Ronald Colman! Gee, I remember when he was Dr. Arrowsmith in the pickcha fomm the same name. Oh, he was a simply movvellous physician!"

"But that's ancient history," insisted Jennie. "O.K., Francey, suppose he was a wonderful doctor then. You know hommeny years have passed since that time? Plenty! I bet if you make Ronald Colman a doctor today, it'd be goodbye patient."

Nettie Portnow eyed Jennie critically, studying her for several seconds before speaking. "I think I got the hundritt-per-cent perfect doctor for you, Jen," she said. "He's elderly, he's got lots of medical experience—oh, he's your type positively!"

"Who's that?" Jenny asked.

"Jean Hersholt."

"I remember Jean Hersholt," Bella said. "He took off that doctor fomm way up north—what's his name? Yeah, Dr. Dafoe!"

"What'sa matter, Nettie?" said Francey, giggling. "You want Jennie should be Mrs. Dionne the Second and give out with quintuplets yet?"

"Sh-h-h, Francey." Bella turned around to see whether this question had been overheard by the men. "Honestly," she said, "that type vulgarity is extremely unnecessary, specially with the fellas in the same room."

"Dr. Dafoe." Jennie considered the name. "Y'know, right now he would be a very good doctor for Sarah Fineman's sister's baby. But where do I come to him?"

"I din mean Dr. Dafoe for you," Nettie said. "I'm thinking of Jean Hersholt where he takes off another elderly gentleman—y'know, the one with the religious name. Lemme see now. Dr. Christian. That's the name."

"Well, I—" Jennie began, but further discussion was interrupted by the breaking up of the group in the corner.

"O.K.," said Max Fine, taking his place at the head of the table. "If evveybody will kindly occupy a chair, I think we'll commence the meeting and proceed with the aggender." He picked up his gavel, looked slowly around the room, pounded the table several times, and said, "In the name of the Excelsior Social Club, I hereby call this meeting to order."

—Arthur Kober

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Paris, Feb. 14 (AP).—Military authorities today ordered two French broadcasters known as the "traitors of Stuttgart" to surrender on treason charges, or be tried in Absentia.—*The Post.*

Oh, to be in Absentia, now that April's there!

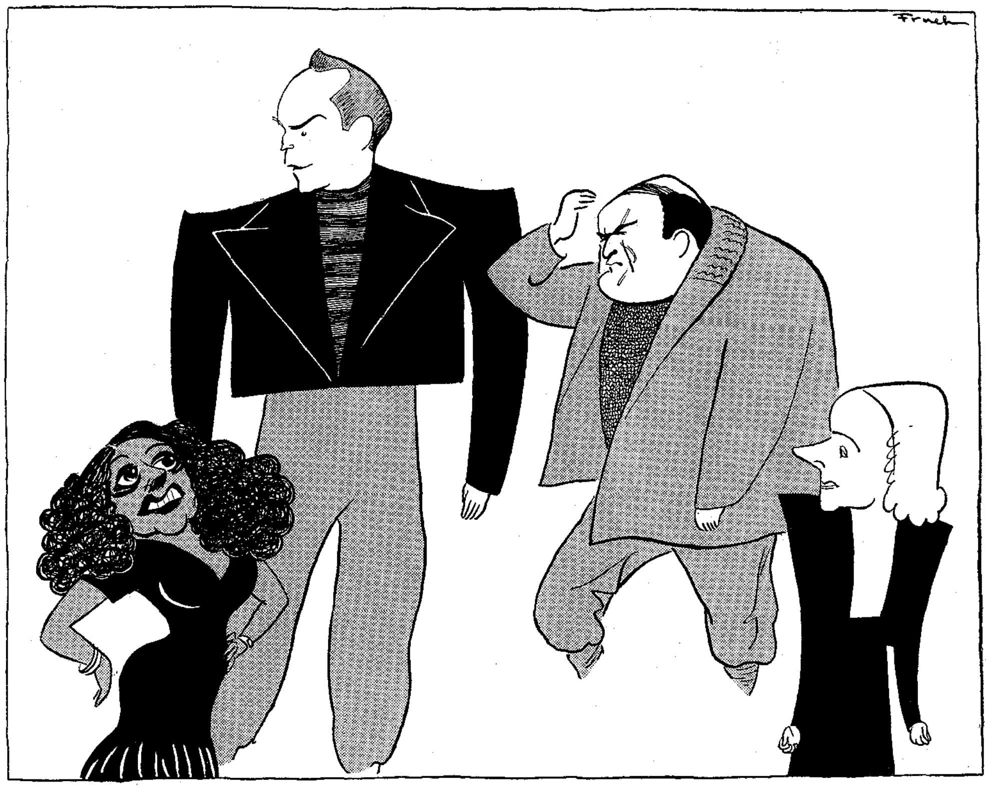
THE THEATRE

## QUITE A WEEK

“Ladies in Retirement,” at the Henry Miller (not to be confused with “Lady in Waiting,” at the Martin Beck), is the best mystery play I have seen since “Kind Lady,” which is my own equivalent of giving it the Pulitzer Prize. Since no right-minded theatregoer wants to know too much about this sort of performance ahead of time, I will only say that it deals with a certain Miss Fiske, once the sweetheart of all Burke’s Peerage, who is most foully murdered because she objects to sheltering two eccentric ladies, one of whom is miserable without her telescope while the other collects driftwood and dead birds. Miss Fiske’s body is neatly bricked up in an old oven, but her ghost, as uneasy as Banquo’s, returns to play the piano and drive her murderess even crazier than she was in the first place. The crime is discovered by a bright young man in a checked suit who undoubtedly wishes he had minded his own business when the guilty lady observes that it would give her the greatest pleasure to go to work on him next. In spite of the fact that most of the people in it have something the matter with their heads, the play itself is entirely lucid and credible, and its atmosphere of doom and madness is so successfully achieved that the more sensitive members of the audience gave little sounds of distress from time to time.

Flora Robson, as the companion who feels obliged to dismantle her employer for family reasons too intricate to explain here, gives a practically flawless performance, all the more sinister for the note of genteel regret with which she goes about her ghastly business. Estelle Winwood and Jessamine Newcombe, as her batty sisters, are fine at suggesting how irritating it can be to have a couple of lunatics around the house, and Isobel Elsom made Miss Fiske such a fascinating old harridan that it seemed too bad she had to die just because she didn’t like to have her living room cluttered up with recent sea gulls. All the cast is wonderful, in fact, and so is the play. Gilbert Miller, who produced it, is to be congratulated on having such a pretty taste in gore, and so are Edward Percy and Reginald Denham for having written so charmingly about the doings in that “old house on the marshes of the Thames estuary some ten miles to the east of Gravesend.”

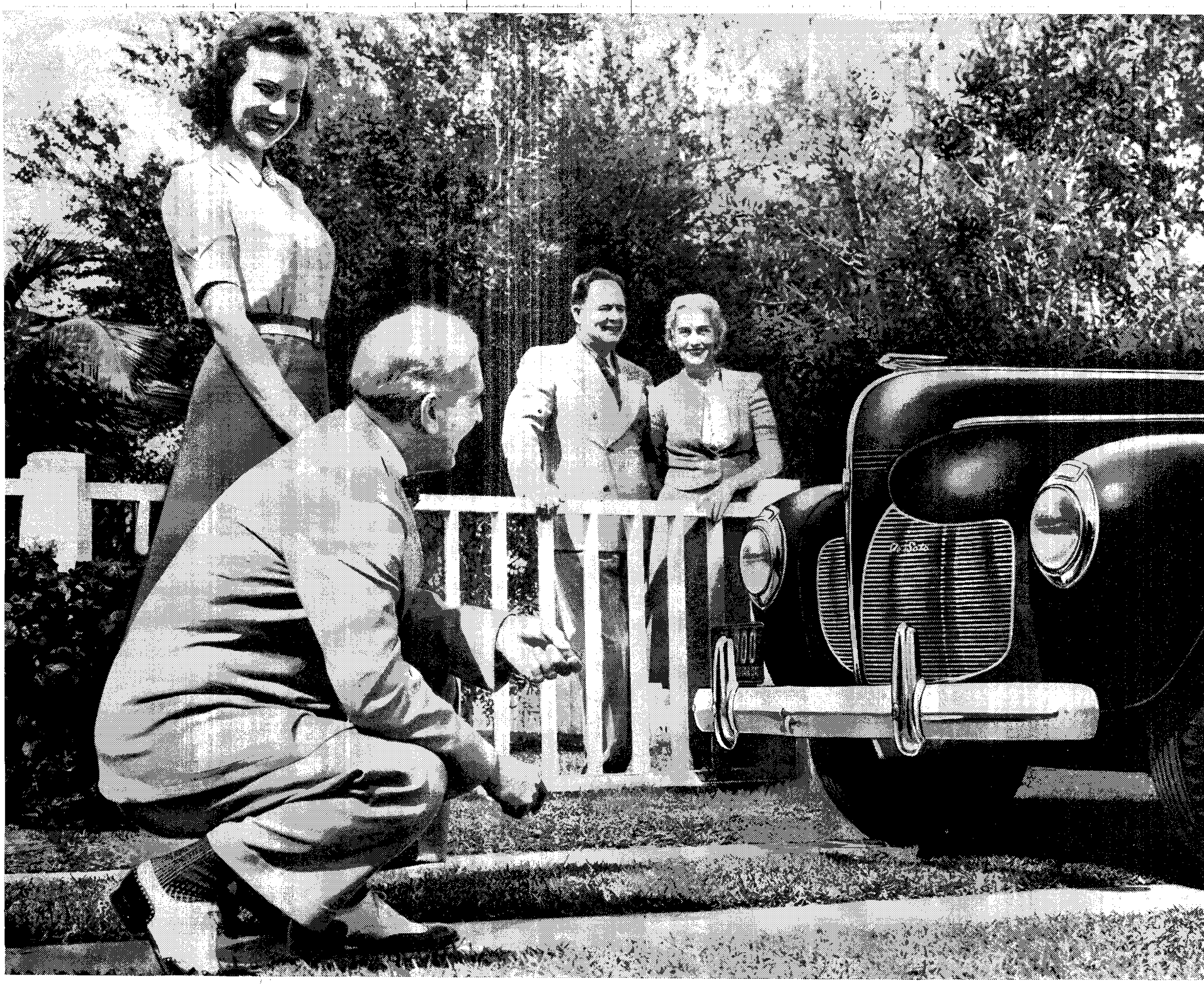
“Lady in Waiting” is the kind of play that will probably have a good deal more success than it deserves, partly because there is an almost inexhaustible public for comedies which show the British aristocracy being put in its place by a good, rowdy American girl, and partly because of the unusual comic dexterity of Miss Gladys George. Since Margery Sharp’s “The Nutmeg Tree,” from which the play was adapted, still stands unread in my bookcase, a challenge and a reproach, I have no means of comparison and can only say that without Miss George the exhibition at the Martin Beck would have killed me off by about nine-forty-five. Miss George, however, is something to see. Employing every pretty trick known to her profession, she is in incessant commotion from the time she is discovered in her bathtub, bargaining with the junkman for a clock, until she winds up triumphantly in the arms of Sir William Warring, M.P. It is a good thing she is, too, because in the few moments she is absent from it, the stage seems as dreary and lifeless as the moon. The actors employed to react to Miss George include Alan Napier, Carol Curtis-Brown, Stephen Ker Appleby, and Lenore Chippendale, and they keep out of her way with the greatest agility and good humor.



“THE FIFTH COLUMN”

*The two ladies here, Lenore Ulric and Katherine Locke, represent Profane and Sacred Love; the gentlemen, Franchot Tone and Lee J. Cobb, are more interested in Loyalist Spain. They all appear in the adaptation of Ernest Hemingway’s play at the Alvin.*

In one newspaper comment which preceded Vinton Freedley’s revival of “Liliom,” at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, it was observed that nobody had ever been completely satisfactory in the leading part, and it is certainly true that it presents a very nasty problem to the actor. Burgess Meredith, I should say, is almost entirely successful in resolving its many apparent contradictions into a sensible whole, but on the opening night even he occasionally seemed a



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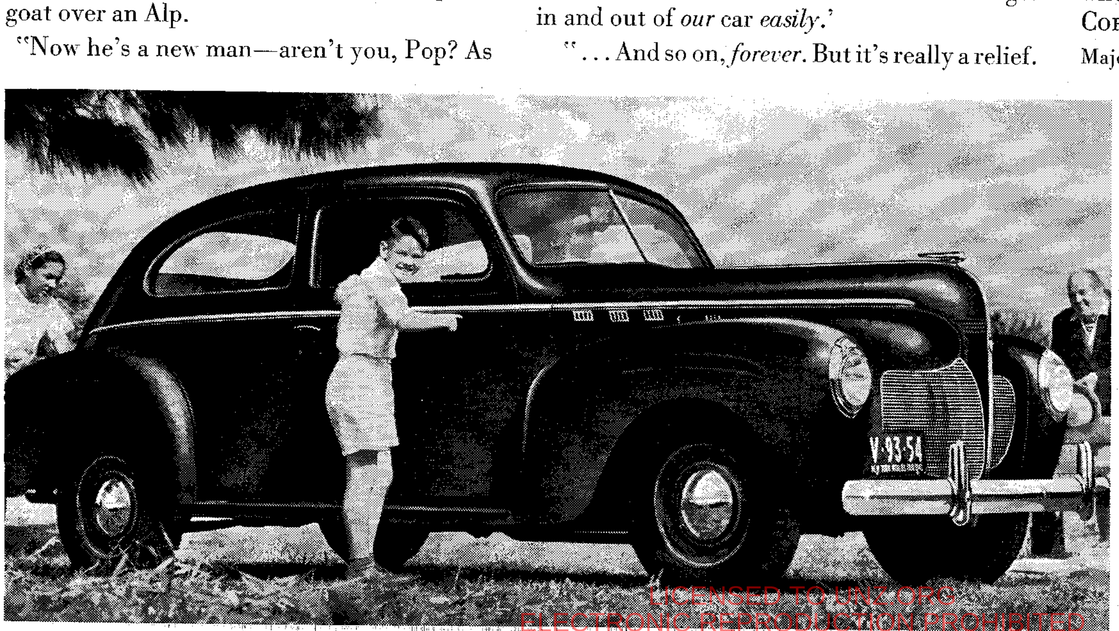

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**LIFE WITH FATHER**
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little baffled. In his attempt to make a believable transition from the brassy and contemptuous Don Juan of the original Liliom to the wistful Enoch Arden of the last, I thought he gave the rôle a boyish and disarming quality that often reduced it from the fine hoodlum Mr. Molnár had in mind to a nice young man just trying to act tough. This technique, according to the best authorities, is exactly the opposite of that adopted by Joseph Schildkraut, who began on a note of swaggering braggadocio and maintained it stubbornly to the end, even though theoretically chastened by sixteen years in hell. I think Mr. Meredith's method is the better, for although he was somewhat ineffective for the first twenty minutes or so, he was superb for the rest of the play, while Mr. Schildkraut apparently made a much too substantial and opinionated ghost. Whether any Liliom can be absolutely convincing from beginning to end, however, still remains a problem.

The other performances in Mr. Freedley's "Liliom" ranged from Miss Ingrid Bergman's, which, in spite of her obvious astonishment at finding herself speaking a language other than Swedish, was about as good as it could be, to that of Elia Kazan, who, although an unquestionably gifted actor, played the evil Ficzur with so humble and apologetic an air that I found it hard to think of him as a successful cardsharp and never believed for an instant that he would dare to get mixed up in a hold-up. Of the others, I especially liked Ann Mason, as the redheaded woman who once employed Liliom to run her merry-go-round, among other things; Arnold Korff, as the heavenly magistrate; and John Emery, who graciously permitted himself to be made up to look like a caricature of Clarence Day's father. The scenery, I'm sorry to say, had a stodgy and rather economical air.

None of these remarks, by the way, must be taken to mean that "Liliom" isn't something you ought to see. It was, and still is, one of the most winning and literate fantasies of our time. I was just a little disappointed, I suppose, because it wasn't perfect.

LIKE "Liliom," "The Scene of the Crime," at the Fulton, had a character in it who came back from the dead, but the similarity ended right there. The Hanley family were seriously embarrassed when one of their number turned out to be a murderer, but their sufferings were nothing compared with mine.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

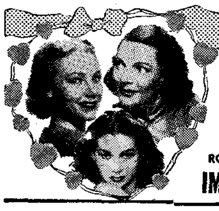
ALDRICH & MYERS HITS
Directed by OTTO L. PREMINGER
**JOHN BARRYMORE**
in
***"MY DEAR CHILDREN"***
by Catherine Turney & Jerry Horwin
BELASCO THEATRE—44th St. E. of B'way
Evenings at 8:30
Matinees WED. and SAT., at 2:30
CLARE BOOTHE'S COMEDY SUCCESS
**MARGIN FOR ERROR**
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS. Prices Eves. $3.30, $2.75, $2.20, $1.65, $1.10. Mats. Good Orch. Seats $2.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:50
PLYMOUTH THEATRE • W. 45th St.
Evenings 8:50. Matinees 2:50

*BROCK PEMBERTON presents*
**GLADYS GEORGE** in
**LADY IN WAITING**
*A Comedy by MARGERY SHARP*
based on her novel "The Nutmeg Tree"
with ALAN NAPIER
*Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY*
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St., W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Clr. 6-6363

B. G. De SYLVA presents
**Bert LAHR Ethel MERMAN**
In a New Musical Comedy
**DU BARRY WAS A LADY**
**COLE PORTER SONGS**
with BETTY GRABLE—BENNY BAKER
46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. Cl. 6-8075
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A HILARIOUS COMEDY" —*Watts, Her.-Trib.*
SAM H. HARRIS presents
**"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"**
by MOSS HART & GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"Mr. Rice catches again the sharp talk and vivid incident that made 'Street Scene' memorable."
—ANDERSON, Journal-American
*The Playwrights' Company presents*
**TWO ON AN ISLAND**
ELMER RICE'S New Comedy Hit
with Luther ADLER • Betty FIELD • John CRAVEN
HUDSON Theatre, 44th St., E. of B'way. BRy. 9-0296
Evgs. 8:30—$3.30 to $1.10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30


GEORGE ABBOTT presents
**TOO MANY GIRLS**
by RODGERS & HART • GEORGE MARION, Jr.
IMPERIAL W. 45 St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

**THE MALE ANIMAL**
with ELLIOTT NUGENT
"Most hilarious Comedy of the season" *Watts, Herald Tribune*
CORT THEA., 138 W. 48th St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S
**HELLZ STILLZ A POPPIN**
AT THE WINTER GARDEN
NEW LAUGH RIOT

*Additional Theatre Advertising on page 35*

# THE AMBASSADOR

*suggests*

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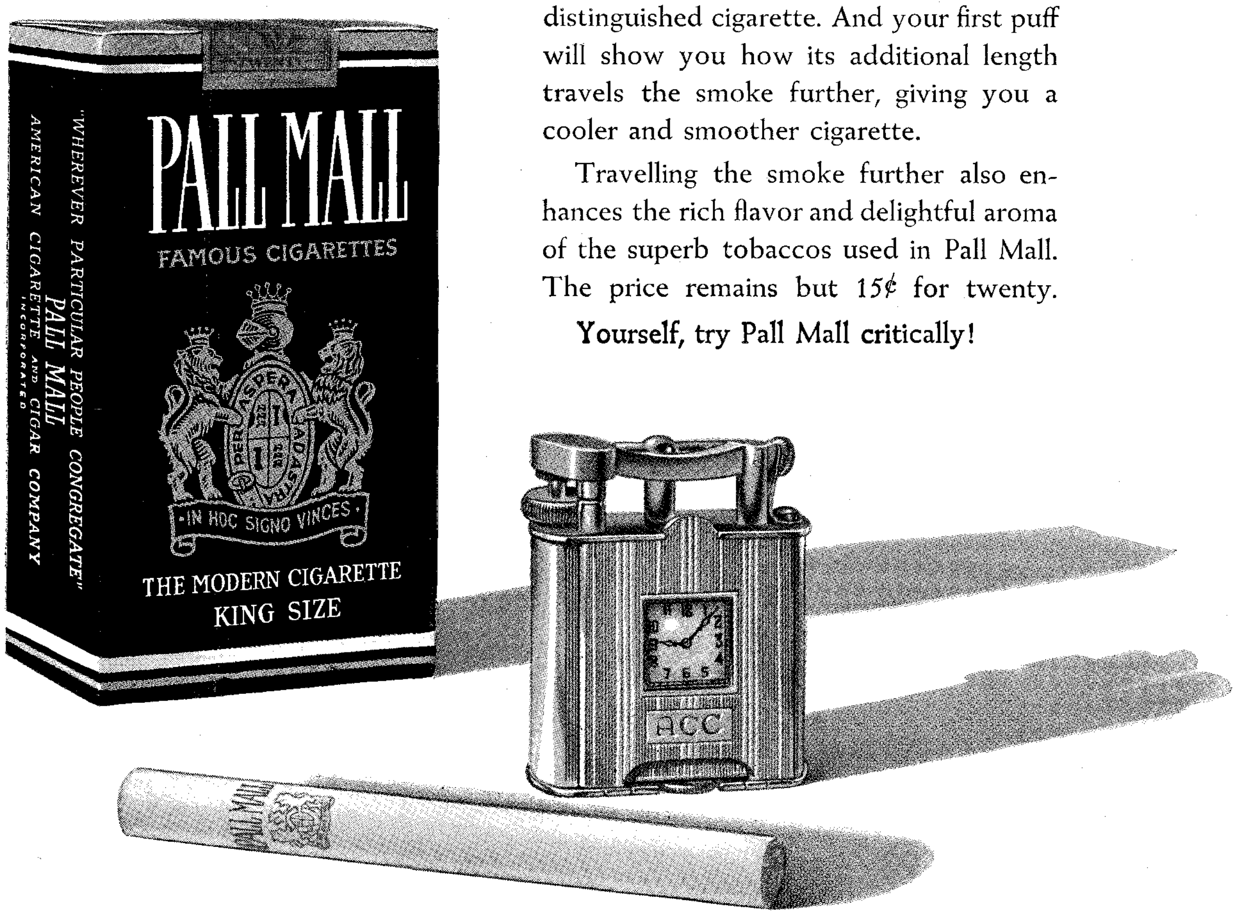
● **THE ADDITIONAL LENGTH TRAVELS THE SMOKE FURTHER**

● YOU WILL SEE immediately that the new, longer Pall Mall is a smarter, more distinguished cigarette. And your first puff will show you how its additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a cooler and smoother cigarette.

Travelling the smoke further also enhances the rich flavor and delightful aroma of the superb tobaccos used in Pall Mall. The price remains but 15¢ for twenty.

**Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!**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THE MODERN CIGARETTE
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
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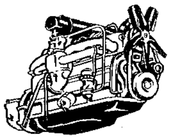
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

# *Come on... be a king!*

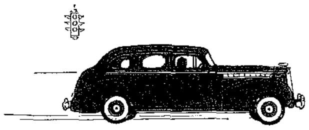
Over all the cars on 1940's highways—this phenomenal new Packard One-Sixty makes you monarch!

It's the new master of America's highways! It earns this title in agile performance, roadability and handling ease.



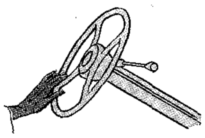
It has the most powerful 8-cylinder engine that any 1940 American passenger car can boast—160 horsepower! More power per pound of car weight than any other car you can mention.

Take one look at its long, low, racy beauty, and the first word that comes to your mind is—*fast!* And this car *is* fast!



Yet it gives you a gas economy that is almost nip-and-tuck with that of cars weighing hundreds of pounds less, and with *motors of 20 to 25 less horsepower!*

Thanks to Packard design and precision manufacturing, this car seldom sees the inside of a repair shop.

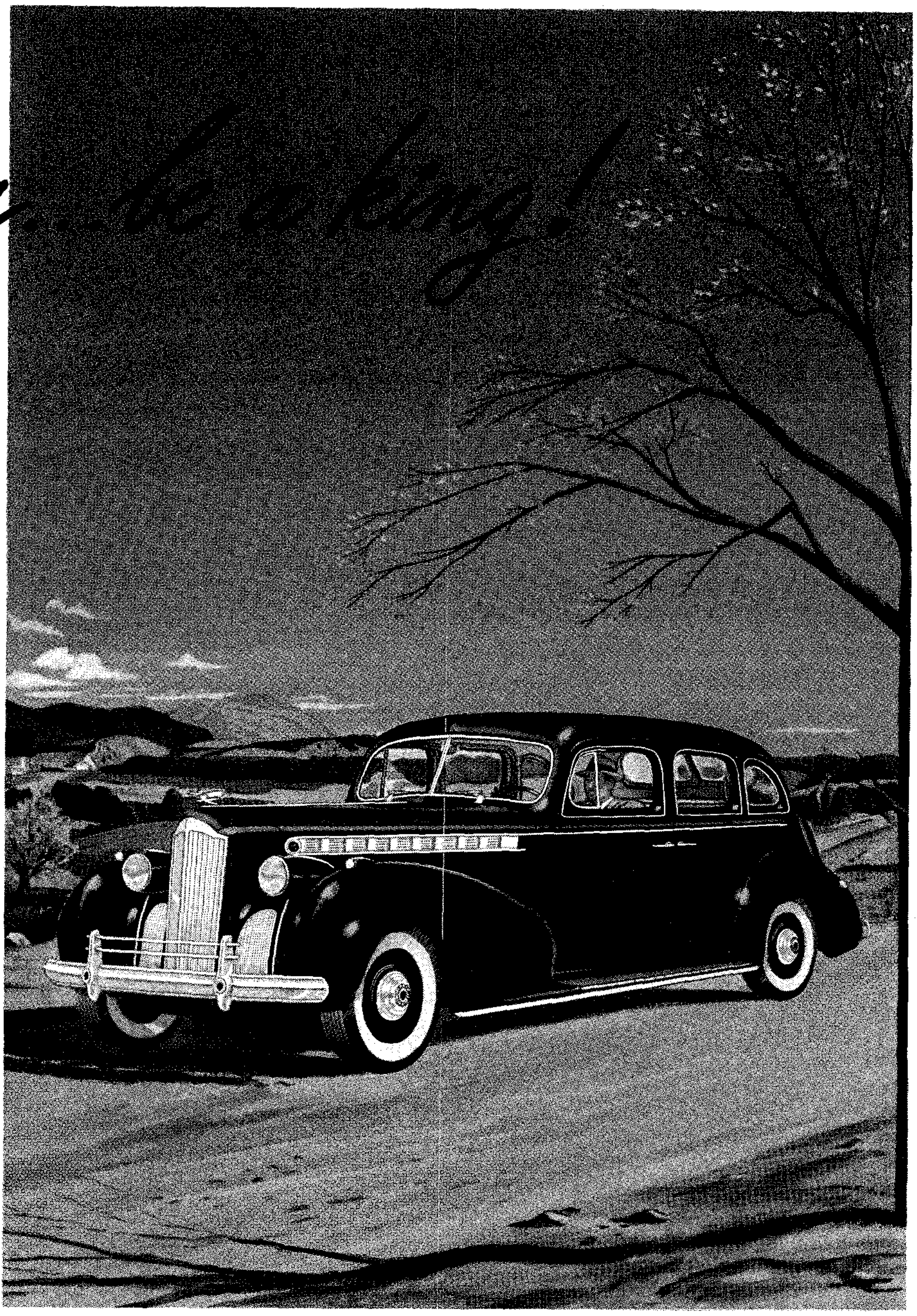


And its handling ease will also amaze you. Its ride is an eye-widening experience in comfort.

Economy and handling ease like this might lead you to think it's a midget. But get in, stretch out—there's room to spare.

One more bit of astonishment—*this great car costs even less than last year's Packard Super-8!*

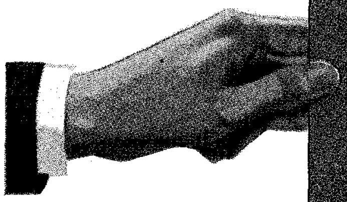
And now—ask your Packard dealer to bring one to your door. Take the wheel—see how it feels to be a king!



*Illustrated: Packard Super-8 One-Sixty Touring Sedan, $1647* (white sidewall tires extra)*

Available in eight body styles and three different wheelbase lengths. Long, lithe, handsomely appointed, this car is a joy to look at as well as a dream to drive.

**ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE**



**PACKARD SUPER-8 160**

**$1524**

**AND UP.** *Packard 110, $867 and up. Packard 120, $1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160, $1524 and up. Packard Custom Super-8 180, $2243 to $6300. All prices delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra.*

# MY APRIL FOOLS' DAY PARTY

A LOT of people don't like to talk about their failures, I know, but there is a lesson in my April Fools' Day party fiasco and I have decided to tell all about it, or at least a good deal about it. The lesson is don't do everything *Harper's Bazaar* and *Your Life, The Popular Guide to Desirable Living* advise you to do. Early in March I read an article called "The Baroness d'Erlanger Proposes a Party" in *Harper's Bazaar* and decided to give a party before the month was out. By one of those retroactive coincidences that keep cropping up, retroactively, in my crowded life, I had met the Baroness a couple of weeks before at an open-air night club near Havana called Sans Souci. The indignation with which she repelled a suggestion from the headwaiter that she sit at a table behind a large tree made me realize she was a woman of the world, and when I received, through *Harper's Bazaar*, her proposal for a party, I felt it would be churlish not to follow it. "The table . . . ," I read, "is ingenious. Its base, of white Prince of Wales feathers, supports a reversible marbleized top, pink on one side, green on the other, so you may vary the foundation on which to build your ideas."

I wrote the Duke of Windsor for a few of his old feathers, bought a reversible two-color marble table top, began piling my ideas on the pink side, and picked up the Baroness's article again. "The festive wrought-iron chairs, lacquered in white, have slab seats covered in silks of different colors," it ran. "As your guests arrive, each is presented with a card naming the color he or she is to sit upon—an amusing idea instead of place cards, and a good way to start the meal with laughter."

An ordinary place card is usually enough to set me into gales of giggling, but I followed the Baroness's instructions and was about to invite my guests for the twenty-eighth of March when I came across a piece entitled "The Life of the Party," by Ruth Ann Douglas, in the Charm department of *Your Life, The Popular Guide to Desirable Living*, setting forth suggestions for an April Fools' party. This decided me to entertain on April 1st instead, and to incorporate in my party the best ideas of both Baroness d'Erlanger and Miss Douglas. "Decorations . . . can be amusingly ingenious," the latter wrote. "Place a Christmas wreath in one window, a Jack-o'-lantern in another, Fourth of July bunting on the wall, pictures turned upside down, rugs wrong side up, and so on. You might hook up a dry cell to the doorbell to administer a mild electric shock, and when the guest enters you slip an ice cube into his palm as you shake hands (of course you're smart enough to wear gloves). Have dunce caps handy for all guests as they arrive. Sprinkle a little sneezing powder around now and then, but keep out of range."

WELL, I had no sooner made these various arrangements than my first guest, Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen, arrived. I'm afraid I had hooked up a rather powerful cell, for when I opened the door—I had turned my butler upside down and hung him next to an Utrillo as an extra bit of fun—there she was, lying unconscious on the stoop. I brought her to with the ice cube and some sneezing powder, and while she was boxing my ears in came a whole group of guests, among them Condé Nast, Cole Porter, the Reed Vreelands, the Duke di Verdura, Nicky de Gunzburg, Caresse Crosby, and Herbert Bayard Swope. I clapped dunce caps on them all, handed them place cards marked "Red," "Green," etc., and waited for them to start laughing. Nothing much happened, so, following a suggestion made by Miss Douglas in her article, I propounded a question to break the ice. "If twenty-six cents will buy a pound of butter, how much butter will a cent and a quarter buy?" I asked, adding that special dunce caps would be awarded for failure to answer the question correctly. "Twenty-six cents won't buy a pound of butter," Mrs. Vreeland said—rather shortly, I fancied. I finally had to give the answer (which is one pound) myself, and stuck a *second* dunce cap on everybody except Mr. Nast, who cuffed me severely when I tried to approach him.

I realized that my guests hadn't quite entered into the spirit of the occasion, but I felt sure that the sandwiches, which, according to Miss Douglas's instructions, I served with the cocktails, would bring them round. "Get some rubber slices of ham at a novelty counter and mix them in with genuine sandwiches on the tray," Miss D.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN *presents*
JACK MARTA SHIRLEY
HALEY · EGGERT · ROSS
IN RODGERS and HART'S
Newest MUSICAL COMEDY
HIGHER AND HIGHER
with
LEIF ERICKSON & LEE DIXON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th St. Cl. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

*The* THEATRE GUILD *presents*
THE FIFTH COLUMN
*Adapted by* Benjamin Glazer *from the play by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY *with*
FRANCHOT TONE
KATHERINE LOCKE LENORE ULRIC LEE J. COBB
ALVIN THEA., 52nd St., West of B'WAY
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:40

The THEATRE GUILD *in association* with EDDIE DOWLING *presents*
WILLIAM SAROYAN'S *gay-mad comedy hit*
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE
*with* EDDIE DOWLING *and* JULIE HAYDON
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'WAY
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40—220 seats $1.10

GERTRUDE MACY AND STANLEY GILKEY
*present* The New Hit Musical Revue
TWO FOR THE SHOW
by NANCY HAMILTON and MORGAN LEWIS
*with* EVE ARDEN RICHARD HAYDN
BETTY HUTTON BRENDA FORBES
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
BOOTH TH., 45th St. West of B'way. Cl. 6-5969
EVENINGS. 8:40 P. M. MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:40 P. M.

## MOTION PICTURES

LOEW'S HAVE THE SHOWS
Starts Thurs., Apr. 4th
Margaret SULLAVAN
James STEWART
in Ernst Lubitsch's
"Shop Around The Corner"
—plus—
"GERONIMO"
LEXINGTON
LEXINGTON & 51st ST.
ZIEGFELD
54th ST. & 6th AVE.
72nd ST.
3rd AVE.
83rd ST.
& B'WAY
PARADISE
IN THE BRONX
OLYMPIA
B'WAY & 107th ST.

GONE WITH THE WIND
While this engagement is limited, GWTW will not be shown except at advanced prices . . . at least until 1941.
ASTOR B'way & 45th St.
ALL SEATS RESERVED
Twice Daily 2:15, 8:15 p. m.

HELD OVER!
2nd BIG WEEK
Capitol
Broadway 51st Street
Fred ASTAIRE • Eleanor POWELL
"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SHORT STORY WRITING
A course of lectures Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. at the
BANK STREET SCHOOLS
69 Bank St., N. Y. C.
10 lectures $10 Single $1.50
ALBERT ANGELL, 220 E. 36th St. LEx. 2-0315
Private coaching and seminars for advanced students and professional writers.

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PETER DAWSON SPECIAL BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. Established 1877

LOOK FOR THE DIMPLED DAWSON BOTTLE

**Your father, your grandfather, and his father before him knew the pleasure that Dawson dimples promise. This handsome dimpled bottle holds a Scotch of superb quality. There's a lovely, light body with a mild but tangy aroma. Peter Dawson's own special blend is faithfully followed... the pleasure never varies.**

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PETER DAWSON
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.
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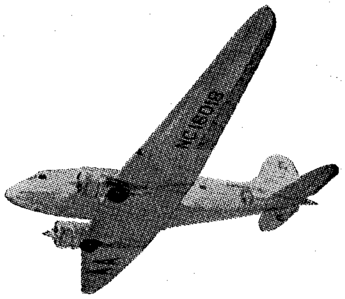
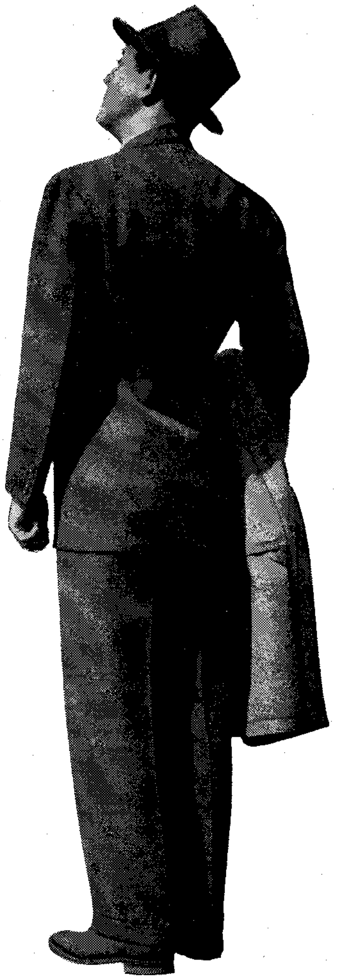
had written. "A round slice cut from a red inner tube will give a fair imitation of a piece of ham when placed between two slices of bread." My neighborhood novelty counter was all out of rubber ham, following a big Elsa Maxwell party the night before, and I had to cut up an inner tube from one of my automobile tires. I was therefore particularly nettled when Mr. Swope, after taking a bite out of one of the sandwiches, yelled "I'll teach you a lesson!" and began turning my pictures and rugs right side up.

I saw that my whole party was going to be botched and, excusing myself for a moment, started rereading "The Life of the Party," for hints on how to save the situation. "Get two husky guests to hold a heavy book or piece of board between them, two or three inches above the floor," I read. "Then pick out one of the guests and tell him or her that the two men are going to lift him into the air as he stands on the book. Blindfold the victim, help him onto the book, then stand in front of him so that his hands can rest on your shoulders for support. Now, slowly, bend your knees, at the same time encouraging appropriate comment as to how high the guest is being lifted. The illusion of the victim is that he is being raised aloft, and he will sway unsteadily and utterly refuse to jump to the floor—and will his face be red when the blindfold is removed and he sees that he has never been more than three inches above the carpet!" I got Cole Porter and the Duke di Verdura to hold Simon & Schuster's "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces" in the fashion described. Next I persuaded George Blumenthal, president of the Metropolitan Museum, who had crashed the party, to step onto the book blindfolded. I then proceeded as Miss Douglas advised, and I must say Caresse Crosby was a great help, shrieking "How's the air up there? Look out! He's going to fall!" as, with Mr. Blumenthal's hands on my shoulders, I slowly bent my knees. The only trouble was that Mr. Blumenthal, far from swaying, stood firm as a rock, and when asked to jump, immediately jumped.

MR. BLUMENTHAL'S failure to cooperate in this joke, and Mr. Nast's hasty departure after swallowing some cork croutons I had put in his soup, seemed to me to put a damper on the party, and I again turned for help to *Y.L.,T.P.G.t.D.L.* This time I found another article in the Charm section—"How to Enjoy Your Own





"I WONDER IF I'VE BEEN MISSING SOMETHING?"

"THERE'S a Flagship full of people going somewhere! They'll make a trip in a few hours that takes me all night. It must be smooth riding up there! They say it's comfortable in those big planes, too. I'd enjoy that. Chance to lean back and relax and enjoy some real scenery.

"I'd be home oftener, too, if I traveled that way. Many a time I finish a job early and then have to travel all night, when by air I could get home before bedtime. More of my friends are traveling by air every day.

"Flagships go everywhere *I* want to go. And they don't cost any more than I spend now.

"Yes, I'm *sure* I've been missing something! Tomorrow, I'm going by Flagship, too!"

★ ★ ★

*American Airlines Flagships serve 57 principal cities coast to coast on frequent, convenient schedules. For reservations, call your Travel Agent or the nearest American Airlines office.*

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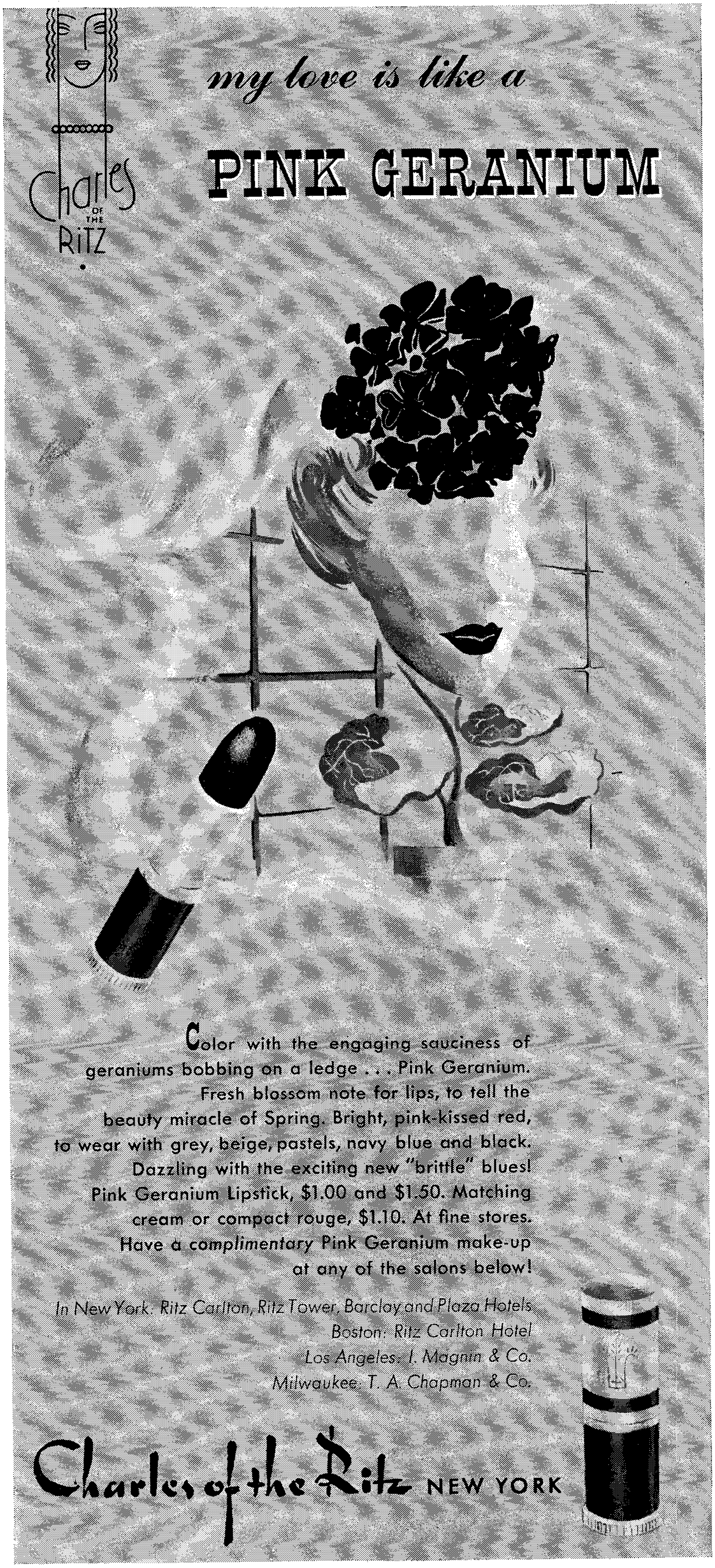
ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



Charles of the Ritz

my love is like a

PINK GERANIUM

Color with the engaging sauciness of geraniums bobbing on a ledge . . . Pink Geranium. Fresh blossom note for lips, to tell the beauty miracle of Spring. Bright, pink-kissed red, to wear with grey, beige, pastels, navy blue and black. Dazzling with the exciting new "brittle" blues! Pink Geranium Lipstick, $1.00 and $1.50. Matching cream or compact rouge, $1.10. At fine stores. Have a *complimentary* Pink Geranium make-up at any of the salons below!

*In New York: Ritz Carlton, Ritz Tower, Barclay and Plaza Hotels*
*Boston: Ritz Carlton Hotel*
*Los Angeles: I. Magnin & Co.*
*Milwaukee: T. A. Chapman & Co.*

Charles of the Ritz NEW YORK

Parties," by Margery Wilson, the lady who sold a mail-order lesson on charm to the late Queen Marie of Rumania. In a paragraph designed to assist the host "who is not always successful in getting his guests to merge into a comfortable unity," Miss Wilson wrote, "Gather the newcomers together, possibly standing by a table where 'you are going to show them a little book,' but where you really stand and read some pithy excerpt, not more than a page long. The subject is not important. Your enthusiastic assumption that it is of interest will be all that is necessary. . . . You give the impression that you must be very sure of yourself, very comfortable mentally to read something aloud to them. . . ." I stood by my reversible marbleized pink-and-green table and confidently picked up a volume of the report of the New York Chamber of Commerce for 1891-92. "I am going to show you a little book," I said enthusiastically. "It couldn't be more fascinating." I began to read:

"The stock of cheese in store in New York on January 1st, 1891, was stated at 99,600 boxes against 128,621 boxes on same date in 1890, and the visible stocks at all points, including Canada, London, and Liverpool, were 887,100 boxes, against 923,471 boxes the previous year. The position of the market was a strong one. Jobbers had for some time been buying from hand to mouth, and were carrying little stock, and the foreign markets were showing signs of improvement, awakening a little more attention on the part of export buyers. The published accounts of stock at the principal distributing points indicated a lighter aggregate supply than usual for the season, giving holders much confidence, and after opening at nine and three-quarter cents fancy State factory immediately began a gradual advance, which continued, quite steadily, until early in April, when twelve and one-half cents was touched. During this period, trade was fairly active and satisfactory."

When I put the book down and looked around, I discovered that everyone had left but Mrs. Frelinghuysen, who was swinging from the Christmas wreath, sneezing steadily and picking bits of inner tube from her teeth with her free hand. I don't think either of us has had a moment of mental comfort since.—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

### LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

**(FEDERAL PROJECTS DIVISION)**

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

LAS VEGAS, Nev., Jan. 11 (AP)—Lya Lys, 26, actress, and John Gunnerson, 39, thrice-wed Chicago manufacturer, were married here today. Following the afternoon ceremony the honeymooners went to look at Boulder dam.

# OF ALL THINGS

SECRETARY HULL has sound reasons for refusing to recognize Japan's puppet, Wang, as head of the Nanking government. The United States can tolerate no competition with Charlie McCarthy.

•

The Nazis were pained at what they claim to have found in the archives of Poland. Their faith in human nature has been badly shaken.

•

Mr. Roosevelt prescribes three grains of salt to be taken with each piece of propaganda. Probably the German White Book should be soaked in a strong saline solution.

•

Justice McGeehan's refusal to let Bertrand Russell teach at City College represents an amazing reversal in the tide of public affairs. Only a few years ago, professors seemed to be running the country.

•

A slight change has been made in the economy program. Congressmen have stopped saving money and started saving their jobs.

•

It is revealed that the British aircraft carrier Ark Royal has recently been in a home port for supplies. She has since gone to sea, and Dr. Goebbels can again sink her every Monday morning.

•

Our government has agreed to sell the Allies the best planes we have in the shop. But when autumn comes, we shall buy ourselves a set of those marvellous, revolutionary, breath-taking 1941 models.

•

There have been shocking revelations about a murder ring in Brooklyn. Apparently there is more homicide across the river than there is across the ocean.

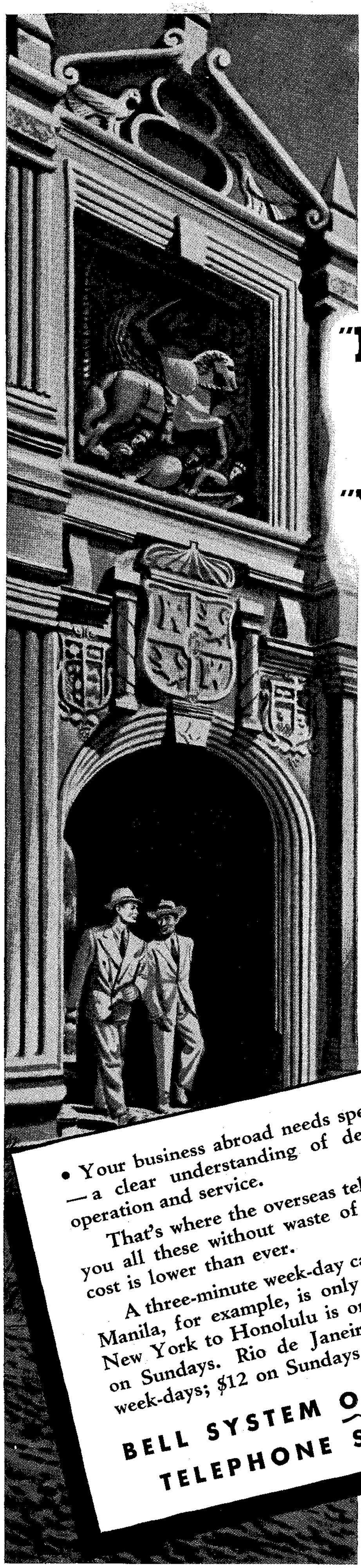
•

Our courtesy to out-of-town guests is still less than perfect. A Mr. Paychek of Iowa visited Madison Square Garden and had to be scraped off the floor.

•

New York was grieved to learn that Rockefeller Center is finished. This can only mean that hundreds of innocent bystanders will be thrown out of work.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"New York is giving good service these days"

"Yes, telephoning us makes a big difference"

• Your business abroad needs speed in getting into action — a clear understanding of details — and friendly co-operation and service.

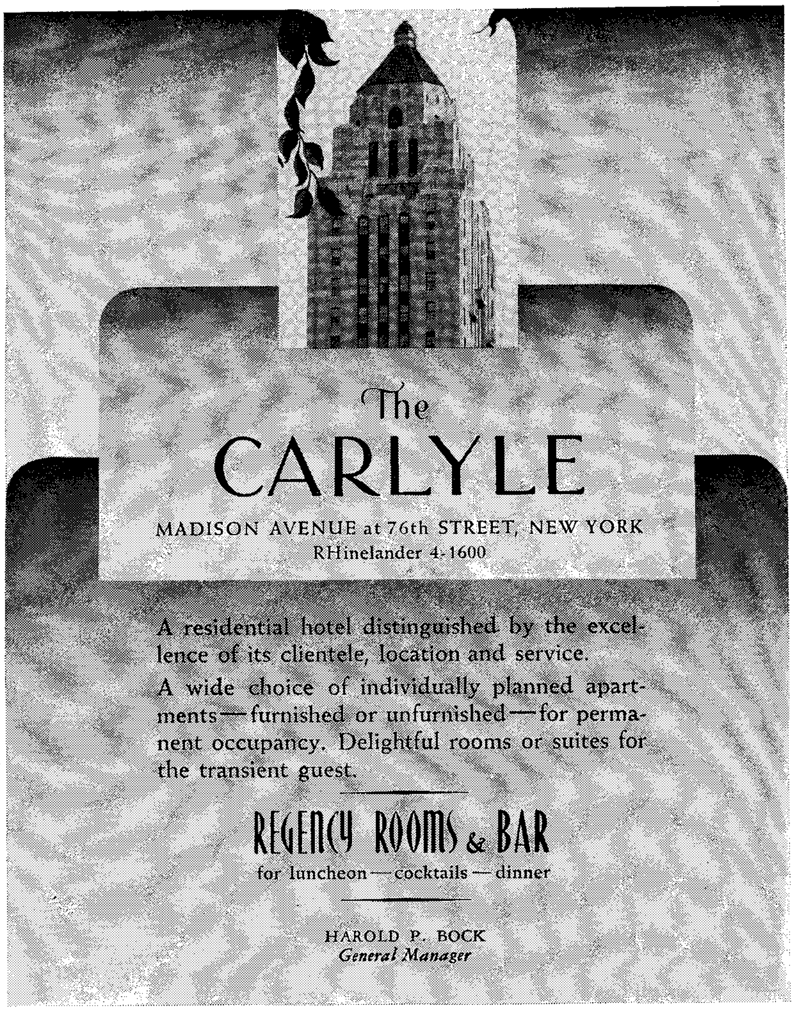
That's where the overseas telephone comes in. It gives you all these without waste of time and effort. And the cost is lower than ever.

A three-minute week-day call from New York to far-off Manila, for example, is only $21.75; $16.50 on Sundays. New York to Honolulu is only $15.75 on week-days; $12 on Sundays. Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, $15 on week-days; $12 on Sundays. . . . *Just call Long Distance.*

BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*Santiago Gate, Manila, Philippine Islands*


The CARLYLE
MADISON AVENUE at 76th STREET, NEW YORK
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A residential hotel distinguished by the excellence of its clientele, location and service.

A wide choice of individually planned apartments—furnished or unfurnished—for permanent occupancy. Delightful rooms or suites for the transient guest.

REGENCY ROOMS & BAR
for luncheon—cocktails—dinner

HAROLD P. BOCK
*General Manager*

Here's a Tip
MARLBORO
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST

**This luxury smoke costs only a few cents more than ordinary cigarettes!**

An infinitely finer cigarette for an infinitesimal price difference! A product of Philip Morris. For those who can afford 20¢ for the best

**MARLBORO**

**(IVORY TIPS PROTECT YOUR LIPS —also made with Plain Ends)**

AMERICA'S LUXURY CIGARETTE

# LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 30 (BY CABLE)

LONDONERS were determined to enjoy Easter this year, Hitler or no Hitler. In normal years people who are driving out of town try to get away on the Thursday before Easter, because by Friday, all the main highways are jammed with cars full of family parties hurrying to the sea or country. It was nothing like that this Easter, naturally, although a surprising number of motorists did seem to have saved up their petrol for one glorious holiday bust. Automobile Association observers stationed on the Brighton Road reported that Easter traffic, mostly small cars, was about seventy per cent of what it used to be in peacetime. Cyclists in shorts fresh from the mothballs invaded the country like flocks of returning migratory birds. The railways did an absolutely record business, what with B.E.F. men returning home on leave, parents going to the country to see evacuated children, and evacuated white-collar workers coming from the country to spend a weekend in town. The traffic toward London has never been heavier. Flat racing broke a twenty-seven-year tradition by opening at Hurst Park instead of at Lincoln, and cheerful crowds of Britons, irrepressible lovers of a bet, put their money on the dogs at White City and Wembley.

Hampstead Heath had its traditional Easter bank-holiday fair, though the merry-go-round organs had to be silenced for fear some nervous customer might think the brass notes were sirens. However, there was music, provided by amplified phonograph records played at a central point where they could be replaced by air-raid instructions if the real sirens sounded. Instead of blaring and tooting away till all hours, the fair had to close down at dusk, but that didn't stop the Tommies and their girls from having a swell time riding on the swings, eating winkles on pins, and knocking Hitler's block off for three shies a penny.

The more serious-minded went to Queen's Hall to hear Handel's "Messiah" sung by a choir dotted with khaki, or strolled in Hyde Park, where they discovered that the excavations made in September, when hundreds of tons of earth were removed to stuff sandbags, have now nearly been filled in again with earth carted from the site of the new Ministry of Food buildings on Horseferry Road.

BRITONS felt that they needed a holiday both to buck them up for whatever unpleasant budget shocks Sir John Simon may have in the bag for them in April (an income tax of ten shillings in the pound is gloomily predicted by some) and to distract them from the dizzy job of trying to figure out just what is going on inside Europe right now. The Brenner meeting and the possibility of a Rome-Berlin-Moscow axis left people surprisingly calm—an interesting attitude when you recollect the shindy that was raised over the Nazi-Soviet hitchup—but maybe they're more hardened to ideological acrobatics by now. An eleven-point "peace plan," put forward mysteriously by someone, has faded out of the news without making much of a stir, everybody being as busy disowning it as though it were some embarrassing bundle left on a respectable doorstep.

What did make a stir was the Prime Minister's Finland speech, perhaps the most critical of his career and certainly one of the most able. It effectually silenced much of the nonsense talked by armchair strategists who had rushed Allied divisions hither and yon in a proposed Scandinavian campaign and made everything work out fine, which is not at all the way military experts here think such an adventure would have worked out. The debate on Finland had been expected to produce some fireworks, perhaps even a crisis such as the corresponding debate caused in the French government, but it developed into a personal triumph for the Prime Minister, who built up such an impressive case that he received an ovation from both sides of the House when he sat down. Even his enemies couldn't deny that the speech was a tour de force, and the sudden announcement at the end of the debate that British bombers were at the very moment attacking Sylt came with tremendous dramatic effect. Everyone felt a good deal better after that.

IT has relieved many people to know that something is finally being done about the thousands of aliens who last autumn were declared to be friendly by tribunals which in some cases had only the most sketchy credentials from employers or well-meaning guarantors to go on. The situation has received a public airing through the arrest and intern-

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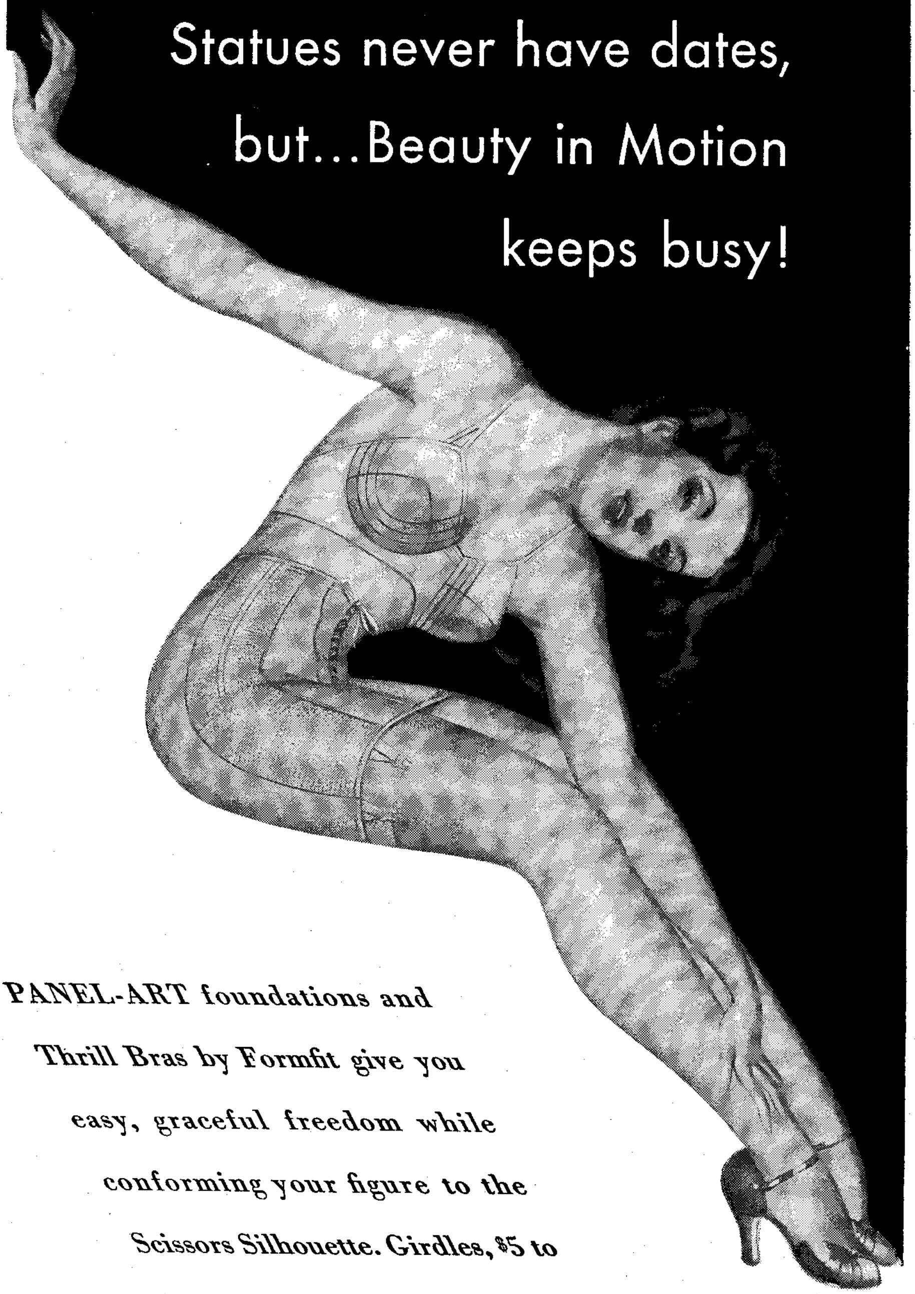

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ment of a good-looking young German called Zolf. A small cockney, evacuated to a country community, spotted him taking photographs of a wrecked airplane with a movie camera owned by the local rector's daughter. The rector's daughter and various influential friends came to Zolf's defence, but the Home Secretary decided to intern him and to look into the cases of all aliens who were put on the B List in September; that is, all those who were told that they must not own a camera or go more than five miles from their place of residence without informing the police.

The order has taken a big load off the minds of nervous ladies who have been talking silly about the numbers of German maids in officers' families around Aldershot and about the really surprising amount of German which one still hears spoken in London, especially in West Hampstead, where bus conductors enjoy tinkling their bells and bawling "Alight here for Finchley Strasse!" Although the spy mania has reached nothing like the hysterical proportions it did in the last war, and probably never will, you do see the "no German" clause sprinkled fairly liberally through the domestic-help-wanted columns, this despite the fact that foreign servants have long been the answer to the mistress's prayer in country districts where the British article won't stay.

EVERYWHERE you meet people who tell you virtuously that of course they don't want to hoard and then go on to say that they're prudently laying aside a bit of this and that. The announcement the other day that wool for luxury purposes would probably be rationed sent women rushing to buy lengths of tweeds which they're tucking away for their 1942 suits. One woman even went so far as to buy and carefully put away the hats which she intends to wear with her next-year-but-one outfit.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The women's light plane speed record was broken by Jacqueline Cochran in July when she flew over a Long Island course at a speed of 173,097 miles an hour. This bettered her former record by about 10 miles an hour.—*Boston Traveler.*

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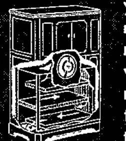

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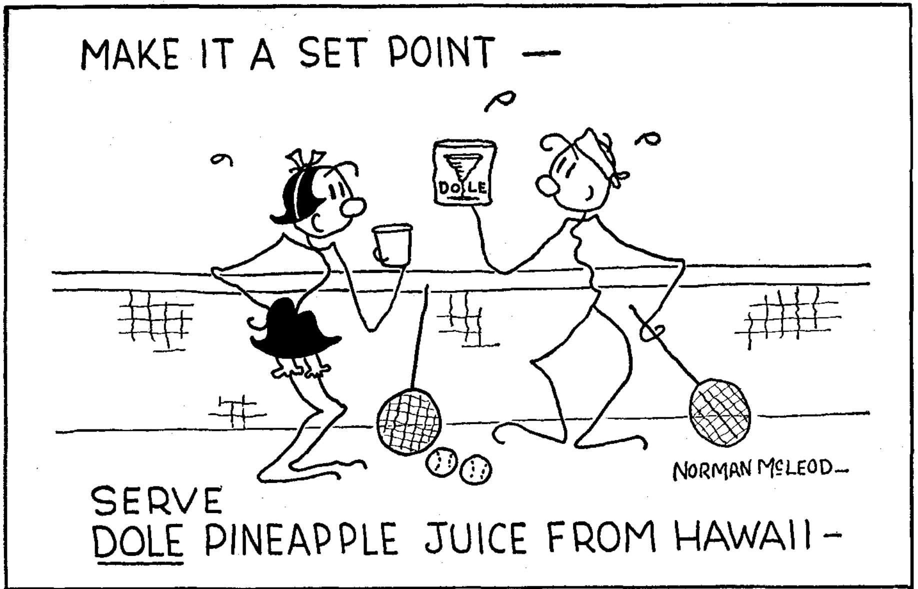
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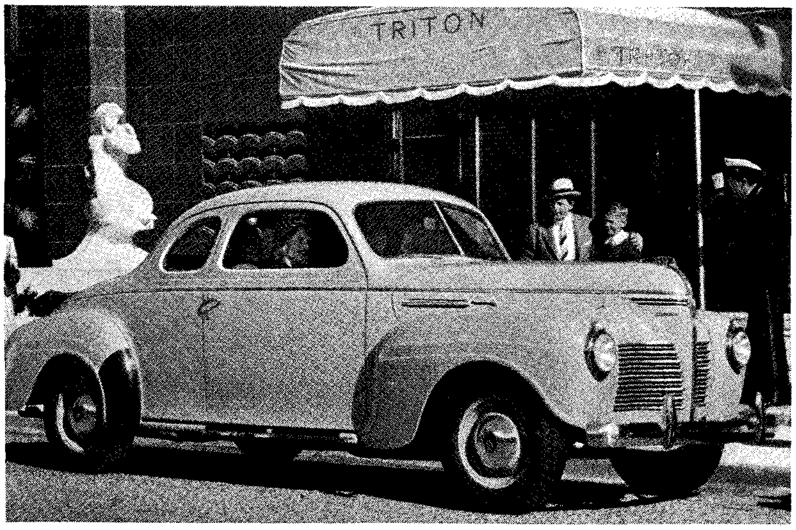

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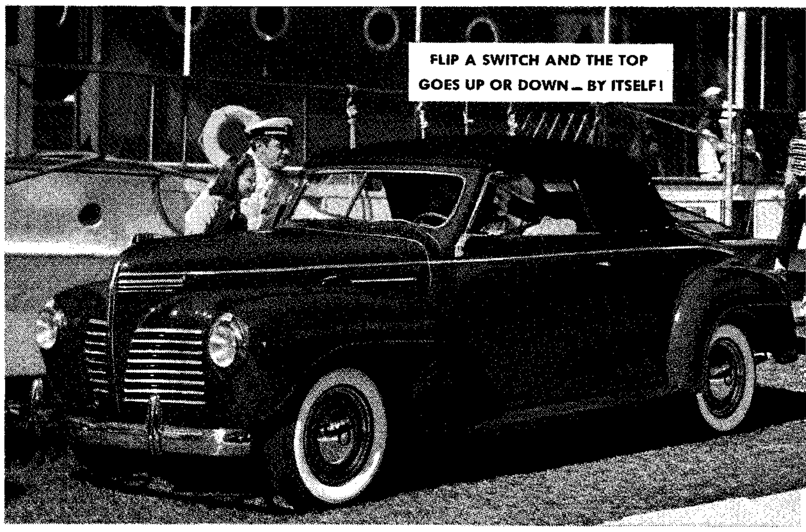

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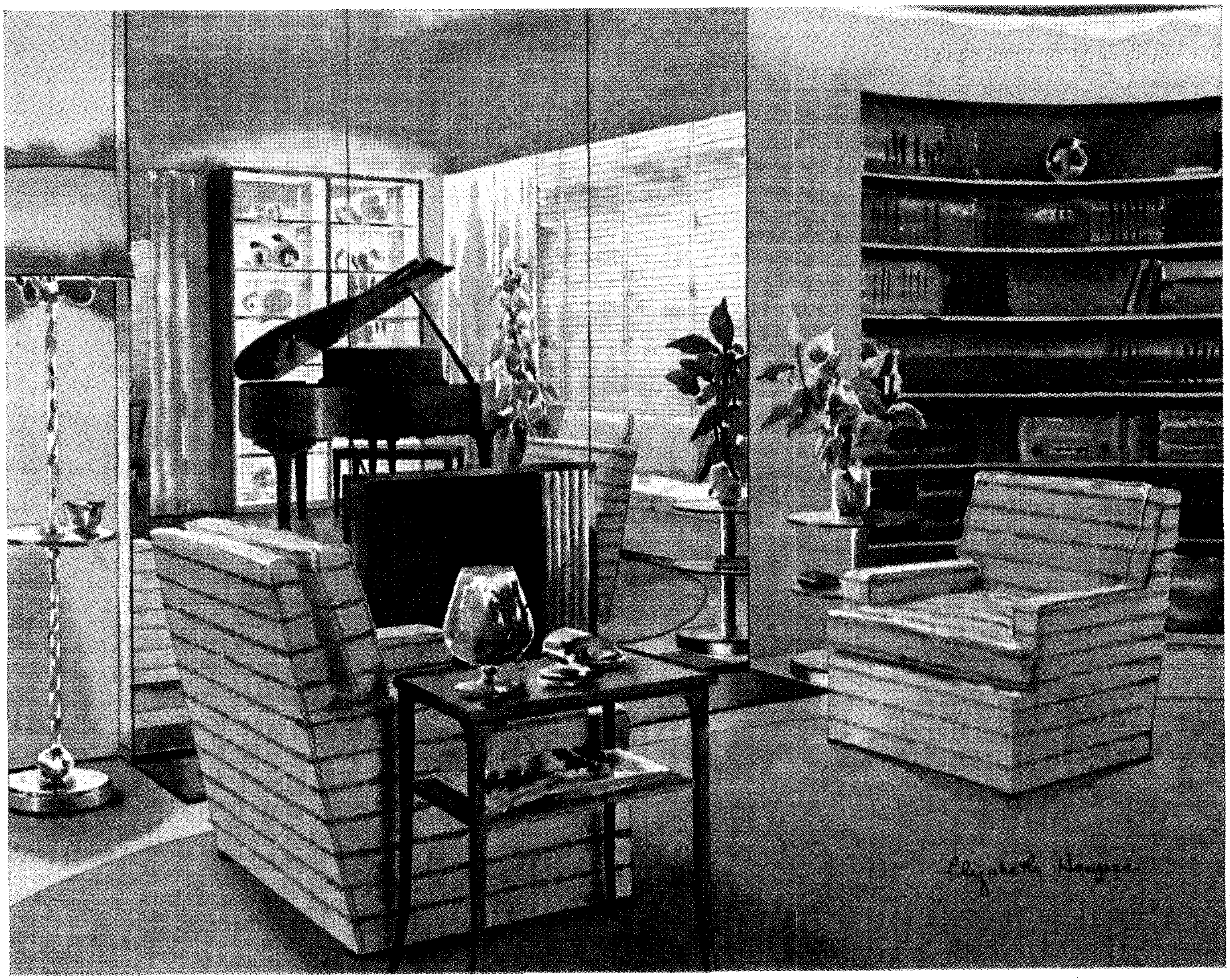

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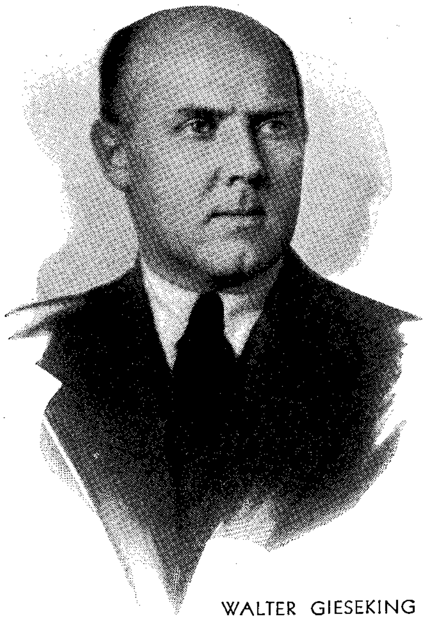

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# Baldwin PIANOS

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

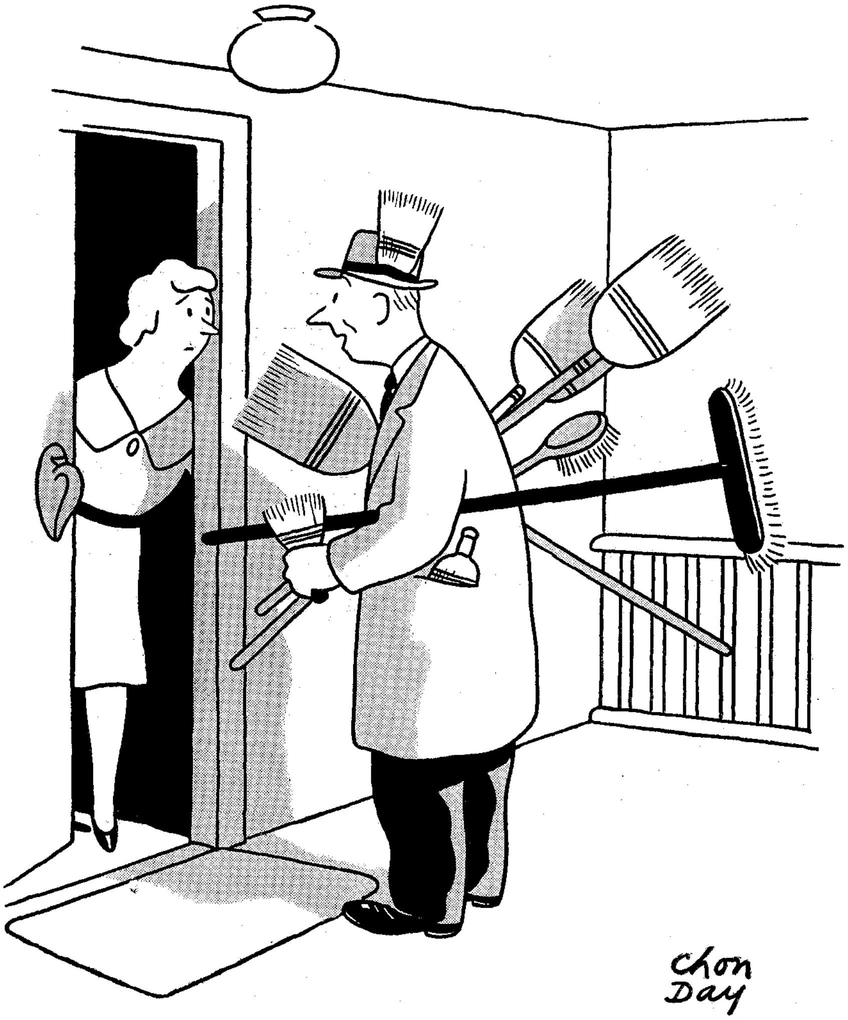
## THE EMPEROR'S STRAY CHILDREN

THERE are about two thousand Japanese living in the metropolitan district, but if you should go poking around in search of a colony of them, you would be disappointed. One occasionally sees pairs of Japanese snapping cameras in Rockefeller Center or holding chatty, deadpan sessions over highballs in the tonier bars. But unlike the city's other foreign groups, which have clustered and can easily be located in such sections as Yorkville, Mulberry Street, and Chinatown, the Japanese have scattered all over the place; nowhere in New York have they staked out a claim on which to exhibit their national cultural equivalents of *Bierstuben*, religious festivals, or folk dances. Visitors from the Pacific Coast are puzzled by the laxity of the local Caucasians in permitting such an obviously dangerous condition. They point out that in California the Japanese are largely centralized in farming and fishing villages, where officials can be reasonably certain that they are not up to any deviltry.

A less apprehensive view of the situation is taken by most New Yorkers who have bothered to think about it at all. It is that the Japanese have spread out simply because there are so few of them in any given trade or social status that they feel no great compulsion to hold together. Some Japanese are dishwashers, others are bankers, and, as in American society, the banker keeps as far away from the dishwasher as he can. Moreover, the well-to-do Japanese, in whatever foreign country they happen to be, pride themselves upon their ability to take on local customs and manners. Racial prejudice is not the important matter in New York that it is in some parts of the country, and the prosperous Japanese, who are relatively more numerous here than out West, are able, if they wish, to live in Park Avenue apartments or in suburbs like Rye and Mamaroneck. Many do, and belong to good country clubs. The rest find apartments to fit their purses, mostly in Manhattan and Queens, or they put up in hotels, furnished rooms, or Y.M.C.A. dormitories.

Because of their tendency to disperse themselves it is not an easy matter, even in ordinary times, to learn much about the Japanese around town. American criticism of Japan's doings in China has not made them any more accessible. Suspicious officials at the Japanese Army Office just off Columbus Circle and at the Japanese Naval Inspectors' Office on lower Madison Avenue are usually evasive and unwilling to talk to callers, and make it plain that they want to be left alone. Recently I have succeeded in getting to know some of the local residents because I happened to be corresponding with someone in the Japanese Embassy at Washington about another matter in which we both were interested, and I asked him to send me a few letters of introduction to Japanese around town. He did, and thus armed, I was received with bows instead of rebuffs.

THE Japanese here still politely insist upon referring to the war in China as "the incident," and they conceal behind their immobile faces a constant and uncomfortable tenseness about the whole sorry business. Boycott posters put up by pro-China groups are forever reminding the Japanese how unpopular their cause really is. In department stores, some of the more politically minded salesgirls keep them standing longer than necessary to be waited on and show them other small discourtesies. The Japanese say they can't understand this, and perhaps they really can't, for it seems plain to them that their intentions toward China are kindly. They profess to be particularly hurt by the ill feeling which the Chinese themselves have somewhat belatedly worked up, and although they are very fond of chop suey, they keep away from Chinatown to avoid unpleasantness. "Eight years ago, during the Manchurian incident," one Japanese told me with a sigh, "we retained our friendships in Chinatown. Today someone is stirring up the Chinese and training them to hate us. We Japanese, on the contrary, are taught from childhood to be good to the Chinese." Many have solved the chop-suey problem by patronizing a Chinese restaurant at 125th Street and Broadway. This is a gathering place for Columbia students who live at International House and is considered neutral terri-



*"I'd like to introduce myself."*

**WHICH IS COLDER...SPRING OR FALL?**

Weather Bureau figures for New York show that the three Spring months (March, April and May) are colder—much colder—than the three Fall months (September, October and November). April alone, for instance...despite that deceptive and treacherous feel of "Spring"...was almost 10 degrees colder last year than October. If you agree with us that a Spring Overcoat is a *necessity* every year...you will probably also agree with us that its style, workmanship and materials should make it thoroughly wearable for several seasons.

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tory. But one Japanese to whom I talked has sworn off eating Chinese food anywhere until the end of the war. This fellow has heard that the Chinese restaurateurs have vile ways of degrading the food they serve to Japanese patrons. He has also learned, on what he regards as good authority, of a subtle poison which, mixed in a bowl of chop suey, takes horrible effect six months later.

The New York Japanese are sending home all the money they can to help finance the army. One importer, for instance, in order to save up for a contribution, now plays golf only twice a month instead of once a week; he eats one egg and two strips of bacon for breakfast instead of two eggs and four strips, and has cut his liquor ration from nine to three drinks daily. Every Japanese who has a job contributes a large portion of his salary to the cause. A counterman receiving fifty dollars a month is expected to give ten. Gifts are no longer sent home to relatives. The money is sent to the war chest instead.

THE amount of Scotch whiskey consumed by the Japanese, even while they are economizing, is enormous. They drink lots of beer, too—not our weak American stuff, but a bitter brew, with a higher alcoholic content, which is made in Japan. Scotch became the national tipple when Japan stepped out of feudalism and adopted the British parliamentary system of government. There seemed to be a feeling that Scotch was an indispensable part of that system and, besides, it was pleasant to take. The race has always been notoriously vulnerable to the effects of alcohol, but upon assuming Western ways, Japanese gentlemen decided that they, at least, should rise above this handicap. They have been fairly successful and their achievement is a tribute to the adaptability of the human system to unusual strains. They now drink Scotch before, during, and after meals, and usually carry it off pretty well, for they are sippers rather than guzzlers and look with awe upon Americans whom they see downing drinks whole, as if they were oysters. The Japanese admire this way of drinking because they believe that it leads to cancer, and they respect anybody who shares their disregard for death.

Besides Chinese food, the Japanese go in a good deal for *smörgåsbord* and Italian dishes, but mostly they like straight American cuisine. They are rarely seen in Japanese restaurants, but once in a while entertain one another with Japanese meals in their own homes, nibbling and talking and drinking their way through a dinner that takes several hours. Their native dishes are notable more for artistic arrangement than for taste.

The local Japanese like deep-sea fishing, play a lot of golf, and are almost all amateur photographers. They have two golf organizations, the Japanese Golf Association and the Aobakai (Green Leaves Association), each of which holds half a dozen tournaments annually. The large Japanese business concerns, like Mitsui & Co., have their own tournaments. The Japanese go about golf with deadly intentness, reading books and taking lessons and worrying over their form even more than American businessmen do. In Jackson Heights there is the Nippon Archery Club and on upper Broadway the Nippon Tennis Club. The only native sport they cling to is jujitsu, which is practiced in several Japanese jujitsu clubs around town. The more intellectual Japanese attend concerts and exhibitions of futurist painting and are good customers of the back-number-magazine shops. They favor publications like the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and the *Yale Review*. Those who are religious worship in New York's three Japanese Protestant churches and two Buddhist temples, or in any Catholic church they happen to live near. There is a Japanese Catholic Club with headquarters in the archdiocesan chancery on Madison Avenue.

Hard times and the invasion of China have drastically reduced the number of Japanese students living in New York; there probably aren't more than twenty-five of them here at the moment. What few there are attend, mostly, Teachers College and the Union Theological Seminary. Theology and economics are their favorite subjects. Contrary to a belief held by many, the majority of Japanese students here do not come from wealthy families. Few of them, for example, have ever been able to afford to live at International House. In general, they take rooms in college dormitories, like any American student.

Social lines are sharply drawn among the Japanese. The aristocrats are the three hundred-odd members of the Nippon Club, which is on West Ninety-third Street. Most of the members are in the importing business, which is the only Japanese commercial activity of any real consequence here, but consular officials and employees, artists, purchasing officers for the army and navy, university students, bankers, insurance men, and exchange professors also belong. The most popular of the club's facilities, after the bar and dining room, is an indoor driving range for golfers. The members also play bridge, mah-jongg, poker, chess, and a Japanese game called *go*, which is a combination of checkers, tiddlywinks, and military strategy. A game of *go* may last an hour or several weeks.

The Emperor's birthday, April 29th, is observed with a formal dinner at the club, when there is much low bowing before His Imperial Majesty's portrait, and every New Year's the club gives a dance, American style. About half of the members are married and are subject to constant pressure from their wives to give more dances, but the ladies make almost no headway at all. Japanese men do their best to imitate American ways, but they don't want their wives to be contaminated by too many Occidental customs and ideas. They encourage their womenfolk to cultivate Japanese arts—arranging flowers symbolically on a table or fixing their hair Japanese style, a pursuit which takes hours. Once a month the women are allowed to get together for gossip sessions at the Nippon Club.

Just below the social level of the Nippon Club is a stratum of Japanese made up of proprietors of small businesses—novelty stores, pet shops, restaurants, and sandwich counters—and at the bottom is a layer composed of waiters and domestic servants. Since the exclusion law was passed in 1924, Japanese house help has become scarcer and scarcer, and today the domestics enjoy a higher degree of solvency than some of those who sip Scotch and play *go* at the Nippon Club. Many of these servants speculate in stocks and drive about in rather good automobiles.

THE exclusion law, for obvious reasons, offended racial pride, and the State Department's failure to seek a renewal of the 1911 trade treaty with Japan, when it expired this January, was properly looked upon as another public rebuff. Trade relations are still going on, but on a day-to-day basis. The plain implication of this is that the Department distrusts Japan's intentions in China and wants to be free to hold the club of commercial sanctions over her head. The practical effect of the exclusion law on the Japanese who live here has been that it has made normal life difficult. Under its terms, Japanese who had entered the country before 1924 were allowed to remain, but further immigration was prohibited. Most of the Japanese immigrants here at

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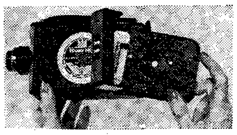

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the time were unmarried men who were planning to work their way into good jobs and then send home for wives or marry Japanese girls they met here. The exclusion law upset these plans; there were few unattached Japanese women in this country when it was passed and more were permitted to come in only under very special circumstances. Japanese men outnumber their womenfolk here by about three to one. Although the combination of a Japanese husband and an American wife is not often a happy one, marriages of this sort have been increasingly frequent in the past few years.

Japanese men fortunate enough to be employed in the consular and diplomatic services can enter and leave the country as often as they want, and the importing firms, too, may bring over as many men as they need for their business. Before the trade agreement lapsed, the importers' employees came in on a permit which allowed them to stay indefinitely without the formality of getting extensions. Now they may enter only on one-year permits. These licences will be renewed unless the schoolmarmish State Department decides that Japan needs another taste of discipline. The importers themselves and other Japanese doing business here must also operate on one-year permits until further notice. If a man of either of the privileged categories wants a Japanese bride, he may return home to get one and bring her back, or he may have his relatives pick one out and send her over. Brides who come here to get married frequently have an almost uncontrollable fit of giggling as soon as they step off the train. Giggling is a social weakness to which Japanese women are prone.

Last summer, an importer's clerk who had been saving all he could from his small salary wrote to Tokio for a mate. After crossing the Pacific, his family's choice got to New York a couple of hours late, through a misunderstanding of train schedules. The bridegroom, with the lordly impatience of the Japanese male, had tired of waiting at Grand Central and gone on to his office, assuming the lady would somehow manage to telephone him when her train got in. No word came from her until closing time, when she turned up at the office, giggling. A taxicab-driver who was carrying her travelling bag asked the clerk to pay a fare that made him feel weak. His bride-to-be, thinking the prettily painted cabs were operated as a courtesy to visitors, had spent the day seeing the city.

The Nippon Club sees that young people born here of Japanese parents become acquainted, and brings them together at teas. Dates naturally follow, and if a couple decide to get married, they ask an elderly friend to act as go-between and approach their families. This is of course not necessary, for the youngsters are American citizens by virtue of their birth on American soil, unless, when they are born, they are registered as Japanese at the nearest consulate, but they feel better for having observed Japanese tradition part way at least. During courtship their most frequent rendezvous are the motion-picture houses, where they enjoy a definite advantage over their young compatriots in Tokio. Back there the sustained kiss sequences in the highly popular American movies are limited by the censors to three feet of film, which is about two seconds.

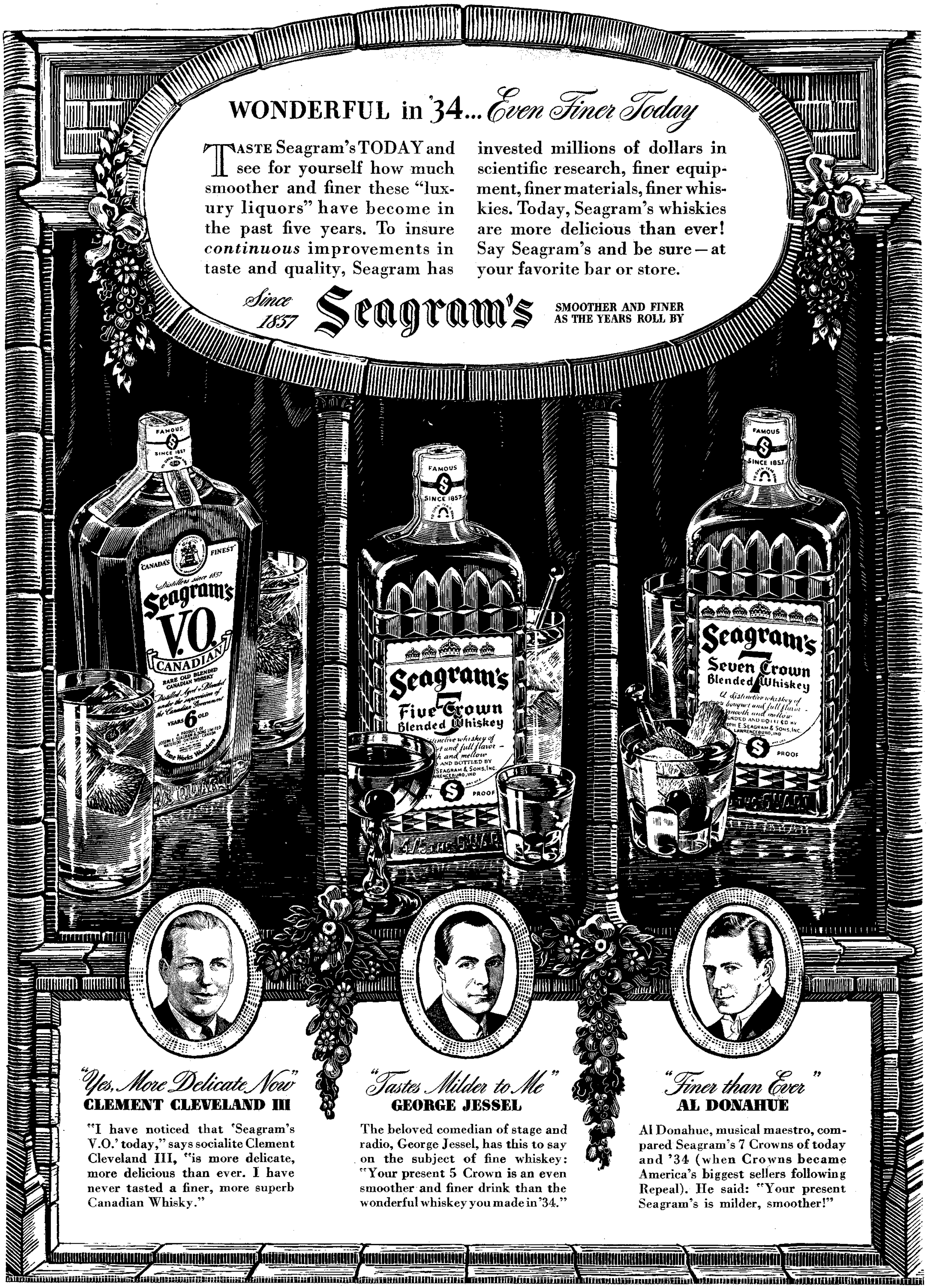
Japanese men take to the films with much greater ardor than do American men. Right now Deanna Durbin is the pet of the addicts. One with whom I discussed Miss Durbin said that he had been to see her latest picture five times, but added that she was just a passing crush. Into his serious daydreams, he confided, Marlene Dietrich always manages to slink.

The shutting off of immigration also created a relief problem which gets knottier as time goes on. Each year a considerable number of the pre-1924 immigrants become too old to work and, since most of them have never married, are without children to support them. To help these as well as others of the race who are unemployed, the more prosperous expatriates have organized a social agency called the Japanese Association. Police and hospital authorities report cases of poverty among Japanese to this agency and the needy are placed on the Association's relief rolls.

The Association is also an unofficial crime-prevention bureau. A Japanese reputed to be engaging in dishonest activities, even if he is not a ward of the Association, is visited by one of its workers and warned to be good. If he refuses, the agent goes to the nearest police station and reports him. This homely system, which is rooted in the strong family feeling all Japanese have for one another, keeps crime among them at a low point. But even a backslider who refuses to take the hint and gets sent to prison, thereby disgracing his spiritual father, the Emperor, is entitled to the Association's services when he dies. All funeral expenses are paid by the Association, which arranges for burial in a cemetery plot it owns in Maspeth, Queens, or for cremation and shipping the ashes back to Japan. There are no Japanese in potter's field.

THE Japanese have a knack for taking to American ways of doing things, and if some of them are mystics, musing, like their grandfathers, on the subject of death, they generally keep that fact to themselves. I was lucky, however, to meet one uninhibited Japanese who is openly the way his ancestors probably would have liked him to be. He is a handsome chap named Akihiko Yoshiwara. Mr. Yoshiwara is a Broadway actor with a leaning toward macabre philosophy that causes him, on summer evenings when he is at liberty, to visit graveyards. He is also a propagandist, and when he sets out for a cemetery he usually carries a packet of pamphlets and a box lunch. He may also be wearing gloves and spats and swinging a cane, for he is a careful dresser. The pamphlets tell in an injured tone of how unscrupulous publications have calumniously distorted Japan's aims in China. Mr. Yoshiwara spends a good deal of his spare time distributing them to sympathetic-looking Americans whom he meets on ferryboats or at parties, which he frequents as often as cemeteries.

On entering a graveyard, Mr. Yoshiwara strolls about, reading headstone inscriptions until he finds one which interests him. Then he sits down, opens his cardboard box, and makes a leisurely meal of sandwiches and fruit, reflecting meanwhile upon what the life and circumstances of the individual near whose grave he is resting might have been. After eating, he carefully wraps up the scraps of food and stretches full length on the grass, trying, as he explains it, to establish spiritual contact with his subject in the grave. Surrounded by the soft quiet so necessary to the philosopher, he finally drops off to sleep. When he awakes, dawn is breaking



WONDERFUL in '34... *Even Finer Today*

TASTE Seagram's TODAY and see for yourself how much smoother and finer these "luxury liquors" have become in the past five years. To insure *continuous* improvements in taste and quality, Seagram has invested millions of dollars in scientific research, finer equipment, finer materials, finer whiskies. Today, Seagram's whiskies are more delicious than ever! Say Seagram's and be sure—at your favorite bar or store.

*Since 1857* Seagram's SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

*"Yes, More Delicate Now"*

**CLEMENT CLEVELAND III**

"I have noticed that 'Seagram's V.O.' today," says socialite Clement Cleveland III, "is more delicate, more delicious than ever. I have never tasted a finer, more superb Canadian Whisky."

*"Tastes Milder to Me"*

**GEORGE JESSEL**

The beloved comedian of stage and radio, George Jessel, has this to say on the subject of fine whiskey: "Your present 5 Crown is an even smoother and finer drink than the wonderful whiskey you made in '34."

*"Finer than Ever"*

**AL DONAHUE**

Al Donahue, musical maestro, compared Seagram's 7 Crowns of today and '34 (when Crowns became America's biggest sellers following Repeal). He said: "Your present Seagram's is milder, smoother!"

"SEAGRAM'S V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

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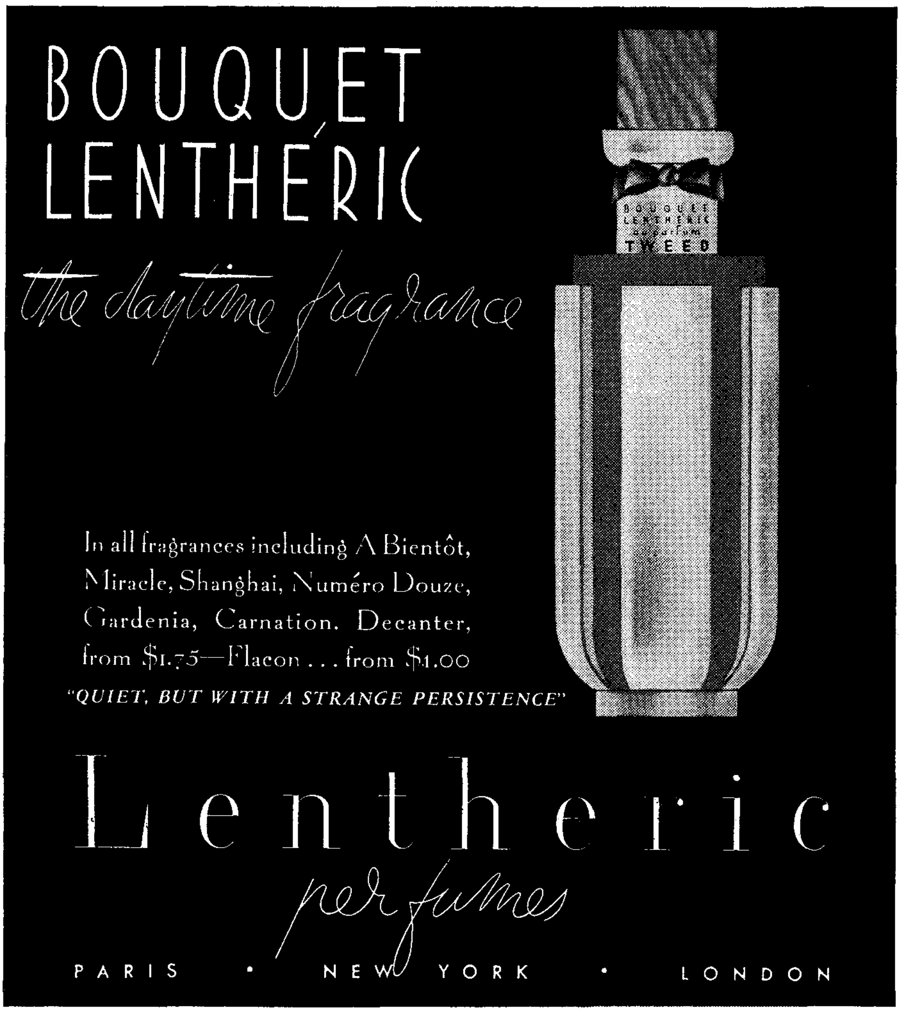
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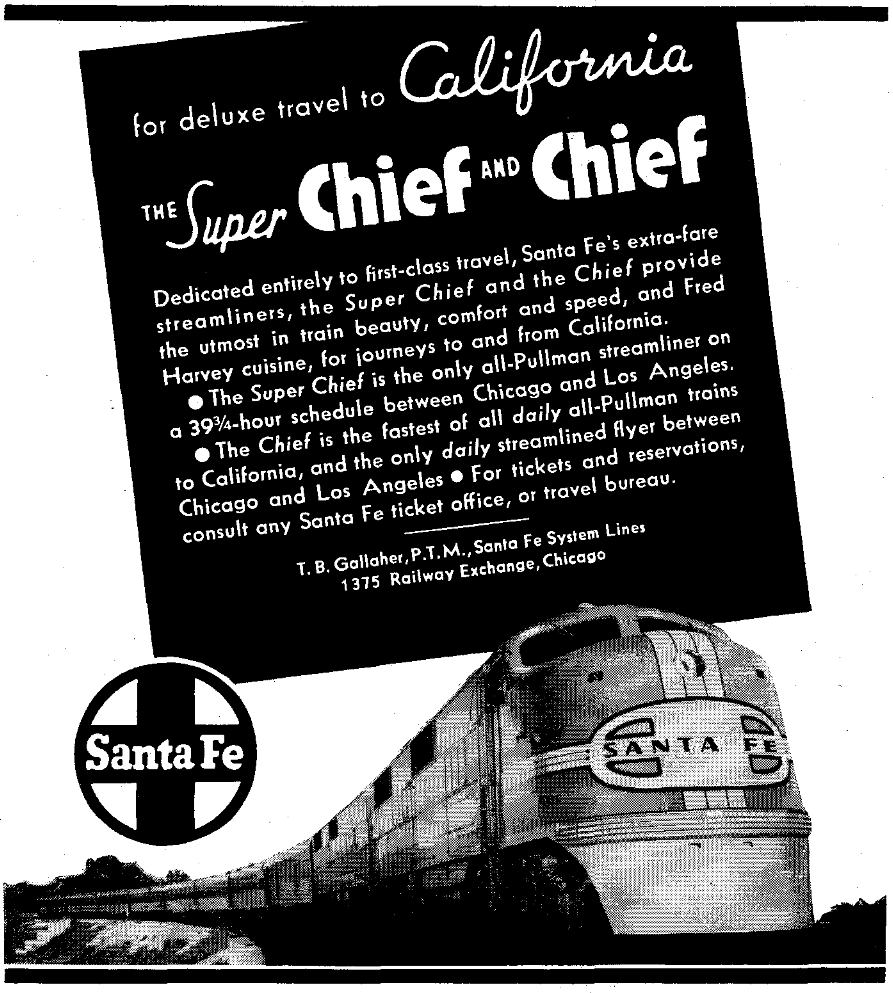
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and the birds are singing, as in an emperor's garden. Mr. Yoshiwara arises with a prayer of thanks for all this beauty and returns to city life refreshed, not forgetting to deposit his bundle of scraps in the first public refuse can he sees.

Mr. Yoshiwara prefers dilapidated cemeteries and considers places like Kensico and Woodlawn much too cultivated and manicured for his purpose. He likes weedy, overgrown burial grounds, which are in tune with his mood of sweet melancholy, and has learned that Staten Island is the best place to find them. Somewhere out there, he says, is the neglected grave of a lad who died when he was twenty-one and who, if living today, would be in his fifties. This is Mr. Yoshiwara's favorite spot, for he seems to discern proof of the beneficence of fate in the young man's early death. How lovely, reflects Mr. Yoshiwara, leaning on the rail of a Manhattan-bound ferry and watching the sun come up over Brooklyn, to have been plucked while life was still beautiful, before it began to get tough. —JACK ALEXANDER

•

## FOUR ELMS

Whoever it was that planted them
A hundred years ago,
Spread roots apart and tamped in earth,
Would now be glad to know
Another man, tree-comforted,
Waits for their leaves to grow.

So close they are to the house wall
He could have had no fear
That worn with winter and the weight
Of every growing year
They might break roof and window
  down
Before his sleep could hear.

Yet if they should destroy the house,
It would not be so wrong;
Three generations now have heard
Branch lifting and leaf song.
We take a chance on anything
We want to keep for long.

—PAUL ENGLE

•

Mrs. Aubrey Williams was with us for the day, and Mr. Clarence Pickett came to see me for a little while in the late afternoon. Both of them took the train north in the evening, and I confess that a quiet evening was very agreeable to me.—*Eleanor Roosevelt in the World-Telegram.*

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

# TABLES FOR TWO

*Zebra Stripes to Sawdust*

PEOPLE who haven't been to El Morocco for some time are going to be surprised when they next drop in there. Not only are the banquettes again upholstered in zebra stripes, but the club, for the first time in its history, has a floor show. The decorative revival was dictated, apparently, by the demands of publicity; the show, whatever the reason for it, was a happy idea. It consists of Sigrid Lassen, a member of that now crowded class of entertainers known as society singers, and the De Marcos, who for a long time have been in a class all by themselves. Miss Lassen has an unaggressive technique and a thin, pleasant voice made adequately audible by a microphone. The De Marcos are the De Marcos. They are handicapped somewhat at El Morocco by having to work on a floor that is small for their routines and so interferes with a few of their more sweeping movements. This restriction, however, has its advantages, for the management can't ring the floor with tables until after the last show, which gives customers who want to dance an unlooked for break—a break, that is, by the El Morocco standards of *Lebensraum.*

THE Rainbow Room is still frequented by hordes of visitors who whisper to each other, "Imagine, dear, a night club sixty-five stories up!" Once they're able to take that in their stride, there's plenty on hand for them to enjoy. Eddie Le Baron's orchestra, no longer merely filling in with rumbas but playing real music, is a smooth, versatile group, and Leni Bouvier and Eugene van Grona are a smart dance team with satiric leanings. Miss Bouvier and Mr. van Grona have a repertoire in which Miss B. switches her costume every minute or so and Mr. van G. slinks thoughtfully around. They have an impersonal way of dancing that is a welcome change. Most of the dance teams I'm familiar with act as if they were about to sneak out the back door and go on a honeymoon, but these two give the impression that they have just been introduced and failed to catch the name. Well, they're difficult names. Marlynn and Michael have been

Be one of the Crowd
—and be Moderate, too!

Luncheon
Keep in tune with a Count Rossi cocktail—straight Vermouth, two ice cubes, slice of orange, lemon peel. Tastes swell!

Cocktails
How about something new—a Vermouth Old-Fashioned? Use Old-Fashioned recipe without sugar. Substitute Martini & Rossi Vermouth for whiskey; serve cold.

After Dinner
Americano? Half fill glass with Italian Vermouth, dash of bitters, lemon peel, seltzer, ice. It's full flavored!

DON'T miss fun because you believe in moderation. Just stick to Vermouth—it's moderation itself.

And the flavor of Martini & Rossi Vermouth will give you a delightful surprise. A rare spiciness—infused from a blend of exotic herbs—gives this fine Vermouth a rich, full flavor. Try it straight, in highballs or cocktails.

Be moderate . . . and in good taste. Ask for Martini & Rossi—the standard Vermouth.

Late Evening
Try Vermouth and soda. Two jiggers of Vermouth—ice, seltzer. Tall . . . cool . . . delicious!

HOW TO ENJOY VERMOUTH
1 Colder it is, the better Vermouth tastes.
2 Keep Vermouth in the refrigerator.
3 All Vermouth drinks should be served iced. Ask for it cold when dining out.
4 For greater enjoyment, always specify Martini & Rossi — the standard Vermouth.

MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH
SOLE AGENTS IN U. S. A.
W. A. TAYLOR & CO. NEW YORK
IMPORTERS SINCE 1888
Alcohol 15.95% by volume

Vermouth Glass—designed by Count Theo Rossi. 6 for $1.25; 12 for $2—postpaid. W. A. Taylor, Dept. N, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.

America's Favorite Vermouth

dancing in the Rainbow Grill, on the same exalted level, for over two years, and it's time I paid a tribute to the way they have the audience take part in their show. (This performance goes on at the normally inactive hour between nine-thirty and ten-thirty, when the newsreel theatres do a land-office business for lack of competition.) Ordinarily I am opposed to shows in which the patrons are expected to join, but this is different. Those who take part are not dragged on the floor willy-nilly, as they are at other places; they are volunteers, and they dance, depending on their sex, with either Marlynn or Michael. Champagne is given to the customers who get the most applause. You find, to your surprise, that the sour-looking man in the party at your right is capable of a diverting and accomplished polka, and that the timid girl in the corner, with proper encouragement, can do the conga with expert, Diosa Costello touches. It's fun to watch. Both the Rainbow Room and the Rainbow Grill are fortunate in having Gali Gali, an Egyptian who does baffling tricks with corks, handkerchiefs, and rings. He ends up by making live baby chickens flutter mysteriously from men's pockets and pant legs, and nobody ever seems to object to being used in this way. Mr. Gali, or Mr. Gali Gali, can make a fool of a man and at the same time be polite almost to the point of humility.

Fefé's Monte Carlo goes on and on, and I never cease to wonder at its elegance. The lighting is not only the best in town for enhancing the charms of a lady's gown, as more than one lady has insisted, but it is so well handled that during the appearance of a singer, for example, even the table lights are dimmed by remote control. Ted Straeter's orchestra gets better and better as the months roll by. You'll still find the music nearly continuous, as Straeter's men artfully replace, one by one, the members of another band, with never the slightest break in tempo.

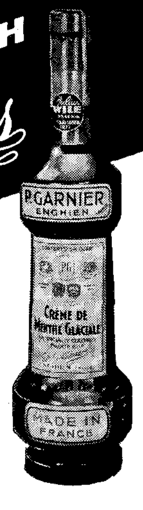
Up at the Savoy-Plaza Café Lounge they believe in one entertainer at a time, and for a long while now they've been alternating between Hildegarde and Dwight Fiske. It's Fiske's turn at the moment, and I'm sorry to say that I miss Hildegarde. I read somewhere that Mr. Fiske had a couple of new and riotous numbers, but I'm afraid I'm not in a position to say anything about them. All his songs seem to me so much the same that I find myself gazing into space and slighting his accounts of some-

...AND TO DRINK, SIR?

THAT FAMOUS
CREME DE MENTHE

• There's nothing like a *magnificent* French liqueur to make you feel you've really *dined*. If you go in for urbane living, remember that Garnier Liqueurs represent the height of French genius in this difficult art. A great favorite is Garnier Creme de Menthe* . . . rich with the exciting flavor of the real herb. Try also Garnier Abricotine,* warm with the sunny flavor of ripe apricots. And Garnier Creme de Cacao,* luscious with chocolate richness.

GARNIER
FRENCH
Liqueurs



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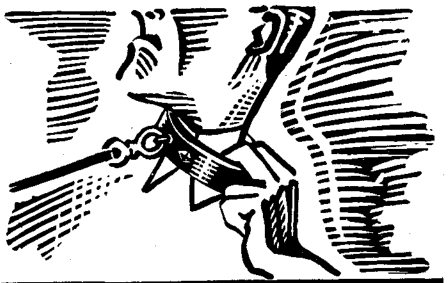

somebody ought to tell him about the
VAN HEUSEN COLLAR
the soft collar with the starched look
separate—or attached to the Van Heusen shirt
35¢ 3 for $1

IT'S WOVEN ON A CURVE TO FIT THE NECK

*Beginning April 5*

Informal Empire Room
ORRIN TUCKER
and His Orchestra
Featuring Songs by
BONNIE BAKER
Dinner and Supper Dancing
Couvert after 11 P. M., $1
Saturday, $1.50

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ASTORIA

See them broadcast on "Your Hit Parade" from the Waldorf Saturday nights... 9:00-9:45 P. M. and at Midnight

body or other's strange emotional experiences. There are plenty of admirable people, however, who fall over gasping with delight every time Mr. Fiske arches an expressive eyebrow, and they will probably just disregard me as an old meanie.

LA MARTINIQUE, still a first-rate Latin place, has brought in a young comedian, Danny Kaye, who is tropical only to the extent of doing a lively burlesque of a conga shortly after everyone else in the room has finished doing the dance seriously. This, I understand, is Mr. Kaye's first night-club engagement, and he should do well in the field, especially when he gets some material to replace a few of his weaker numbers. He's a likable fellow with an excellent voice, which he uses with equal success in a tender Irish folk melody and in a hilarious recital of how the Stanislavsky method made him an actor.

ODDS AND ENDS: The Nine o'Clock Club, which has commendably done away with its garish copper ceiling, is installing a real, man-sized bar, despite its original theory that such an item would have a bad influence upon the young folk who go there. Bar or no bar, the young folk turn up in amazingly large numbers, on weekends at any rate. Sonny Kendis's band is there, too, with good, grown-up music. . . . Kelly's Stable has moved one block north, from Fifty-first Street to Fifty-second, and now offers Frankie Newton's small swing combination. The new place looks a good deal like a roadhouse, but there's still plenty of sawdust on the floor, if you are in a mood for sawdust. . . . Some of the best swing in town is to be found at the Hickory House, where Stuff Smith's band has taken over the stand in the middle of the oval bar. Mr. Smith has a willing and able accomplice in the person of Herbert Cowen, his drummer. When Mr. Cowen gets warmed up, it seems incredible that the glasses don't fall off the bar—or that he doesn't, from sheer exhaustion.

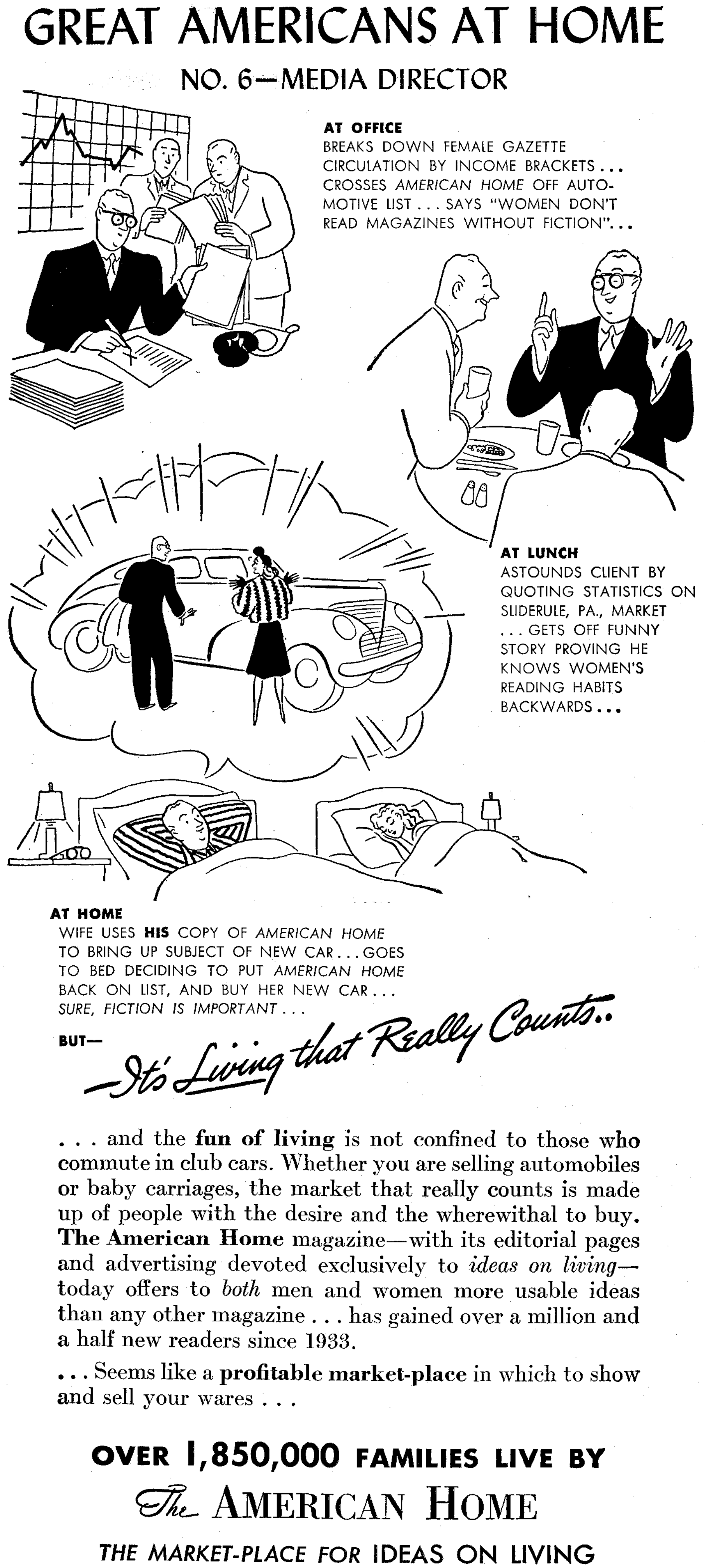
—CHECK

•

QUESTION—Please explain the difference between capital, capitol, and capitle.—M. N.

ANSWER—There is no such word as capitle. CAPITOL is a building, a statehouse. Congress meets in the CAPITOL which is located in the CAPITAL city. The word CAPITOL is usually spelled with a COPITAL "C."—*Boston Globe.*

And the buildink is full of kepital people.



GREAT AMERICANS AT HOME

NO. 6—MEDIA DIRECTOR

**AT OFFICE**
BREAKS DOWN FEMALE GAZETTE CIRCULATION BY INCOME BRACKETS . . . CROSSES *AMERICAN HOME* OFF AUTOMOTIVE LIST . . . SAYS "WOMEN DON'T READ MAGAZINES WITHOUT FICTION" . . .

**AT LUNCH**
ASTOUNDS CLIENT BY QUOTING STATISTICS ON SLIDERULE, PA., MARKET . . . GETS OFF FUNNY STORY PROVING HE KNOWS WOMEN'S READING HABITS BACKWARDS . . .

**AT HOME**
WIFE USES **HIS** COPY OF *AMERICAN HOME* TO BRING UP SUBJECT OF NEW CAR . . . GOES TO BED DECIDING TO PUT *AMERICAN HOME* BACK ON LIST, AND BUY HER NEW CAR . . . *SURE, FICTION IS IMPORTANT . . .*

**BUT—**

*—It's Living that Really Counts . .*

. . . and the **fun of living** is not confined to those who commute in club cars. Whether you are selling automobiles or baby carriages, the market that really counts is made up of people with the desire and the wherewithal to buy. **The American Home** magazine—with its editorial pages and advertising devoted exclusively to *ideas on living*—today offers to *both* men and women more usable ideas than any other magazine . . . has gained over a million and a half new readers since 1933.

. . . Seems like a **profitable market-place** in which to show and sell your wares . . .

**OVER 1,850,000 FAMILIES LIVE BY**

The AMERICAN HOME

*THE MARKET-PLACE FOR* IDEAS ON LIVING

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

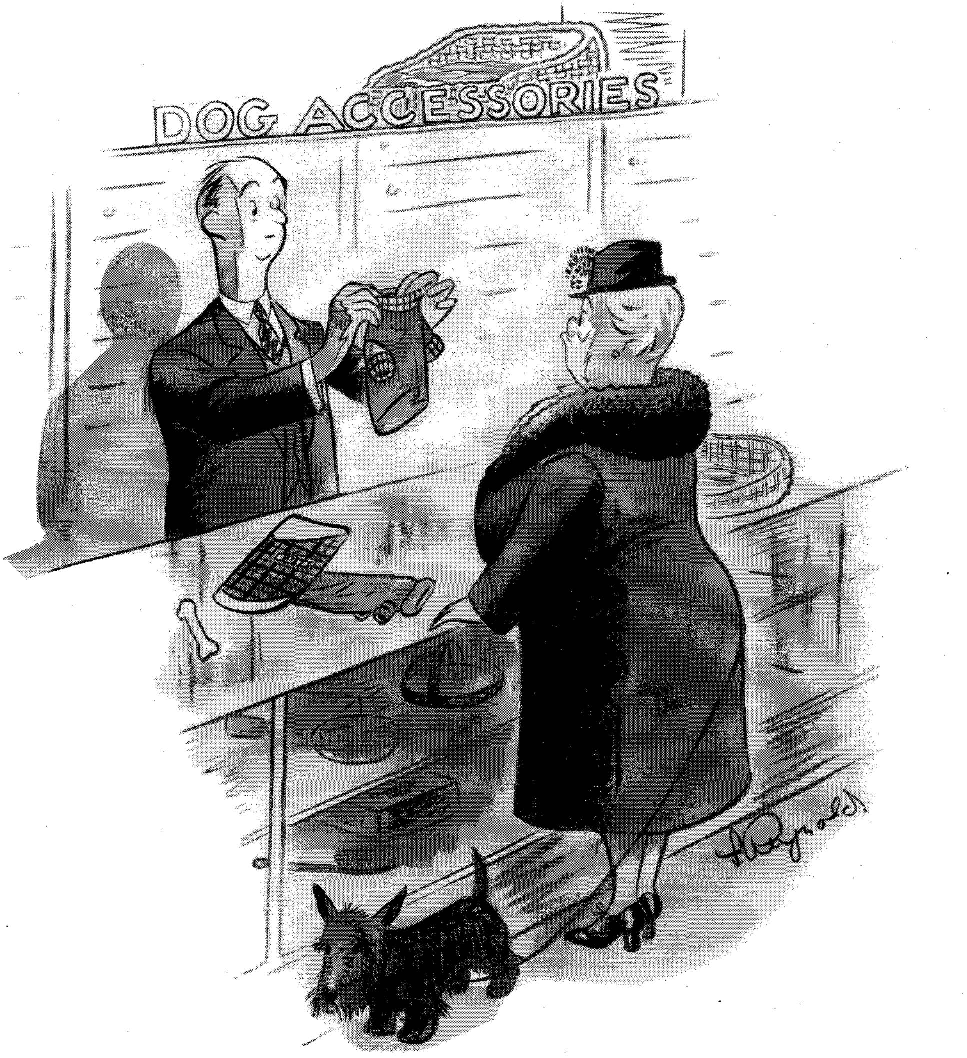
## FEMININE FASHIONS

THE public has often been informed, by means of inspired press releases, that some genius or other has finally removed the stigma of being "matronly" from ready-to-wear dresses in large sizes. Yearning women investigating such claims are all too likely to discover merely the old mistakes offered in brand-new materials; somehow, the dresses thus heralded continue to give a woman that upholstered swell which our mothers referred to as "busty" and to have collars which, though added in a benign attempt to soften the face and neck, are fussy and lacking in chic.

Kathleen, at 118 East 60th Street, is not in any way responsible for this discouraging state of affairs; she has always had a knack for collecting fashionable clothes which flatter older women to such an extent that young ones who happen to be built on majestic lines go to her too. There is such variety in this shop that you would have to be a size 54¾ with a yen for a Rumanian peasant costume not to be able to find something you liked. The collection is particularly inspired in printed costumes, the most wearable and usual of all American spring uniforms. The place runs a charming gamut in sizes and ages, from a youthful $29.95 dress with a turnover collar, pleats spraying out down the bodice, and a circular skirt (in an enchanting daisy print) to a matriarchal costume in a black-and-white print, both dress and hip-length jacket bound in black velvet. At $49.75, there are costumes combining print and plain fabric. One has a long top of black wool jersey and a brown-and-yellow print crêpe skirt gathered at the long waistline; the turnover collar is of print, which also lines the short jersey jacket, tied so it looks bellhop in back and loose in front. Exact copies of that long-slender-line Molyneux success in brown-and-white print have the printed coats bloused above the waistline; conventional navy-and-white prints for all ages have pleated or gathered fullness low in the skirt and plain navy wool jackets, bolero type or in longer box-coat styles, with printed linings and revers. Kathleen has lovely dresses in imported prints and plain wool coats to go over them; look at a red-and-green print and a green tweed topcoat shown with a natural straw sailor which has carrots and potatoes bobbing in front. Then there are separate coats, among them some in navy or black wool with loops of grosgrain ribbon at either side of the neckline to take the place of fur. There are, too, beautiful navy or black separate dresses. A particularly fetching one has a little collar of eyelet embroidery and wide bands of the embroidery encircling a skirt that is full below a long waistline. Another dress, and one that could make you pass up prints without a sigh, is a navy sheer affair with navy taffeta ruffles on the collar of its jacket.

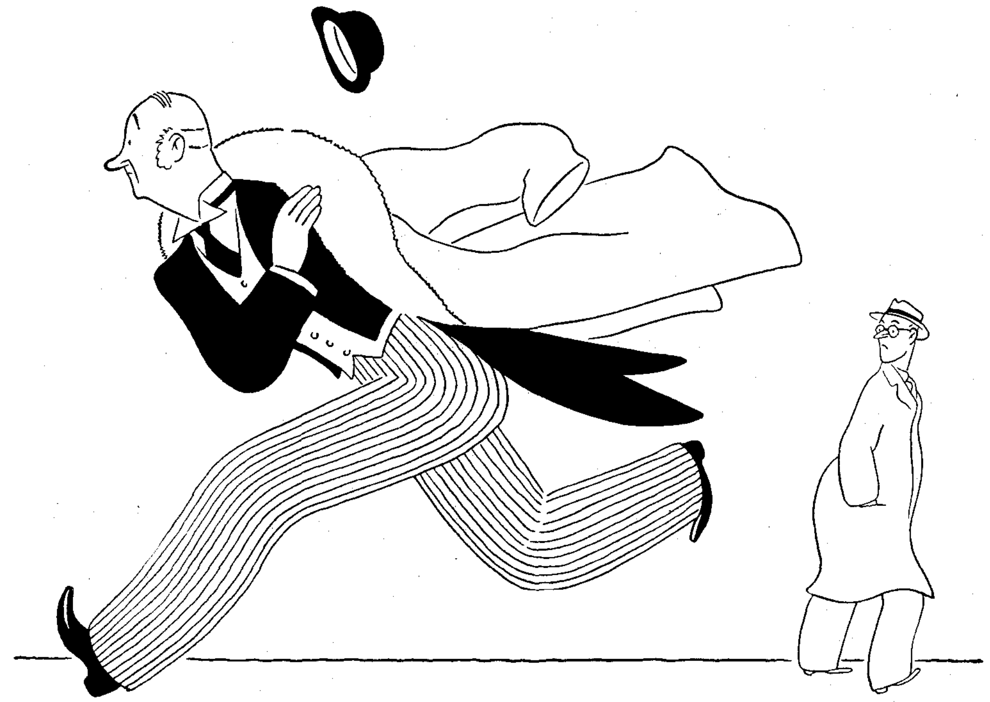
For fearfully hot weather (remember those days?), there are dark chiffons for older women, with straight, below-hip-length jackets and dresses enlivened by fine tucks on the bodice and fan pleats toward the bottom of the skirt. Another and more original idea for summer is cotton mesh dresses, in both dark and pastel colors, which have slips to match and are made very simply—shirtwaist style for young people, and with tucks and fine twisted detail for older ones. They have the advantage of neither crushing nor sticking. For cocktails or restaurant dining on stifling evenings, look at some new dresses of dark marquisette, such as one with a tucked top, a ruffle of self material around the armholes, a V neckline, and a circular street-length skirt; or one in black with cream lace down its coatee front—dainty without being mussy.

IT can hardly be news to anyone in New York—or Tulsa, either—that Abercrombie & Fitch are expertly equipped to handle almost any active sports problem you can think of. If, though, your desire is simply to blend into a country atmosphere, they are equally adroit at helping you. Currently they are showing three-piece ensembles



*"It's informal, of course—just something for lounging about."*

# Why butler Russell has to Hustle!



**"Better to lose my dignity** than my job," muses butler Russell, as he hustles off to the liquor store for some Four Roses. For the boss just telephoned that he's bringing a client home to dinner. Butler Russell knows there'd be trouble aplenty if the cocktails and highballs were made with anything but the whiskey he's been instructed to serve on occasions like this. If you're a man who delights in serving your guests the finest possible whiskey...won't you try Four Roses?

*GUESTS REMEMBER THE HOST*
*WHO SERVES FOUR ROSES*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

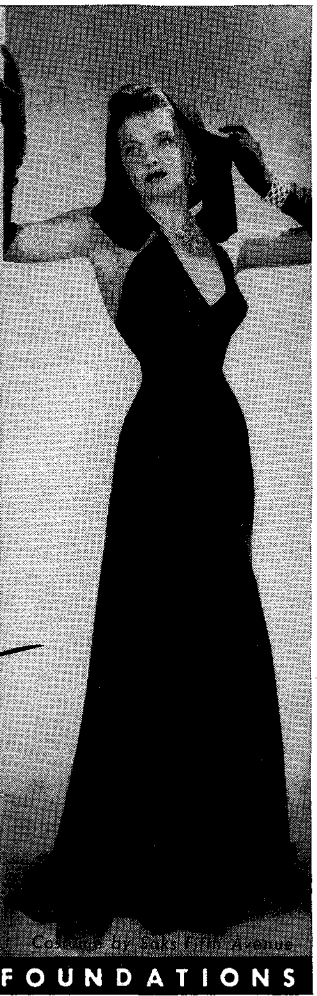
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

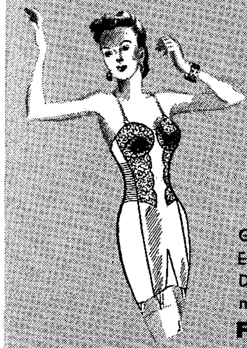
**Cool-ees* FOR LEISURE HOURS**

The first really new idea in men's shoes since the passing of the gaiter. Footwear designed for sports and leisure wear, and featuring the felt and cork padded Cool-ee sole construction. Illustrated, the Casual, a glove-type shoe available in bucko and hogskin. Now at better stores everywhere.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

California Casuals
INC.
LOS ANGELES





*Miss Frances Donelon*

**LOVELY FASHION MODEL**

***is a perfect "Grecian" type***

But her "Grecian" (average) Flexees molds her waist to greater slenderness, accents the curves of hips and bosom, transforming her to the perfect "fashionable" type. And your Flexees will do the same for *you* . . . beautifully, comfortably! Let the Flexees-trained corsetiere at your favorite store fit you with your type...now!

**Girdles and Combinations, $5 to $15**

Flexees

Grecian, Renaissance, Parisienne, Egyptian, Empire, Moyen Age or Debutante . . . your special Flexees will mold you to the "fashionable" ideal.

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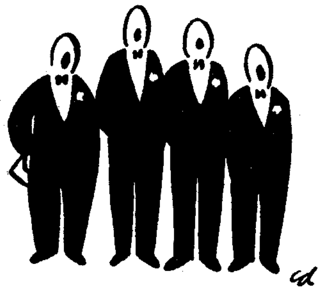
**NEW YORK · TORONTO · LONDON**

Costume by Saks Fifth Avenue

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

consisting, say, of a slightly flaring flannel skirt, an acetate blouse, and an olive-drab or gray handknit cardigan on which flannel that matches the skirt is used either as binding or to make big, decorative patch pockets; these are quietly correct and cost around $85. Then there is the Jaeger output. It includes a skirt of gray jersey so closely woven that it resembles fine cloth, to be worn with a longish, close-fitting jacket buttoned snugly down from the turnover collar; tweed suits in pastel overplaids with jackets of the cardigan type; and another suit involving a gored skirt of black tweed and a jacket made of bright plaid tweed except for its front, which is black to match the skirt. All of these are about $75. For when the weather gets warmer, you can find masculine gabardine suits, usually single-breasted and often boasting the huge flap pockets that are adding a fillip to otherwise tradition-bound country suits. Among the topcoats, red is a favorite, appearing, for instance, with black to give flair to a coachman affair, checked like a horse blanket, that has a fitted back. A coat of red fleece has these new flap pockets and fastening beginning at the waistline. Fitted coats with high notched collars and patch pockets are done in pink-and-green plaids and swagger ones come in soft-toned checks and plaids. Abercrombie even makes hats to match in the same material, preferring small ones with arrogant quills either piercing the crown or riding high in back. Nothing, nothing about the collection suggests the striding, dowdy English sportswomen of other days.

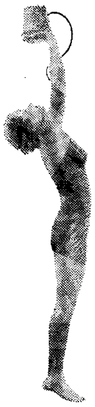
THE coming of spring is annually a signal for an outbreak of fur scarves, capes, and little jackets, and Gunther would be the last person in the world to flout so lovely a tradition. There are always novelties here; prominent among them now are dyed furs that have emerged from the hussy class into high respectability. White fox, for one, frankly dyed to imitate platina, makes short, chunky jackets that sell for $350. Sometimes, of course, this dyeing goes to lengths that are shocking to me



# YOU GET A NEW ANGLE ON BEAUTY in

## nemo Sensations

made with "Lastex" yarn



It's getting easier to be beautiful, thanks to the *diagonal tension* of Nemo's Angle-Pull technique. In firm but friendly fashion, this ingenious *bias pull* shapes a new and lovelier you. And assures the long, slim waistline so desired today. In which Nemo's Angle-Pull is aided and abetted by the stretch of "Lastex" yarn, in various applications. As exemplified in this quartet of figure loveliness . . . suitable for every occasion . . . a complete foundation wardrobe.

*HAIL! (Photographed) A great girdle for the average Junior who wants to put her best figure forward. All sizes 25 to 30. Worn with Nemo's Partos Brassiere, in which two clever bands made with "Lastex" yarn provide definite uplift and separation.*

*HURRAY! A charming sister pantie girdle to Hail, with detachable hose supporters. It comes in all sizes 25 to 30.*

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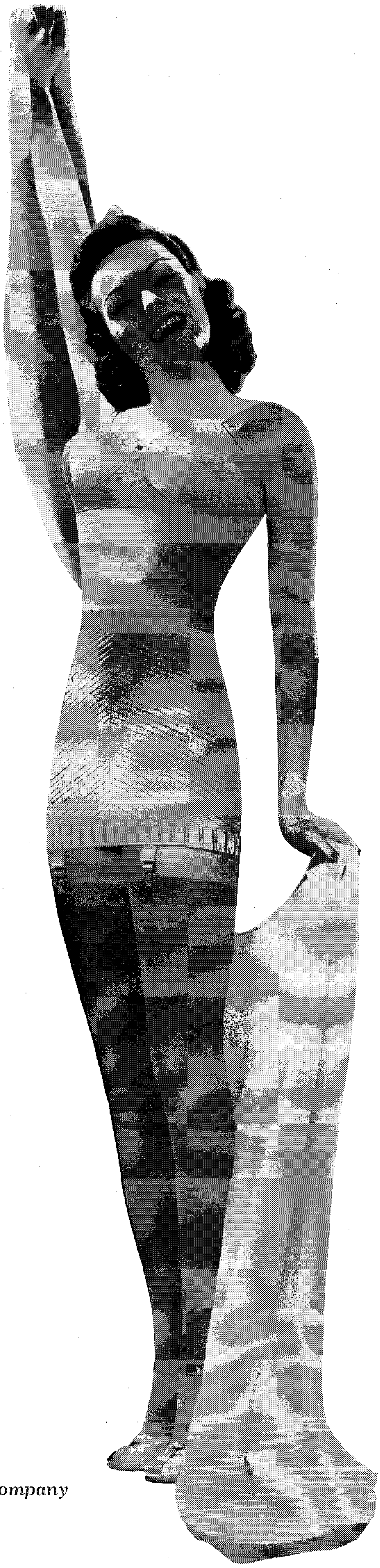
*APPLAUSE! A great combination garment for the Junior-to-average figure. It comes in all sizes 32 to 38.*

When choosing foundation garments of any kind make sure they are made with the "Lastex" yarn which is so largely responsible for these modern miracles of fit with freedom, of control with comfort.



Lastex

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*An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company*
*Rockefeller Center, New York City*

—the idea of dyeing mink blue to resemble fisher or Hudson Bay sable seems going too far, although this mink makes jackets and long coats that are personable enough. Despite the fact that stole capes are not being worn around generally yet, Gunther loves them and shows them made of silver fox with deep tabs forming pockets below the waistline. His kolinsky stoles have high, round, collarless necks, a bellhop-jacket look in back, and a wide brown suède sash which ties in front. For evening, blended stone marten makes a stole extending below the knees. Among the jackets, a Molyneux baum marten stands out. It has a tiny round collar in back and wide folds (into which you can thrust your hands) down the tuxedo front.

Don't forget the Budget Department, where small fur jackets start as low as $85. Some are of beige-dyed fox, others are of lynx-dyed wolf. Gray kid is fashioned into a jacket with a tiny turnover collar tying in a satin bow at the neck. They do a nice job here. —L. L.

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## DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

THE editors of *Fortune* have called to the attention of the editors of *The New Yorker* an error in the Profile of Dr. George Gallup, published in our issue of March 2nd.

In this article, the statement was made that in 1936, Paul Cherington, then chief of the staff which conducted *Fortune's* Presidential poll, submitted to the editors figures which turned out to be an accurate forecast of the election. The article continued, "To the editors of *Fortune*, who didn't believe that Roosevelt would be elected, it looked simply as if something had gone terribly wrong. After a series of fevered conferences, it was decided not to publish the results of the survey before the election. They were published after the election, but of course nobody cared by then . . ."

In fact, *Fortune* did publish, in its October, 1936, issue, the results of a survey that reflected the preference of the voters polled in practically the same proportion as the election results in November. The confusion arose because an additional survey, made to check up on the first, was completed a few days before the election and published as a supplement to the December issue of *Fortune*.

Wrong was *The New Yorker*, and to the editors of *Fortune* our check for five dollars for discovering the error.

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# THE RACE TRACK

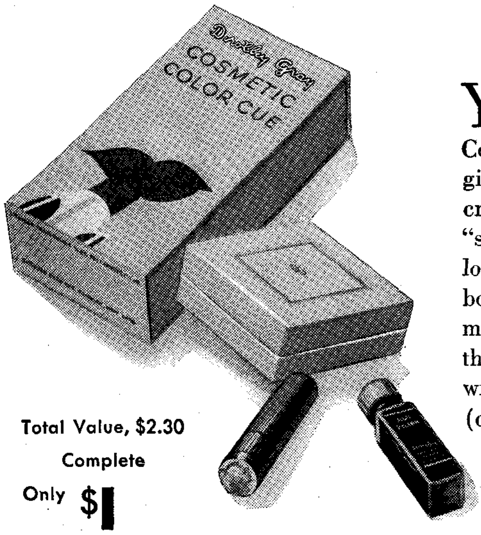
## *The Iron Men Arrive*

ALTHOUGH it is a relief to have the matter of how we are going to bet at the New York tracks from now on practically settled, it still might be premature to carol "Happy Days Are Here Again" over the passage of the pari-mutuel bill. Senator Dunnigan's bill, having staggered through a bewildering series of whipsawing maneuvers between the Senate and Assembly in Albany, provides for an equal division between the state and the racing associations of a ten-per-cent take, which is the brokerage charge for wagering in the totalisator, or "iron man." Not even in Florida or California, where legislators are adept at getting money out of the taxpayers, is the state's cut so high. Governor Lehman, who presumably will sign the bill any day now, expects betting to help his budget out to the extent of $4,000,000 a season. This seems optimistic. The revenue last year from betting and licence fees in the sixteen states where the pari-mutuel was legal did not total $10,000,000.

The minimum admission charge to the tracks has been reduced from $2.50 to $1.50. Horseplayers may or may not be glad to know that there will be no daily doubles. As you must have heard, this is a form of combination wager in which you try to pick the winners of two races and which occasionally pays dazzling odds. There will be no bookmakers—not even undercover ones, maybe. Probably many people will not like the mutuel-track atmosphere and will go about in a permanent state of longing for the unregenerate days when racing was more sporting. I hope the Racing Commission won't insist on a public-address system at all tracks; Belmont unfortunately already has one. I believe that races should be seen and not heard.

JAMAICA will be ready for the opening of the season a week from Monday. The only change there is the addition of pari-mutuel booths—one in the paddock, another where the clubhouse bookmakers used to be, a third one, which also houses the tote and the calculating rooms, under the grandstand,

for spring faces
Color Cue
Hat by STUART KENT HARPER



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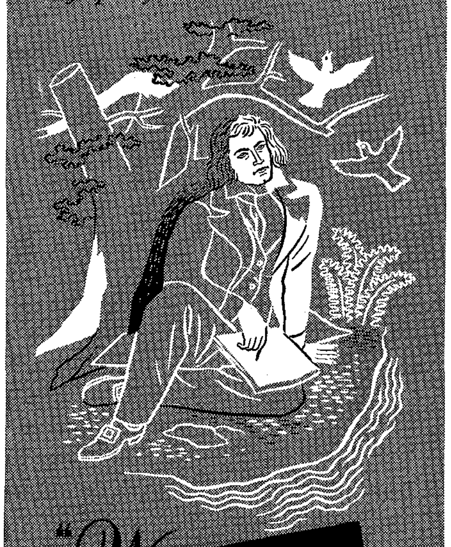
VIENNA, 1808 . . . *by a brook in a shady wood, a young man sits writing music . . . Of his Pastorale Symphony, Beethoven said—*



"WHILE I WROTE, BIRDS SANG ABOVE ME, AND ALL AROUND ME"

Under the brilliant direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, the great Minneapolis Symphony now brings that music to life, with the new Columbia Masterworks record of Beethoven's "Pastorale". Hear it, and understand why this orchestra elects to record exclusively for Columbia (as other world-famous orchestras do). Tone fidelity that mirrors every note is *their* reason for choosing Columbia Masterworks. *Your* reason, for making this music your own!

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Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Five 12-inch records, complete with Album. Set M-401 . . . $10.00

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Artur Rodzinski conducting The Cleveland Orchestra. 12-inch record. 11178-D . . . . $2.00

CBS TRADE MARK

COLUMBIA RECORDS

and another taking up most of the old betting ring at one end of the stand. They all have a makeshift look. A peripatetic horseplayer who motored out there with me took one look at them and said, "Why, Beulah Park has a better betting shed than that." No doubt the Metropolitan Jockey Club is wise in not spending a lot of money to improve its plant, although a coat of whitewash would do no harm.

The Queens County Jockey Club isn't going through with all the changes it planned for Aqueduct. The clubhouse and a small part of the grandstand will be rebuilt for the summer meeting. The stand at Belmont Park, on the other hand, is being practically done over, and will be able to accommodate those crowds of 50,000 you've been hearing about.

ANDY K. has been doing six-furlong gallops at Belmont Park while most of the other three-year-olds are still in the walk, jog, and canter class, which indicates that there's nothing wrong with him this season. I wasn't lucky enough to see him at exercise when I was there, but I'm told that although he hasn't grown a great deal, he's an almost perfect racing machine. Carrier Pigeon, one of my pets last year, is going so well that he may be out for a race early in the Jamaica meeting.

THE most interesting of the fourteen two-year-olds Sonny Whitney sent up from Kentucky is Sky Raider, whose parents, you may recall, are Man o' War and Top Flight. Sky Raider is quite the best-looking of the lot, too, but that's not the only reason he should be on your list of horses to remember. Everyone who goes to Aqueduct these mornings wants to see the Wheatley Stable's Naval Reserve, the two-year-old brother of Seabiscuit. He's worth seeing, too, but my pick of the youngsters Fitzsimmons is training is William Woodward's Marguery, a full sister of Gallant Fox. By the way, Fighting Fox is training so well that he's something of a stable tip for the Paumonok Handicap on Jamaica's opening day, but you know how those tips on Fighting Fox usually turn out.

—AUDAX MINOR

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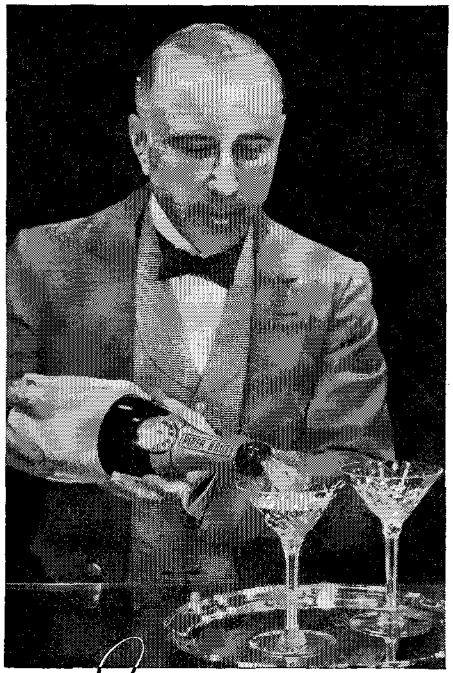
Economics b114—The balancing of governmental budgets. 3 points spring session. Professor Shoup.

*Not given in 1939-1940*
*—Columbia University Bulletin.*

Too implausible?



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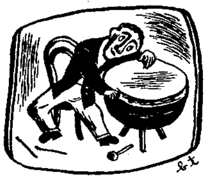
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Ladies Who Lead*

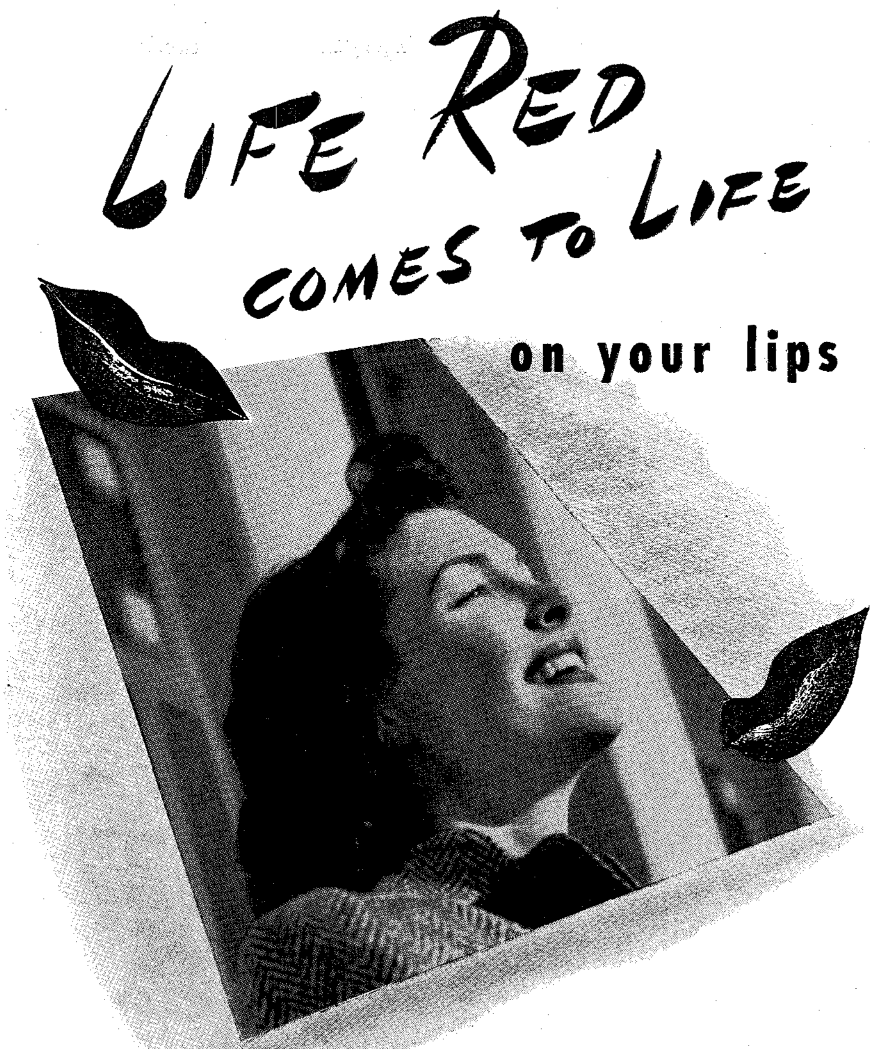


WOMEN conductors no longer are novelties, but you don't often find two of them directing orchestras of their own here in the same week, as Miss Gertrud Herliczka and Miss Jeannette Scheerer have just done in Town Hall. Miss Herliczka's symphony orchestra consists of thirty-six men and women, most of them young, and Miss Scheerer's Women's Chamber Orchestra of New York numbers twenty-four ladies, also predominantly young. Both outfits are alert, generally capable units, and last week, anyhow, both had streaks of the uneven intonation that seems to be fashionable lately even in more seasoned orchestras.

The two *maestre* made an interesting contrast. Miss Herliczka led her band without a score or a baton, Miss Scheerer used music and a stick. Miss Herliczka's technique was unconventional, Miss Scheerer's was more traditional. Miss Herliczka's program consisted largely of relatively unfamiliar items; Miss Scheerer's offerings, which were fewer in number because the concert was divided between the orchestra and the Siberian Singers, included no real strangers. Both ladies had great energy and an obvious grasp of the music they conducted.

The Siberian Singers, ten gentlemen led by Nicholas Vasilieff, who combined his directorial functions with tenor singing in the choir, had plenty of volume and precision, although the pitch went haywire now and then, as it's likely to do with *a cappella* vocalists. Miss Herliczka's soloist was Miss Fritzi Jokl, who sang Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" so agreeably that I didn't mind this song as much as usual, although it still misrepresents a great composer.

THE week's most important orchestral novelties were about seventy years apart in date of composition. One was Benjamin Britten's violin concerto, composed in 1939, and the other was the overture to "Aïda" which was written when that opera was itself a novelty. Mr. Britten's concerto, introduced superbly by Antonio Brosa and the Philharmonic-Symphony, with John Barbirolli in charge, affirmed the great talent and skill of this young composer,



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although it's a work that probably takes more than one hearing to digest.

The "Aïda" overture, which Verdi discarded in favor of the short prelude that now starts performances of the opera, had its first public hearing anywhere when it was played by the N.B.C. Symphony directed by Arturo Toscanini. The overture is four or five times as long as the prelude, and is a brilliantly effective presentation of several themes from the opera. Verdi's judgment seems to have been accurate, however, because the prelude sets the atmosphere for the first scene more appositely than this big overture does. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Toscanini conducting Verdi, and I wish that somebody would arrange for him to direct a few Verdi operas hereabouts.

WALTER DAMROSCH made his official début as a pianist in chamber music with the Musical Art Quartet at a Town Hall Endowment Series concert, and surprised nobody by his excellent playing. This wasn't any staid ceremony. It was music-making for the joy of it—by experts.

NOTWITHSTANDING the weather, there were definite signs of spring last week. The Ballet Russe returned to the Metropolitan for its post-opera season, and the New York Hippodrome Opera Company resumed activities, although there's a parking lot where the Hippodrome used to be. The Hippodrome troupe started a series of week-end performances at the Mecca Auditorium on West Fifty-fifth Street, and the first-night "La Traviata" was a lively sample of popular-priced operatics. The clientele was especially enthusiastic about the brightly sung Violetta of Miss Elvira Helal, and rewarded her not only with the customary applause but with the approving whistles generally reserved for swing bands.

The Ballet Russe has smoothed out many wrinkles apparent in its new presentations last fall, and continues to be the best of news for balletomanes. Speaking of ballet, I suggest that you catch up with Katherine Dunham and her dance group, if you haven't yet seen this crew, which has some unusually exciting divertissements in its repertory.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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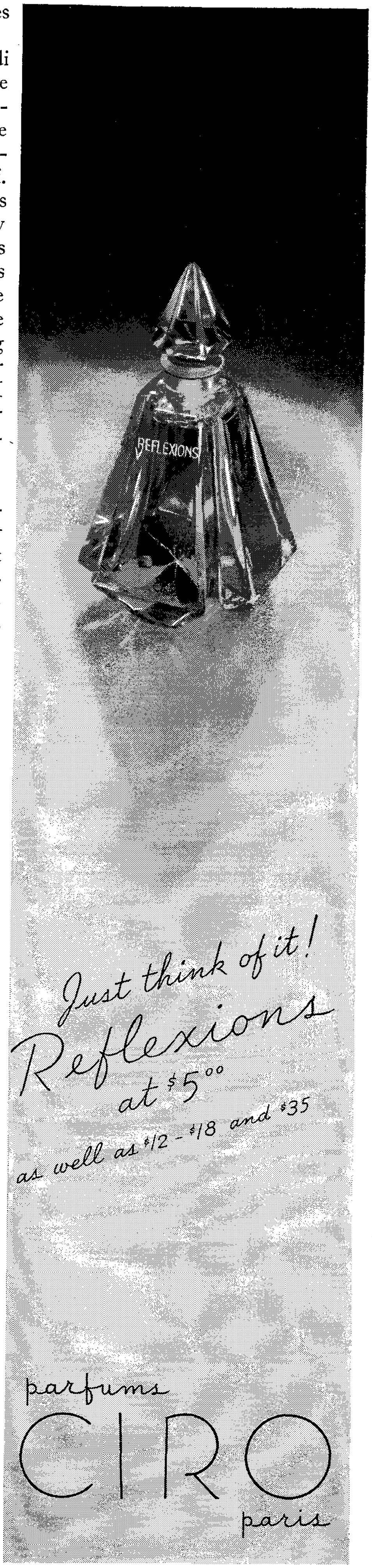
## A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "Introduction to Psychology," by Boring, Langfeld, and Weld*]

The experiences of *hunger* and *thirst* result from the absence of food and water, respectively.



# VIVE LA GUERRE!

THE postmark on my Aunt Lucienne's letter worried me. Instead of Paris, it said La Chaise. So the family had been evacuated! I opened the envelope quickly, but the careful script of Aunt Lucienne flowed smoothly and the things it told were not unhappy. "War," she writes in this latest letter, plunging as always into the heart of her most recent conviction, "not only makes wounds but heals them. I am at La Chaise. Need I say more?"

No, she needn't. I know that for her to be in La Chaise means that one sore family wound has been healed, and I know, too, that she is safe, for I remember La Chaise. I spent a happy month there about fifteen years ago. There are other memories associated with it.

My French, when I first met my Aunt Lucienne, was good for many laughs within the family circle but not presentable for more formal occasions. The trouble was that I spent a good deal of my time with Americans on the Left Bank and only a little with my Uncle Paul's French family on the Right.

"What she needs," declared Uncle Paul one day, discussing me as though I were a broken-down sow, "is several weeks in a place where no word of English is spoken." He cleared his throat self-consciously and then added, as though it were a thought born of the moment, "Lucienne, perhaps your sister Germaine would consider it." Although Aunt Lucienne and I had already become good friends, I could see by her expression that the business of introducing an American niece to her family presented certain difficulties.

"Forget it," I said, refusing to be an embarrassment. Aunt Lucienne raised her eyebrows.

*"Tiens,"* she said. "Not so fast. It takes time to arrange such matters. I shall write to Germaine, explaining all."

"What does she mean by 'all'?" I asked Uncle Paul.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Me, you, family ties, everything." He grinned. *"C'est formidable, hein?"* he said, repeating a favorite phrase of Aunt Lucienne's.

Letters went back and forth for two weeks. Meanwhile I learned about the family at La Chaise. First of all there was old Monsieur Hallet, Germaine's father-in-law. The house and vineyards belonged to him, but Germaine would inherit them. Germaine had married his son, Etienne, and Etienne had been killed in the war, leaving two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, Henri, was now nine; the girl, Marie, eight. At this point Aunt Lucienne made a few pertinent remarks about the effect of wars on the birth rate. *"Imagine-toi,"* she said, "two children within a year! It is the spirit of war, I am sure, which makes men—well, paternal, let us say." Her lips twitched in a smile and I knew perfectly well she didn't mean paternal. M. Hallet's sister, Mlle. Valentine, was also a member of the household. The kitchen was her domain. And it was quite possible I might find some other relatives there. The family, I was told, was prosperous and set an excellent table. The only reason Aunt Lucienne didn't visit them more often, she explained, was that she did not find the quiet of the country *sympathique.*

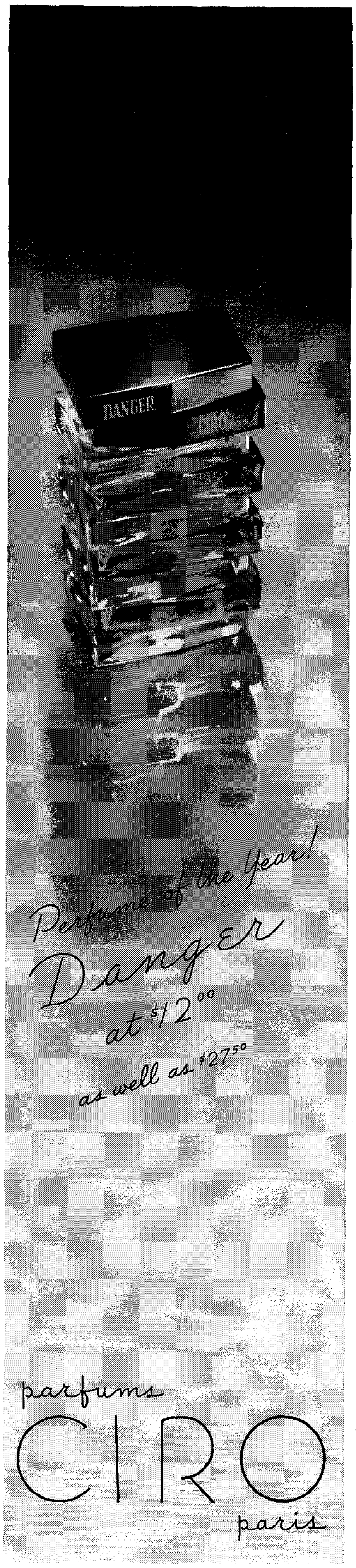
"They are simple folk," she said. "M. Hallet comes to Paris once a year. I am sure he doesn't enjoy it; he is an old man now. *Mais, c'est une habitude.* It took Germaine a little time to get accustomed to their way of life, but now nothing will make her leave La Chaise. She has become a countrywoman; not a *paysanne,* you understand, but a creature who thinks in terms of crops and climate."

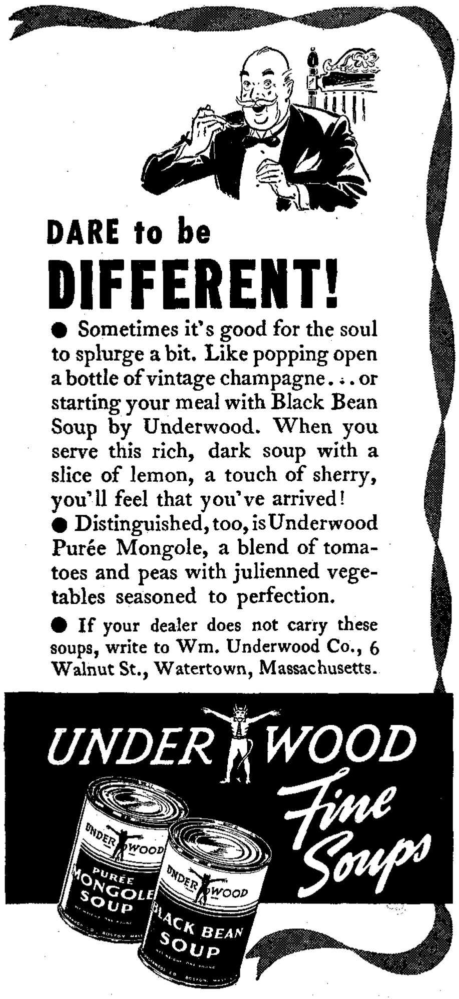
"Their wine cellar is excellent," Uncle Paul added. "They live well, these relatives of Lucienne's."

The letter of invitation from Germaine came finally, very correct and very formal. I answered, equally correctly and formally, in English; Aunt Lucienne said it would make a good impression, for nobody read English there. She wrote and said I was coming.

M. HALLET was waiting for me at the small country station when the train pulled in. I recognized him at once from Aunt Lucienne's description: a gentle face, a slender frame, white hair, and a pointed white beard. He was holding two bicycles by their handlebars.

"You ride, Mademoiselle?" he asked after he had greeted me. "I have

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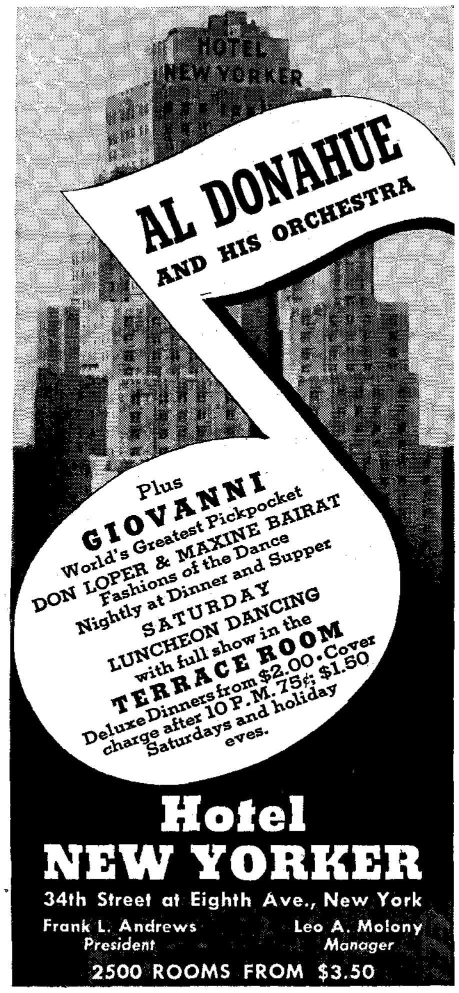

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brought Germaine's bicycle for you."

I confessed my incompetence.

"*Ça ne fait rien,*" he said, with a courteous movement of his head. "It is only a little over a kilometre. We shall walk, leading the bicycles. One of the men will bring your luggage later."

Germaine met us at the gate leading to the old stone house. She was a bigger woman than Aunt Lucienne but very like her, with the same expression of the mouth, untroubled and kind. Behind her stood the two children, Henri and Marie, shy but very curious. Both were dressed in the black pinafores of French childhood. M. Hallet explained that his sister was in the kitchen preparing the midday meal.

"I hope Lucienne told you we live simply," he said. "We will try to make you happy here."

I was very happy there. I grew to have a deep affection for all of them—for M. Hallet, who always remembered to speak slowly so that I could understand all he said; for his sister, Tante Valentine, who stuffed me with excellent food; for Germaine, wise and good, and still sad over her bereavement. And, of course, for the two children.

"I hope life will be kind to them," Germaine said to me one day when we had arrived at the *tu-toi* stage. "They were suckled in tears."

It was M. Hallet I came to know best. He had taken upon himself the responsibility of teaching me to speak fluently and correctly. Every afternoon after his nap we would converse together. In good weather we walked in the garden and admired the roses, which were his special pride; sometimes we went to the vineyards. Under his guidance I progressed swiftly, and within a short time our conversation began touching matters deeper than the problem of my French. Mostly he talked about Germaine and the children, whom he loved dearly.

"Germaine is like a daughter to me," he said. "She has had chances to marry again; friends and neighbors know her virtue, but she has refused, although I urge her to it. I should miss her terribly, but I realize that it is hard for a young widow. There is love in the world and she has none of it. But she says the children are enough. Sometimes this gives me uneasy moments. It is not good for her and it is not good for them. They are growing up too close to her. It is not so bad for the girl, but a boy should have the companionship of a father."

I could see why the boy might give him cause for concern. He followed at his mother's heels, warming himself in her affection. He was a sensitive lad, less articulate and less active than his sister. Often when M. Hallet and I were reading together at the table, we would find him sitting underneath, listening, with a *tartine* in his hand.

"If he didn't love food so much," M. Hallet said to me once, smiling at the solemnly munching boy, "I should worry much more about him. But offer a *tartine* to Henri at any hour of the day or night, and he will accept. He is not greedy, you understand, but he can always eat. Eh, *mon vieux?*"

I LEFT La Chaise with regrets and enriched by more than language. M. Hallet made me promise that I would visit them whenever I came to France, and I said it would be soon. It wasn't. Seven years elapsed before I set foot on French soil again. And then, when I tried to keep my promise to M. Hallet, Aunt Lucienne wouldn't let me. The two families were no longer on speaking terms, I was told, and naturally I belonged on her side. Especially, she said with cold emphasis, since I was partly to blame. For it was I who had suggested upon my return from La Chaise that it would be a good idea to bring Henri to Paris when he was a bit older. The estrangement stemmed from that experiment.

"Last year, when Henri was fifteen," Aunt Lucienne began, "I wrote to Germaine and offered to take the boy for a while, for a year or longer, depending on how it worked out. Your Cousin Pierre was grown and your Uncle Paul agreed that it would be no trouble to have my sister's son with us. We made arrangements for the lad at a good *lycée* and we gave him Pierre's old room. We treated him like our own child."

"He must have been very happy," I said.

"He was not," Aunt Lucienne answered briskly. "We did everything for him. He was what you might call *un enfant gâté*. Paul even let him come into his studio while he painted. Of course, that was the worst mistake."

"*Comment?*" I said.

It seemed to me that Aunt Lucienne's eyes misted at this point. I'm not sure, but she became strangely interested in the hem of the tablecloth. After straightening it out to her satisfaction, she went on. "Henri was here three weeks exactly. He didn't talk much and he didn't eat much. I prepared special dishes for him, but he wouldn't touch them. He was always writing letters to his mother."

She stopped for a moment. It was clear to me that what came next cost her a great deal of effort. "*Chère petite*," she finally said to me, her rare words of endearment showing how deeply moved she was, "I ask you to believe what I am going to tell you. *C'est assez difficile.* One day, after Henri left for school, I went into his room to straighten things up. You know how careless boys are, although I will say that Henri was a very tidy young *gosse.* On his desk I found a letter to his mother, unfinished. I was not spying—I should hate you to think I was—but my eyes caught the words '*Tante Lucienne*' and '*Oncle Paul.*' You know how your own name will spring at you from a sheet of writing. I could not help but read. It was horrible." Again she played with the hem of the tablecloth. "He said my cooking was bad, that each morsel choked him—"

"No, Lucienne!" I broke in, for Aunt Lucienne cooks like an angel catering to a gourmets' heaven. "He *couldn't* have."

"*Mais oui.* But that's not all. He said your Uncle Paul was wicked, that he had naked women in his room."

My sympathies suddenly went to the poor lad from La Chaise, a tragic and homesick figure of a boy, lonely and confused by a way of life so foreign to him.

"You sent him home?"

"But of course," said Aunt Lucienne. "That very day. Germaine and I had some correspondence over the matter. We told each other some plain truths. It was not pleasant reading them or writing them, I can assure you. I have not seen her since. All is over between us," she ended dramatically.

That evening at dinner I spoke of the thing again. "The boy must have planted the letter," I said to my Uncle Paul. "He wanted to go home. You should have talked to him, not shipped him off without a word."

"But think of his writing that Lucienne can't cook!" he exclaimed.

"That's nothing," Aunt Lucienne interposed. "He said you had naked women in your room."

"He lied," answered Uncle Paul. "I had one naked woman, a model. But not in my room, in the studio."

"The boy was only fifteen," I said. "He's lived in the country all his life. Can't you see how strange and frightening this must have been to him?"

"He's a *Gros-Jean*," said Aunt Lucienne, "an ignorant, stupid *paysan.* And Germaine, who was born with brains, has used them to fertilize the soil. *C'est incroyable.*"

The whole thing was ridiculous, but nothing I could say would convince Aunt Lucienne that Henri was neither stupid nor vicious. I must confess I was rather surprised to find her so stubborn. This was not anything an outsider could judge, she maintained; it was a family affair. In the years that followed, the breach between the two sisters grew wider, each nursing her resentment and indignation. M. Hallet died, I heard, but Aunt Lucienne did not go to the funeral.

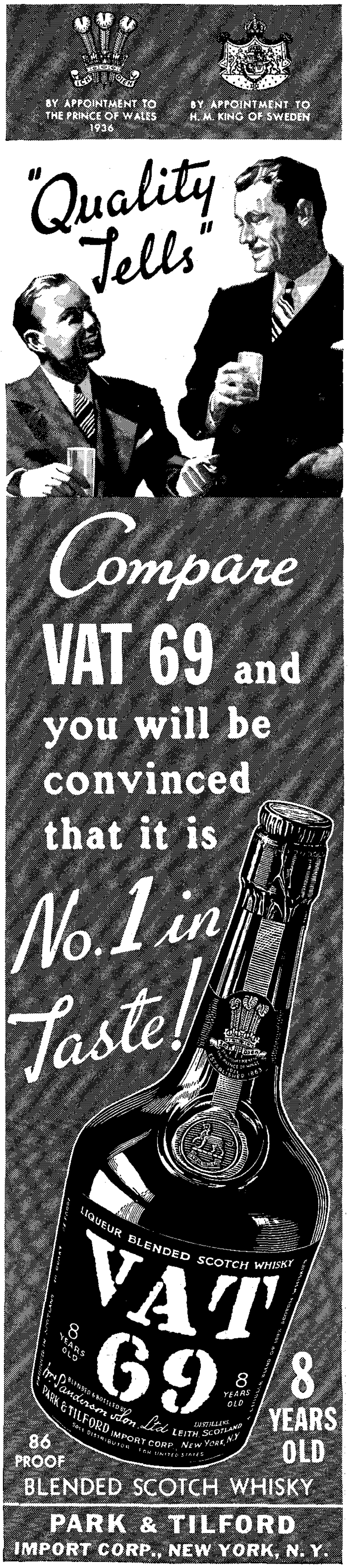
AND now, from La Chaise, Aunt Lucienne writes that the war has healed all wounds.

"One evening," she informs me, "your Uncle Paul and I were sitting quietly at the table, Paul putting pins in military maps, I knitting a muffler for Pierre, when there came a tap at the door. I rose and opened it, and there stood a young soldier. I remember saying to myself, '*Pauvre petit*,' he looked so lost and shy. He has made a mistake, I thought; it is the family upstairs he wants. I asked him whom he was looking for, and he said, '*Toi, Tante Lucienne.*' It was Henri! You can imagine I was glad *le bon Dieu* has blessed me with a strong heart. I took the *garçon* into my arms and wept. We both wept. And Paul stood by, patting us each on the shoulder.

"Ah, *ma petite*," she goes on, "how wise you were to understand that childish episode. We wished to forget, but Henri insisted on going into it. Who was it wrote 'To understand all is to forgive all'? Now we realize the anguish of that country lad who would have done anything, as he said, to return to the home he loved."

In the midst of this emotion, my practical Aunt Lucienne appears. "You can imagine my embarrassment," she writes, "at not having a decent thing in the house to feed the boy. Your Uncle Paul opened a bottle of wine, of course, but since the war our *cuisine* is not what it used to be. In a way it was funny, for now surely Henri could complain of our hospitality. I laughed and told him so.

" 'That is partly why I am here,' he said. 'First I want to wipe out the sin of my childhood.' He waved our objections aside, and with a manner that is not of the country. '*Mais, oui,*' he insisted, 'it was sinful what I did, whatever the cause.' He looked at Paul and smiled. 'I am sure I should behave better now.' He is no lad tied to his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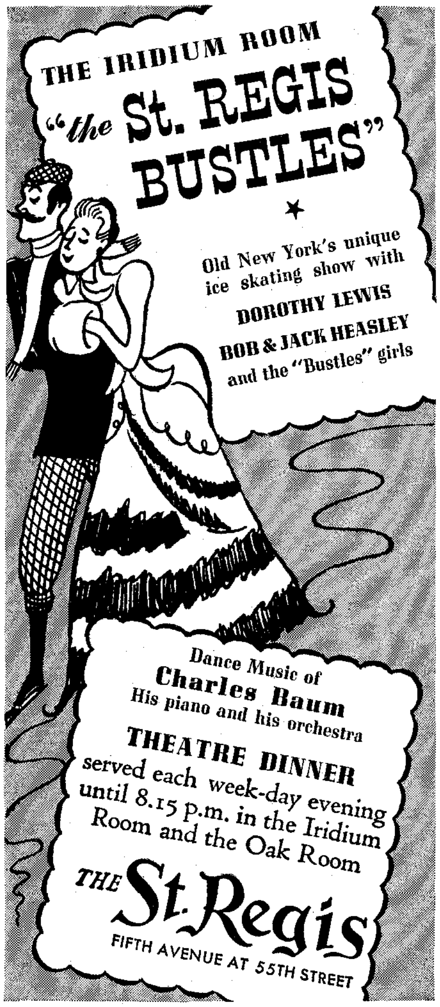

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mother's apron strings today, *ce jeune homme.*

" 'But the second thing,' Henri went on, 'is to invite you to La Chaise. *Maman* is terribly worried about you. She knows it must be difficult to get food in Paris now. There is plenty at La Chaise. She wants you both to come and live there for the duration of the war. You won't refuse?' "

Well, there they are, Aunt Lucienne all the time and Uncle Paul for weekends. "So you see," writes Aunt Lucienne, elaborating on her opening theme, "that war accomplishes some good. A man's sins rise before him and he cannot go to battle before he has cleansed his soul. In many homes, I am certain, misunderstandings and dissensions have been wiped out. The threat of death has brought out tenderness and love; it has reunited families."

Having delivered herself of this, Aunt Lucienne adds a final note which makes me await her next letter anxiously. "I am happy to be with Germaine; the food is excellent and abundant, but, *franchement,* I am not a child of nature. The country in wartime is no more to my liking than the country in peacetime. I miss your Uncle Paul and I miss Paris—blackout, danger, and all. I must find a way to take *congé* without hurting anyone, perhaps an urgent letter from Paul telling me he needs me. It is, as you can understand, a rather delicate situation." —ROSE FELD

•

When Clifford Odets went to visit Luise Rainer in her hotel room, rather recently, Luise had started to raise a beard and a mustache. When he entered the room Miss Rainer started to laugh and Clifford asked, "What are you laughing at?" Miss Rainer pointed to the mustache. Odets went right to the bathroom and shaved it off.—*The Post.*

She struggle any?

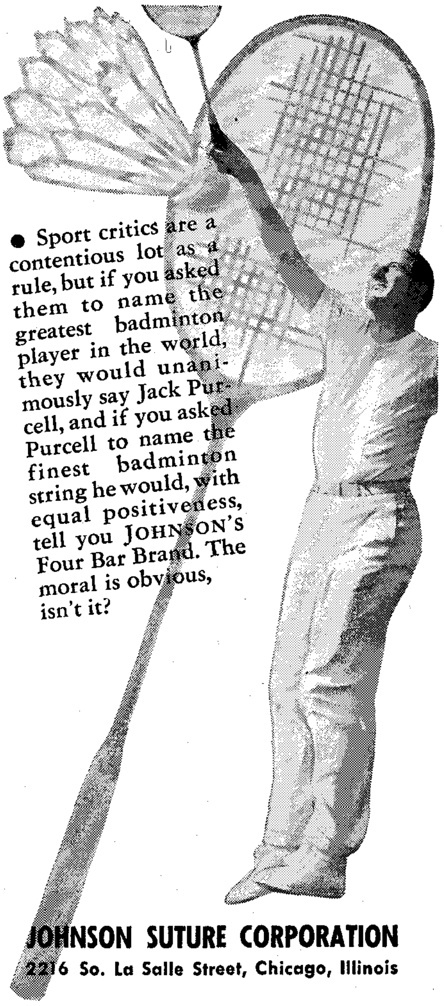
•

### WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Tolls collected today by Westchester County on the new Fleetwood Viaduct of the Cross County Parkway were "well beyond expectations" and exceeded those collected on similar days at the now outlawed toll stations of the Hutchinson River Parkway, George S. Haight, general superintendent of the Westchester County Park System, announced tonight. —*The Times.*

Park officials of Westchester last night checked over the day's receipts for the first 24 hours from the Fleetwood viaduct toll booths of the Cross-County Parkway and shook their heads ruefully.

The returns were disappointing, and officials could only look hopefully to Spring and Summer.—*The News.*



● Sport critics are a contentious lot as a rule, but if you asked them to name the greatest badminton player in the world, they would unanimously say Jack Purcell, and if you asked Purcell to name the finest badminton string he would, with equal positiveness, tell you JOHNSON'S Four Bar Brand. The moral is obvious, isn't it?

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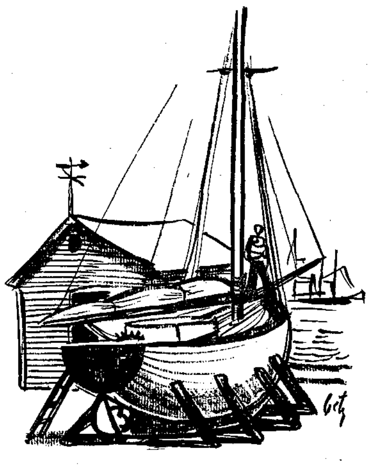
# A BACK-YARD CHILDHOOD

## CRAWDADS AND CROQUET

SOME friends of mine, native New Yorkers, are having the little plot of land behind their house done over and are making it into something which may, not too absurdly, be called a garden. They always called it a garden, even when it was paved over solidly, and they always looked startled for a moment when I called it a back yard. Then they would remember that I came from another part of the country and had never lost some of its quaint folkways, and they would try to make a polite pretence that they thought of the place as a back yard themselves. In return, I have always called gunnysacks burlap bags in their presence, on the somewhat rare occasions when the subject came up.

Nobody, I suppose, really has a back yard in New York, any more than anybody has a gunnysack. I am sorry about the gunnysacks, because that seems to me a salty name for them and my devotion to the term is not much lessened by the fact that I have no idea in the world what gunny is. It may be another name for burlap and, as far as I am concerned, it may quite as well be the name for something that used to be kept in the sacks. I sometimes think of gunny as a brown, flaky substance that one gets by the pound and keeps in a gunnysack. I have never got around yet to thinking what it is used for. At other times I think of gunnies as animals, small and furry and something like rabbits, and imagine that they are captured in gunnysacks. I don't indulge in either of these speculations very much, which is clearly just as well.

But back yards I do think of often, chiefly when I am trying to pull my past up into some sort of decent form, so that I can coördinate it with the present. If one could do this, I feel, one would become much more compact and orderly as a person and not straggle out so much and be so uncertain about everything. It probably wouldn't work out that way, however; at least it never has yet. So I always end by merely thinking of the back yard, because it is sort of fun to think of it. It also lessens the envy which I sometimes feel when I read about the apparently very exciting and varied childhoods people seem to have had in New York.



My childhood was by no means limited to the back yard—there were vacant lots, and roads to ride bicycles on, and the Little Blue River to fish in if one wanted to go that far, and quite near home there was a grand jungle of the largest weeds I have ever seen. You could get lost in that jungle, and the weeds were as big around as a boy's wrist, and stiffer, and made fine spears when they were hacked off. We used to joust with them, using the tops of garbage cans as shields. But from these playing fields I usually returned to the back yard and carried on almost unlimited activities there.

It was not really a big yard, and from one year to the next I managed to utilize every foot of it. As I look back now, it often seems impossible that so much could have been got into it, but I suppose this doubt is largely the result of a trick of memory. The sense of time is quite vague in memory—in mine, at any rate—and I get to thinking of back-yard enterprises as if they all went on simultaneously, whereas, of course, they must have been undertaken more or less in sequence. The croquet ground and the chicken run did share the yard at one time, I think, but the overnight camp must have come at a different, and previous, period. I do know that the two peach trees, which some years bore so many and such enormous peaches that the branches had to be propped up, and even then split off, died of their exertions rather early in my back-yard existence. The cherry tree in the middle of the croquet ground lasted better; it was still alive, as a matter of fact, when I finally left Kansas City, though I have heard that it has since died.

IN its first stages, the back yard was surrounded by a solid, ugly red board fence, but aesthetics stirred even in Kansas City and overcame the instinct for privacy. Behind the long row of houses, the fences came down one after another and low hedges took their places, and at one time the yards looked, if one could take the long view, like a narrow, pleasant park. One seldom took the long view, though; one's own back yard was jealously one's own. Soon, too, garages began to appear and the park aspect vanished. Our yard, however, remained uncontaminated by a garage. It made up for that by being contaminated by all the things I built in it, starting out with the structure I made, as a very small boy, with the boards from the fence. That was a shack, of course; one often built shacks, alone or in company, and afterward sat in them on hot days and sweltered and smoked cigarettes made from corn silk or, when worst came to worst, string. Smoking string wasn't, I think, general, but some of us did it. The smoke was horrible and strangling.

My first shack lasted only a short while. I tore it down and used the boards in making a scenic railway. That was during the time when we all made scenic railways of more or less intricacy. Mine was fairly simple—just a straight chute. The track was made of two boards set about two inches apart, and the car was made of one board with a sort of straight keel down the centre which fitted into the slot in the track. When you had it all built, you soaped both track and car vigorously and slid. The car almost always came off the track, and the soap rubbed away quickly, so more time was spent in picking one's self up off the ground and in soaping the contraption than in actually sliding on it.

The scenic-railway stage passed, and then I, with some friends, built a springboard and tried to learn to do flips. My parents ended this enterprise almost at once after I had bounced off the board into the air, done a very incomplete flip, and come down smack on my head. I protested their decision, but with no great force, and was relieved on the whole when the springboard was gone. My closest friend and I then built a mud furnace where the springboard had been. It was just a mound of mud, hollowed out like an igloo and with a flue, and on some of the hottest days of a Missouri summer we baked brick in it. I think we planned at first to bake a lot of brick and make a shack, which would have been something. But the bricks fell apart when we took them out of the fire. This puzzled me for some time. I figured I had the problem solved, however, when we had a lesson in Sunday school about the plight of the Israelites, who had had to make bricks without straw. I knew then that all we had lacked was straw. But I never did try to get any, and after the bricks failed

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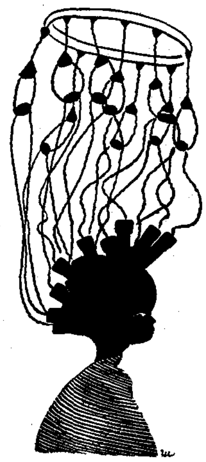
we used the oven for a while to roast potatoes in. We roasted potatoes whenever we had a fire, which was whenever we could get hold of matches. The little potatoes were always charred clear through, but some of the bigger ones had a small, uncharred core, which, as I recall it, tasted marvellous.

Between these more or less major activities we used to make tents of sheets hung over clotheslines and now and then sleep out in them. I slept out all by myself once, when I must have been very young indeed, and I can still remember what a harrowing experience it was and how the tent was hedged about by strange animals making awesome sounds. I went into the house about four in the morning, pursued by what I believe to have been a bear.

As I got older I put away these childish things, but never the back yard. Croquet took a good deal of time, especially on Sunday afternoons, when it was considered one of the permissible entertainments. There were special ground rules for caroms off the cherry tree and a ball in the rosebushes could be taken out the length of two mallet heads and played from there. It was hot and still on most Sunday afternoons and the grass smelled of sun, but the cherry tree gave shade and there was generally lemonade. My father played catch with me in the back yard and there was a place to pitch horseshoes. I got, I thought, fairly good at pitching horseshoes; it was not until many years later, when I saw men pitching in Central Park, that I realized how wrong my whole motion was.

I raised chickens in a third of the back yard for several years, and one small, wiry hen got to be very cordial and would fly up on my shoulder when I went into the chicken yard and sing an odd little song into my ear. She died of old age finally, and we didn't eat her—this was no doubt only partly sentiment on the family's part, but all sentiment on mine—and she was buried under one of the rosebushes, near a dog and any number of cats I had had as pets. My pets had, I am afraid, an uncommonly high mortality rate. Dogs had a high disappearing rate, too, which accounted for the small canine representation in the back-yard burial plot.



Once, I suppose soured on other pets, I essayed to keep crawdads in a muddy pool I dug in the back yard. Crawdads are crayfish in polite parlance, but there was nothing polite about them in my day. We caught them in the bogs of the East Bottoms by lowering pieces of liver on strings into the water. The crawdads dug into the liver and didn't have sense enough to let go, and we brought them home. Then, usually, we threw them away, because "only the niggers eat crawdads." It was one such batch that I tried to make feel at home in the back yard, but they all died. I didn't see a crawdad again for years until one day I was having lunch with a girl somewhere and she ordered crayfish soup, and it came to her with a whole crawdad in it. The crawdad stared beadily up at her and she stared down at it just as beadily, and it was one of those bright, sharp moments which I have never forgotten. It hasn't much to do with the back yard, of course.

But the back yard had a great deal to do with me, and probably still has. It makes me, at any rate, feel comfortably superior to New York rear gardens, and it is well for us, perhaps, to snatch at such small feelings of superiority as life grants us.

—Richard Lockridge

•

### POESY DEPARTMENT

[*A song sung at an Intercollegiate Newspaper Association conference*]

Studies can wait till we get back—
I.N.A. is calling again.
Stand and drink a toast once again.
Let every loyal member sing,
Then sing to all the happy hours,
Sing to the friends we make,
Sing to journalistic ideals,
The conference of our hearts always.
  To the work, to the fun,
  To the friends and to their inspiration,
To the meetings, to the trophies,
To the faithful leaders who are guiding us
  To the new, to the old,
  To the many friends with common
    interests,
  To the teas, to the dances,
  To the social life that we all love.
Studies can wait till we get back—
I.N.A. is calling again.
Stand and drink a toast once again.
Let every loyal member sing,
Then sing to all the happy hours,
Sing to the friends we make,
Sing to journalistic ideals,
The conference of our hearts always.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *News from Abroad*

"SIEGE," the short account of Warsaw's fall which you are likely to discover in newsreel theatres these days, serves, among other things, to remind us how feeble and purely formal most of the pictorial reports on the war have been. It's now seven months since last September, and yet practically no newsreel report has seemed in the slightest degree adequate. One can recall an occasional glimpse which has suggested something of what has been happening abroad. The lines of children waiting to be evacuated from London startled us in the early days of the fall; Hitler in his plane over Poland and a few such surprise shots have hinted at the possibilities, but for the most part the newsreels have been perfunctory posed scenes, against barracks or palaces, of groups of celebrities and of soldiers relishing Christmas cheer. The March of Time presented a handsome but characterless chapter on Finland.

There are good reasons for the generally negative output. There is censorship and there is the propaganda problem; there is also the simple fact that cameramen are human and don't want to get killed. However, Julien Bryan, looking for a rest, happened—just happened—to wander into Warsaw on the last train that got there and began to find things unusual when the hotel clerk showed he didn't care about money. Throughout the next two weeks of the *Blitzkrieg* he kept taking pictures, and he was lucky enough to get out safe at last, and bring them back here, and shape them up into this "Siege," a short reel comparable, I should say, to the Hemingway-Ivens picture of the war in Spain. The account is direct and very simple and comprehensive. There are scenes of the maternity hospital after it had been bombed, of women shot while in the potato fields, of an old man trying to salvage the most useless and awful oil painting ever framed. "Siege" would indicate, I think, that we shall, as time goes on, now and then find that war can be photographed after all, and that the truth is anything but like the dreary routine screen products, all *ersatz* themselves. We can hope other

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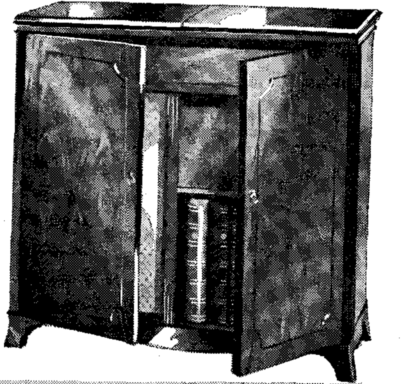
A DREAM? *Yes and No*



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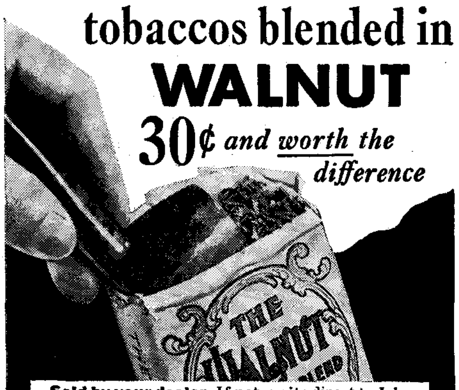

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cameramen will wander off to look for rest.

I MUST say, while I'm on the subject, that you can often feel you are lucky to get *any* news at all in the newsreel theatres or in those little Trans-Lux places. Graham McNamee may be witty at some length ("Take the *Blitz* out of *Blitzkrieg!*" he'll cry), or the marmoset giggle of a Lew Lehr may enlighten us about sport events, or we may arrive in time for one of the many other short series. Some scholar should make a study of these series which have grown up so luxuriantly around us. I believe that the "Our Gang" comedies started the ball rolling seventeen years ago. In the last four or five years a lot of shorts have come to the surface, and some of them are fairly bright. Most of us can be lulled by a travelogue for a while, I think, and there is quite a bit of liveliness in the "Crime Doesn't Pay" collection, as well, I have no doubt, as a pleasant sense of reassurance in the argument. Pete Smith manages an element of the ludicrous, something ingenuously absurd, in his "specialties," and John Nesbitt instructs us in the handling of complicated calamities which any of us may have to face, like a childbirth at sea when there is no doctor aboard the ship. If the news pictures are to become so blank and so guarded, there soon won't be much use in having them anyhow, and we may need more of these short fillers and want them all the more adult and adroit.

EUROPE, I might add, in spite of everything else has managed to send us two new films. There's a kind of comic simplicity in Italy's donation, "The Life of Giuseppe Verdi," which shows Verdi colder and hungrier as a young man than anyone else ever was, and then just checks off one opera after another, with some help from Gigli in the major arias. "Claudine," from Colette's "Claudine à l'Ecole," a Parisian import, is very 1908, especially in its general cinema technique.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

### VICTORY

The little ghost crept
From the bottom stair
Through the darkened room
To the mirror, where
"Hurrah!" she cried.
"There's no one there!"

—MARGARET McGOVERN

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## OUR CONTENTIOUS READERS

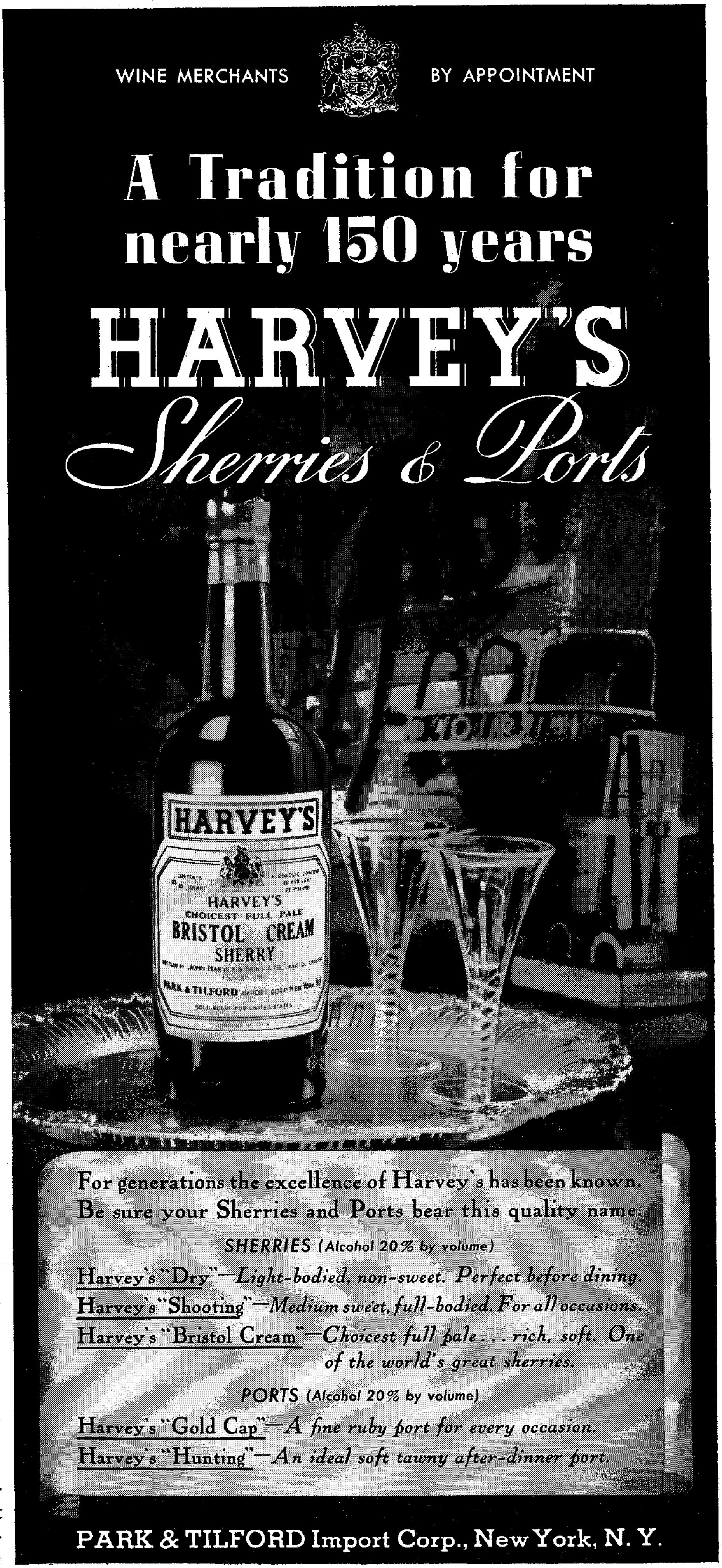
To the Editor of *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIR:

STUDENTS of City College are almost certain to be misled by Bishop Manning's attack on Bertrand Russell. They will conclude that the issue is a moral one, and that Earl Russell's sex ideas must be accepted or rejected on the score of morality. This is most unfortunate. The trouble with Russell on sex is not that he is immoral but that he is unrealistic. He is just a dreamer, putting into logical expression the immoderate hopes of men for a more elastic, carefree, and generally agreeable solution of their urgencies and their problems. College students are quick to explore any ethical concept which has the double bloom of intellectuality and sin; I think the Bishop was most unwise to invest the Russell ethics with the glamour of wickedness and to advertise the Russell code as "immoral," thereby giving it a distinction it hardly deserves. Students will certainly infer that if Russell's sex ideas are as bad as all that, there must be something to them; whereas the depressing thing about Earl Russell's code is that it doesn't work. However distinguished he may be in the world of logical thought, on the subject of sex he has always been something of an old fraud.

Let us consider two or three of the sex concepts which the Bishop dug up in his investigation. First, he quotes from Russell's "Education and the Modern World":

> I am sure that university life would be better, both intellectually and morally, if most university students had temporary childless marriages. This would afford a solution of the sexual urge neither restless nor surreptitious, neither mercenary nor casual, and of such a nature that it need not take up time which ought to be given to work.

Now, the suggestion that to live with a girl isn't going to take up much of a student's time seems to me as fantastic a bit of philosophical hokum as I have ever encountered. Russell is a Britisher, and of course I don't know how things are in England, but I think I am safe in saying that in America nothing takes up more of a man's time than living with a girl. It is the most time-consuming thing there is. Also, I resent the implication in this passage of Russell's that sex is just something to get out of your system, that work is the important thing, and that sex is good just in proportion to the amount of a man's time it *doesn't* occupy. That's a mighty unattractive report to spread among the



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young, who are (rightly, I think) romantically minded, and who tend to incorporate sex into the body of the romance.

Then we come to the Earl's remark that "if a man and woman choose to live together, that should be nobody's business but their own." If the Bishop were smart, he would simply point out to students that the word to watch out for in that sentence is the word "should." Of course it *should* be nobody's business but their own. But it usually turns out to be the business of the darnedest, most unexpected people, including a young man in the same building who has been secretly in love with the girl for three years, has sublimated his passion by tearing telephone books in two, and now seizes the opportunity to hang himself with a rope made out of dozens of college pennants. Students should certainly be informed that no man, since the beginning of time, has lived with a woman without its turning out sooner or later to be somebody else's business.

Finally, there is the Earl's little essay on the psychology of adultery. "Suppose," writes Earl Russell eagerly, "a man has to be away from home on business for a number of months. If he is physically vigorous, he will find it difficult to remain continent throughout this time, however fond he may be of his wife." I think Bishop Manning should just tell the students that the matter of continence during a business trip has very little to do with physical vigor. An exceptionally vigorous man almost invariably spends himself in rather forthright, athletic ways—leaping up stairs three steps at a time, pounding on other men's desks, and putting in long-distance calls from clients' offices. It is the tired little fellow on his way home from a basal-metabolism test who is most likely to become hopelessly involved in some adulterous and unhappy circumstance quite beyond his puny control. In my professional life (I am a doctor), I have enjoyed the confidence of hundreds of adulterous persons; rarely have they shown evidences of any special vigor. As a group, they are on the anemic side.

These are only a few of the points which the Bishop has been worried about. I merely wished to suggest to him that if he wants to spike Russell's guns, he is going about it the hard way.

Yours faithfully,
WALTER TITHRIDGE, M.D.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[*From the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette*]

Sheean will be 4 next December, looks five years younger.

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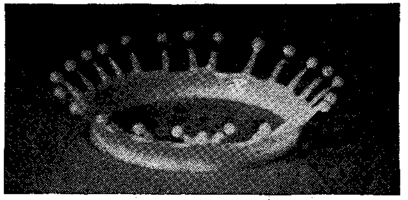

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# BOOKS

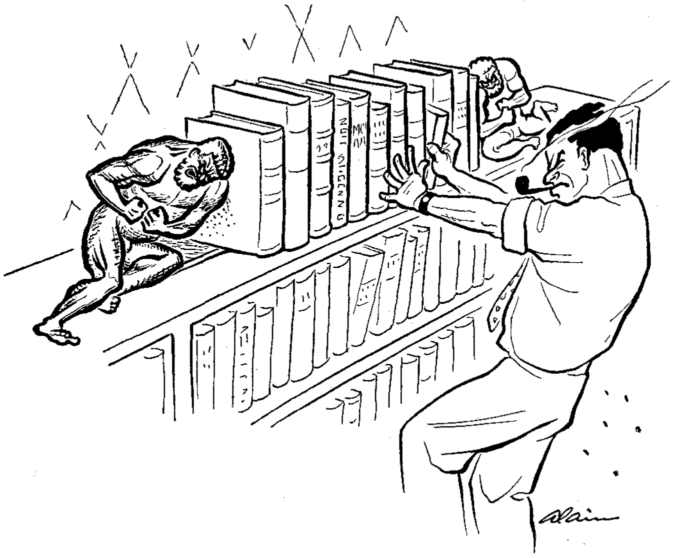
## *Horrors, Charm, Fun*

ALL in the line of duty, I have spent part of this week weaving through "The Hamlet," by William Faulkner. From the intense murk of its sentences I emerge, somewhat shaken, to report that the author apparently continues to enjoy as lively a case of the 'orrors as you are apt to find outside of a Keeley-cure hostelry. While there is nothing in "The Hamlet" to rival the bloody waxworks of "The Wild Palms," still this chronicle has its own special assortment of shudders. There's a troop of homicidal horses that ginger up things quite smartly. There's an idiot—Mr. Faulkner would be ashamed to be caught without an extra idiot in his pocket—who falls in love with a cow (*chacun à son cow*, as somebody must have remarked) and comes to no good end. Odd bits of wife-beating, plain murder, near fratricide, and mania are also inserted here and there to provide a pleasing decorative effect. All in all, it's sound, Grade B Faulkner.

"The Hamlet" reads as though it might be the beginning of a family saga. The Snopeses are Mr. Faulkner's Mississippi Forsytes, and Flem Snopes is his Soames. Flem, who starts his career practically in the odor of sanctity as a mere barn-burner, comes to the hamlet and begins to show the stuff he's made of. With the aid of innumerable kinsfolk, who gradually seep into the story like an evil-smelling gas, he takes over by trickery and intimidation some of the holdings of the rich Varner family, gets control of the general store, quietly wins for himself the neighborhood Mae West, drives a man mad, mulcts the bold peasantry of their sweaty dollars, and departs to fresh fields and pastures new. (I forgot to mention that only bad luck prevents him from robbing a corpse.) Mr. Faulkner contrives the most extraordinary situations to drive home the fact that Flem Snopes is a mean, cruel, acquisitive villain, a proposition I for one would be willing to accept without all this argument. But you've got to hand it to Mr. Faulkner—he's a persistent fellow who won't let up on you even after you've cried uncle.

I don't claim to understand everything that goes on in "The Hamlet," or which parts are meant to make you laugh and which to chill your spine, or its peculiar construction—it seems to be partly novel and partly a collection of short stories. Nor do I claim to understand just what Mr. Faulkner means to convey by his presentation of these niggling cruelties and this general-store gossip. In fact, I make no claims whatever to any ability to comprehend what Mr. Faulkner is about. I know when I'm licked.

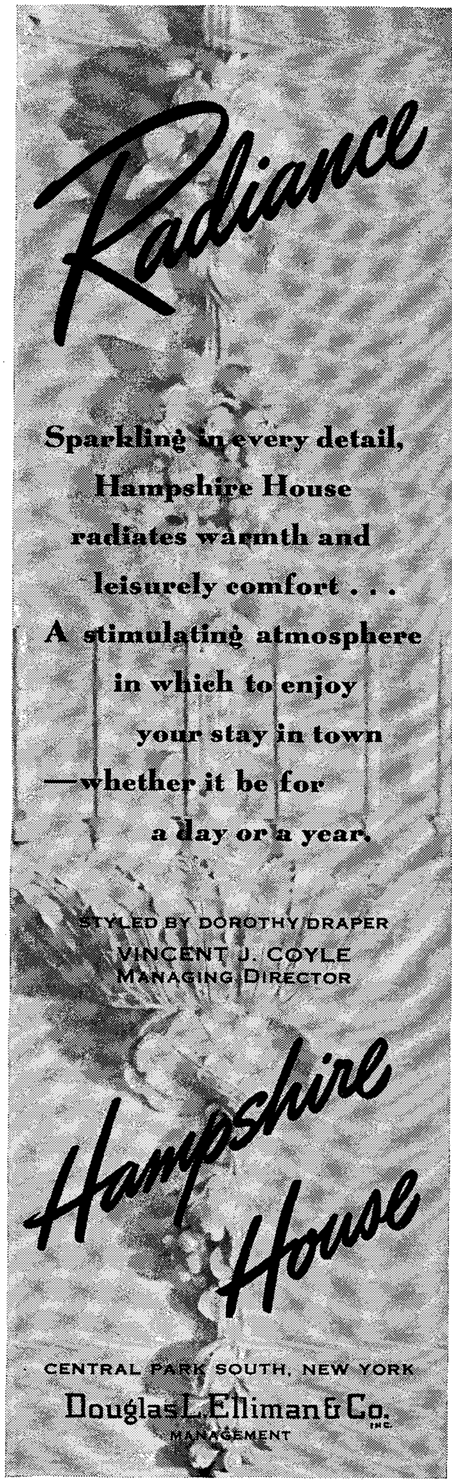
I cannot leave him, however, without quoting, as is my wont, one of his representative sentences, just to show you that he's still a great stylist. You'll find this one by beating your way to page 70: "Tull told him of a considerable herd of scrub cattle which had passed the winter in pasture on the farm which Snopes' father had rented from the Varners for another year—a herd which, by the time Ratliff had been carried to a Memphis hospital and operated on and returned home and once more took an interest in what went on about him, had increased gradually and steadily and then overnight vanished, its disappearance coincident with the appearance of a herd of good Herefords in a pasture on another place which Varner owned and kept himself as his home farm, as though transmogrified, translated complete and intact save for their altered appearance and obviously greater worth, it only later becoming known that the cattle had reached the pasture via a foreclosed lien nominally held by a Jefferson bank."



"ELIZABETH" returns this week with "Mr. Skeffington," a light-handed study of a problem that's a perennial favorite of novelists: The Woman Grows Older. If you care to know how it feels to be fifty and no longer beautiful and what to do about it, I refer you to Lady Frances Skeffington, the trivial, superficial, enchanting heroine who at that age decides to find out whether or no life is really over for her. The necessary research involves a series of half-farcical, half-heartbreaking encounters with some of her former lovers. They include an absurdly callow Rhodes scholar, a seventy-year-old Horace-quoting country gentleman, a clergyman who wishes to save Fanny's soul, and a jaunty man of the world who hasn't as much hair as he used to have. All these ghosts of Fanny's past are disappointing in one way or another, but the very disillusionment they provide enables Fanny in the end to grow up and to make the one adult sacrificial gesture of her otherwise worldly and meaningless life.

The finale—it's so unexpected and cleverly contrived that it wouldn't be cricket to tell you about it—is serious and even tragic. In fact, it hardly harmonizes with the Schnitzlerian tone of the remainder of the book. I think, however, that the values of the novel depend not on the final reformation in Fanny's character but on the delicious analysis of that character—an analysis by turns rueful, laughing, and tender. One can never really describe the charm of a book by "Elizabeth." It is too evanescent to be pinned down in a phrase. In your more rigorous moments you feel you should not be taken in by it, for it is moist with sentimentality, it is basically snobbish, it is—but there's no use: Charm's charm, and "Elizabeth" has it.

FOR good lively fun of a rather conventional order may I propose "Chad Hanna," by Walter D. Edmonds? Mr. Edmonds, still sticking to his beloved Canal country, goes back to the year 1836, when the population of western New York apparently



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consisted entirely of characters just aching to be put into novels. In Chad Hanna, the author has cooked up an engaging hero, a sort of older Huck Finn. Chad runs away with the circus and has packs of adventures, and there are two heroines, for full measure, and lots of good talk about horses, and a rival circus to provide complications. In general, an honest picaresque, loosely constructed, flavorous with period stuff (Mr. Edmonds is tops at period stuff), and reminding one in a way of "The Good Companions."

Huguenine's Great and Only International Circus is a pitiful, moth-eaten affair, very different from the grand agglomerations of the Dexter Fellows era. But its smallness and unpretentiousness give it an odd charm and make "Chad Hanna" something quite remote from the usual circus novel. It's a long book, by the way, but you can race through it. Don't go so fast, however, that you miss the richly hilarious account of Oscar, the constipated lion, and the story of his decline and death.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

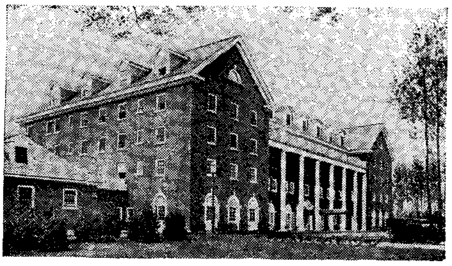
## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE WINDS OF SPRING, by Walter Havighurst. Pioneer story with a new idea. A young Swedish scholar and his peasant wife go to Wisconsin in 1842, to take up, like the men and women they find there, the back-breaking task of making a home out of a wilderness. The young scholar likes birds. After many years of being considered a failure by his neighbors, the great Agassiz calls him "the best field ornithologist in America." That, and the knowledge that he has never ceased to do what he wanted to do, is his reward. A distinguished tale of a man's passion and integrity.

GOD RIDES A GALE, by James Robert Peery. It takes a tornado to straighten out the tangled affairs of Dr. Kilgore. But it's a man-sized tornado and it hits a revivalists' tent in Poindexter, Mississippi, at a critical moment. The Doctor loses a number of patients, but he gains a wife and a cure for the dope habit that has plagued him for years. A lively, likable book.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN WARTIME, by E. M. Delafield. If you already know the Provincial Lady, you will be glad to see her Standing By, along with thousands of other Britishers, in a nation at war. If you don't know her, this is as good a time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—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

- "Definitely reminiscent of Robert Nathan's 'One More Spring' and Steinbeck's 'Of Mice and Men.' Watch Corle. Read 'Solitaire'."—N.Y. Herald Tribune.
- "Mr. Corle is a gifted writer. The story is told with great delicacy and dramatic suspense."—The New Yorker.

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as any to make her acquaintance. In this chapter of her diary of what pretends to be an uneventful life, she is often amusing, sometimes sharp, often sly, occasionally cute. About as usual, in fact.

THE LAST HUNT, by Maurice Genevoix, translated from the French by Warre Bradley Wells, with illustrations by Lynd Ward. Beautifully written account of the pursuit of a stag by two hunters, one a killer, the other a sportsman. The stag recalls your old friend Bambi, but M. Genevoix, in spite of a keen eye and a delicate pen, lacks something Herr Salten has in abundance. As it is, "The Last Hunt" will probably appeal only to those predisposed toward hunting.

### GENERAL

THE SPANISH ADVENTURES OF WASHINGTON IRVING, by Claude G. Bowers. The recent Ambassador to Spain gives us a colorful, evocative record of his eminent predecessor. Irving went to Spain first in 1826, lived in the Alhambra, and wrote his life of Columbus, "The Conquest of Granada," and "Legends of the Alhambra." He went back in 1842 and served four years as Minister during the troubled days of Isabella and Maria Christina. Illustrated.

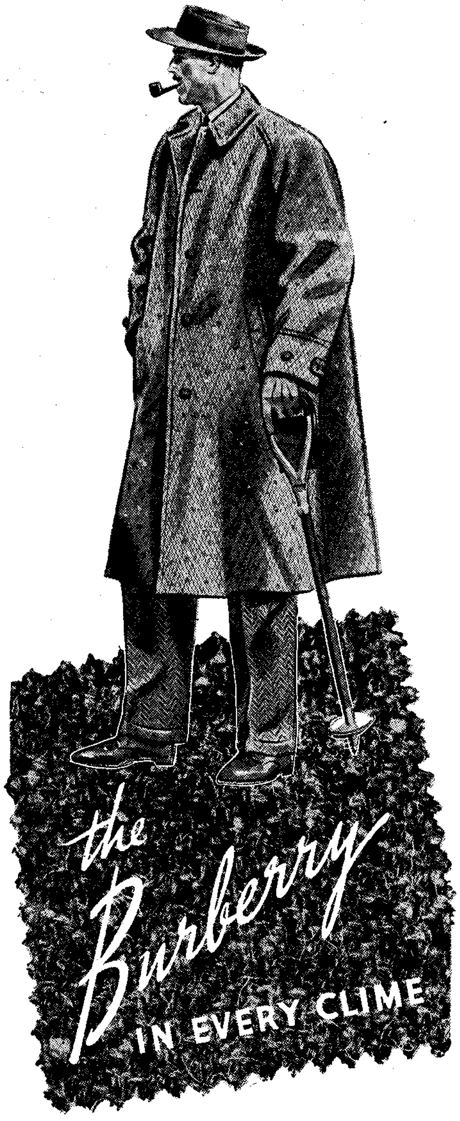
BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO, by George S. Hellman. First biography of the late Supreme Court Justice. The author, working from Cardozo's papers and letters and the reminiscences of his friends, creates a picture of a man who combined wisdom and ability to an extraordinary degree. Soundly written. Illustrated.

A MAN WHO FOUND A COUNTRY, by Dr. A. Nakashian. A Turkish-born Armenian, now an American, tells the story of his life as a *hakim*, or doctor, during the postwar Turkish revolution. Fascinating stuff. Illustrated.

ENCHANTED WANDERER, by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins. Readable life of Carl Maria von Weber, the early champion of German opera: his vagabond youth, love affairs, and musical triumphs. Illustrated.

COUNTRY NOTES, by V. Sackville-West. Essays on the aspects of nature in the English countryside, done in the author's neat and quietly observant style. Eighty-one nature photographs, many remarkable, by Bryan and Norman Westwood.

NOT TO MENTION THE WAR, by



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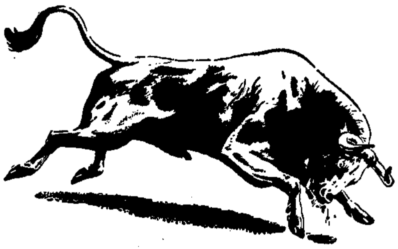


• *When a friend* unexpectedly happens to drop in for dinner, it's no more than right that he take pot-luck for granted. But when we carefully plan a dinner, long in advance, most of us pretty much stick to the rule of serving the best food we can get.

• *That rule* was rudely broken last April, when one hundred and forty-six people sat down to dinner at a Cleveland hotel. It was a notable group—civic and industrial leaders, food experts, home economists, chefs, editors—people invited for one particular purpose, to taste a new kind of steak.

• *They were not served* choice beef; those steaks were not expensive. Average in quality, average in price, average in every respect—but one! This beef was treated by a new process, called Tenderay, which has the peculiar ability of making ordinary beef as tender and juicy in just three days as the expensive cuts the very finest hotels serve after three or four or five weeks' aging.

• *The guests were delighted.* The steaks, they said, were excellent. But they were not half as pleased as Mrs. Cleveland housewife who learned that from that day on she could buy the same kind of beef at her own store. Heard that for the first time she could buy steak without guess and without gamble and know that it would be tender—always.

• *The Tenderay process,* developed by Westinghouse in cooperation with the Kroger Food Foundation and Mellon Institute, depends on a lot of factors; humidity, temperature and what not. BUT—and here is where Westinghouse research plays such an important part—the process would be utterly impractical without the newly perfected *Sterilamp which kills bacteria with light and keeps the meat fresh and sweet.

• *He would be a* rash prophet who'd care to predict the uses commerce and industry and medicine will find for the Sterilamp. A poultry man says it solves his turkey raising problems. Restaurants, hotels, bars and soda-fountains—in ever increasing numbers—depend on Sterilamps to keep glasses sterile; meat markets and groceries to keep food fresh, to reduce spoilage and refrigeration costs. One of the country's largest hospitals has installed Sterilamps to sterilize the air in the operating rooms. Another in the nursery to protect babies in their cribs.

• *Certainly Westinghouse,* when this development started, did not know its ultimate scope. And that, after all, is the way of research and its great justification. It is an exploration into the unknown, it follows new paths and uncharted byways—not with the assurance of success; merely with courage and experience and knowledge, and sound common sense as a guide.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Elmer Davis. Mr. Davis doesn't mention the war in these superior popular essays on bridge, cats (a good one), the "gentility of gentiles," the magic year 1913, etc., all but one of which have been reprinted from magazines.

THE BLOODY MOHAWK, by T. Wood Clarke. Absorbing history of the Mohawk Valley up to the end of the Revolution. The valley and its Iroquois, says the author, were the key to English ascendancy and westward expansion. Illustrated.

HOTEL IN FLIGHT, by Nancy Johnstone. Cheerful book about a young English couple who ran a hotel at Tossa, on the Catalan coast, during the Spanish war. They took charge of sixty Loyalist children and got them safely out of Spain when Barcelona fell. A first-rate book.

ARTIST IN MANHATTAN, by Jerome Myers. Brief, delightful autobiography of a Virginia-born painter and etcher who became one of the first genre reporters of New York life. A hundred illustrations of the author's work.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS, by R. H. Wilenski. It's probably too soon for a definitive work on late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century French painting, but this is as good a substitute as we can hope for today. Done in a style that conceals the amount of research that has gone into the book. Well illustrated, and an important contribution on the period.

A UNICORN IN THE BAHAMAS, by Rosita Forbes. The author, who has travelled through, and written of, many wilder lands, tells of a pleasant interlude in Nassau and the Cays, with emphasis on their history. Good background reading for a Caribbean cruise.

•

Furthermore, since there is a city ordinance against throwing things over the footlights, Imogene Coca must stop tossing parts of her vegetable necklace to male patrons. Chorus girls must be clothed above the waist.—*Boston Herald.*

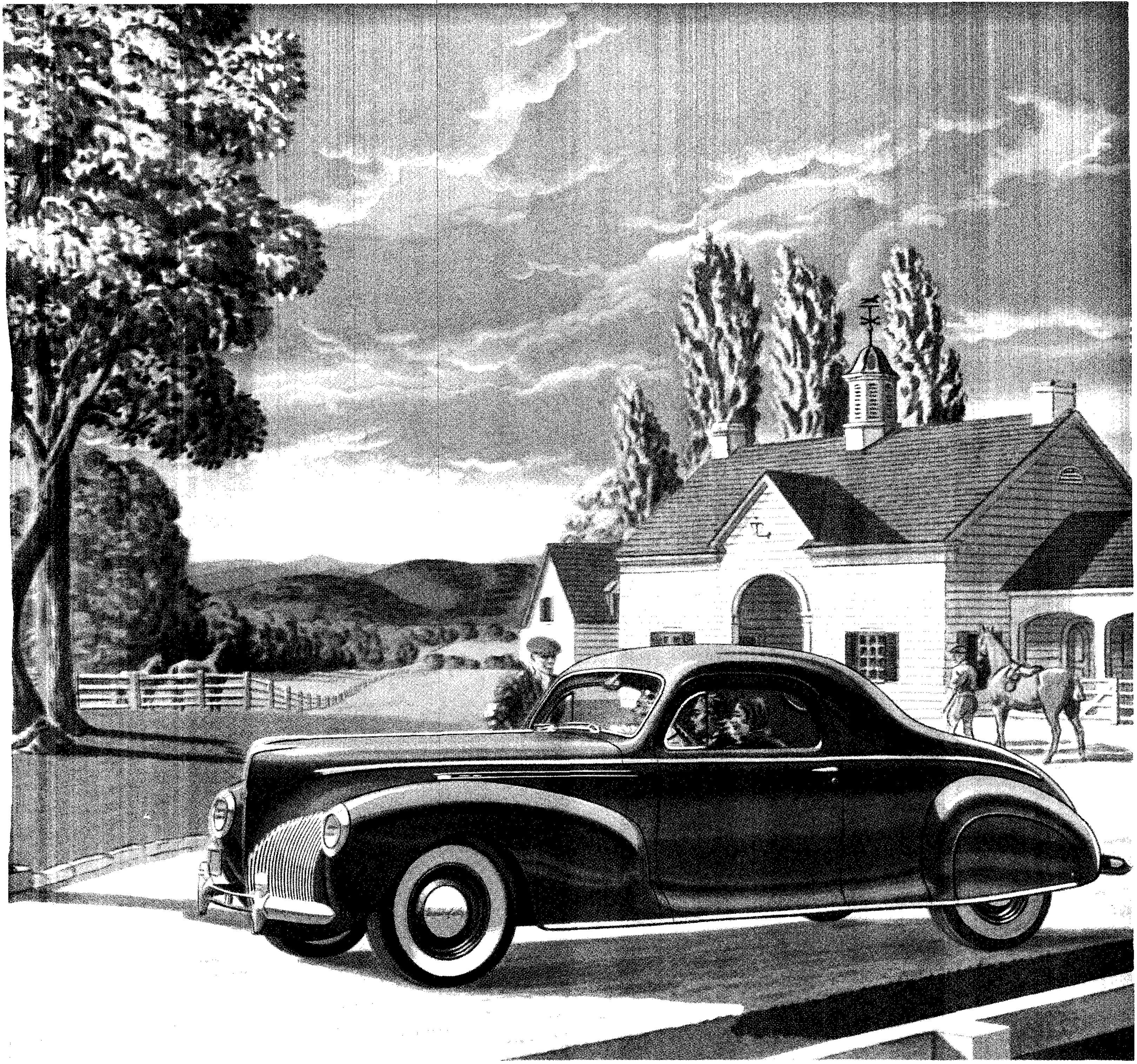
Well, it's a beginning.

•

### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the house organ of the Herald Tribune*]

Orderly to the battalion commander, Brother Manson helped repulse every German attack, finally was wounded, now is head of the women's wear department of the Boston Store in Springfield, Ohio.



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This modern styling of the Lincoln-Zephyr is beauty with a reason. It is beauty so startling that it will bring you justified pride every time you glimpse your car and every time you take the wheel. In this car you will see more of America — and you will enjoy every mile of the way! Lincoln Motor Company, Division of Ford Motor Company.

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'The Brandy of Napoleon'
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ALL COURVOISIER COGNACS
BEAR THIS REGISTERED PHRASE

**BARTENDER:** WISE COGNAC DRINKERS NEVER ASK FOR "BRANDY." THEY ALL SAY COURVOISIER! THEY KNOW ITS INCOMPARABLE FLAVOR AND BOUQUET.

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A. F-C-G IMPORTERS, INC., N. Y. C. 84 PROOF